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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PREFACE.

THO' ſeveral *Volumes of* ENGLISH SONGS *have been publiſhed, yet none of them ſeem to have anſwered the End of ſuch a* Collection *as was wanted for* publick Uſe. *Either by taking all Songs* indifferently *as they came to Hand, they* ſwell'd *the Attempt to an inconvenient Size, and by that Means made it too dear for* common Purchaſers; *or in reducing it to a* ſmaller Compaſs, *they were not at due Pains to* ſelect *their* SONGS, *ſo that the* Good *and* Bad *were ſo confuſedly mix'd together, as made it a Pain to the Reader to pick out the* one *from the* other. *The late* Collections *have been remarkably faulty in this Reſpect.*

In order to remedy this Defect, it was thought adviſeable to make up a Volume of the beſt Songs *in a* new Method, *by reducing them to ſome diſtinct Heads, ſuch as* SCOTS SONGS, LOVE, HUMOUR, *and* SONGS FOR THE BOTTLE, *taking particular Care under every* Article *to range only thoſe that were beſt on the Subject, by which Means, both the* Songs *themſelves might be more* eaſily found; *all* bad *or* indifferent *ones were* ſure *to be excluded; and of conſequence the whole* Collection *bid fair to be a more juſt and perfect one, than any has* yet *been offered to the publick View.*

In Purſuance of this Plan, *it was judg'd proper to aſſign the firſt Place to the* Scots Songs, *on Account of the general*

neral Esteem they are in, not only for the Elegance and Simplicity of their Thought and Diction, but the agreeable Airs to which they are commonly sung. Sixty six of the most celebrated of these have been carefully chosen from the best Miscellanies; and we must own ourselves greatly obliged to several Scots Gentlemen, for their kind Assistance in this Particular.

In the next Place we have selected two Hundred and ten of the most admired English Love Songs, taken from our best Poets, some of them more correctly published, than they have been in any preceeding Books of this Kind.

The Songs for the Bottle, which compose the next Part have been selected with the same Care as the former.

Under the Article of English Miscellany Songs, we have placed some of our old Ballads, hunting Songs, Songs in Praise of Admiral Vernon, those of the Free-Masons, and others of Wit and Humour, with several of a more serious Turn, so that those who love Irregularity in Compositions of this Sort, may find something to entertain that Taste. The Tunes are also placed at the Head of the respective Songs, which must be allowed a very useful Addition.

The principal View in this Design was to give a Collection of the best Songs, as far as the Bounds of the Undertaking would permit. In order to this, the greatest Caution has been used, that nothing low or bad in its Kind should find Admission, and for the same Reason every Thing loose, immoral, or contrary to Virtue, has been rejected; and the Ears of our fair Readers guarded against Offences, too frequently committed in Books of this Nature.

The extraordinary Success of the former Edition of this Collection, shews how far the Execution has answer'd the Intention; and we doubt not but The Merry Companion, or Universal Songster, will be agreeably receiv'd in all Companies, where Wit, good Sense, and good Humour have the Happiness to reign.

A Short Glossary *for the better Explanation of the* Scots *Words, that their Beauties may not be lost, for want of being rightly understood.*

A', *All.*
Abeit, *albeit.*
Aboon *above.*
Ae, *one.*
Aft, *oft.*
Aften, *often.*
Aik, *Oak.*
Ain, *own.*
Aith, *Oath.*
Air, *early.*
Alane, *alone.*
Amaist, *Almost.*
Ane, *one.*
Anither, *another.*
Araise, *arose.*
Ase, *Ashes.*
Awa', *away.*
Auld, *old.*
Ayont, *beyond.*

BA', *Ball.*
Baith, *both.*
Bann'd, *swore or curs'd.*
Bannocks, *Bread bak'd on the Hearth.*
Bawm, *Balm,*
Bauk, *baulk.*
Beed, *Bead.*
Bell the Cat, *to strive, or resent a Quarrel.*
Beck't, *Courtesie.*
Bend, *to drink.*
Bennison, *Blessing.*
Benty, *heathy.*
Bewith, *somewhat in the mean Time.*
Bikes of Bees, *Bee Hives.*
Bing'd, *made Curtesie.*
Birks, *Birch.*
Bigg, *build.*
Blate, *bashful.*
Blaw, *blow.*
Blink, *Glance of the Eye.*
Bobit, *to move up and down.*
Bode, *predict.*
Bodin, *stored.*
Bog, *Marsh.*
Bot *or* But, *without.*
Boughting-Time, *Folding-Time.*
Brachen, *a Sort of Broth.*
Brae, *rising Ground.*
Braid, *Bread.*
Braw, *finely dress.*
Brecken, *Fern.*
Broach, *a Buckle in Shape of a Heart.*
Bought, *Sheep-Fold.*
Burn, *a Rivulet.*
Busk, *to deck.*
But *and* ben, *be out and be in.*
Byer, *a Cow-House.*

CA', *Call.*
Cadgily, *merrily.*
Canna, *cannot.*
Canny, *lucky.*
Cunker'd, *ill natur'd.*
Carles, *old Men.*
Catrin, *a Thief or Robber.*
Cauld, *cold.*
Cauler, *cool, freſh.*
Chew, *a Mouthful of Tobacco.*
Claiths, *Cloaths.*
Claſhes, *tittle tattle.*
Cleugh, *Dale.*
Coal Maggie, *Margaret the Coal Bearer.*
Cockernonny, *the Hair ty'd up.*
Cod, *a Pillow.*
Cottie, *little Coat.*
Crack, *to boaſt.*
Cragie, Neck.
Cramaſie, *Linſie Woolſie.*
Crowdy-moudy, *a Sort of Gruel.*

DAffin, *Folly, Wantonneſs.*
Daſt, *mad, fooliſh.*
Dander, *wander.*
Dawt, *fondle, careſs.*
Dight, *to wipe.*
Dinna, *do not.*
Dool, *Trouble.*
Doſend, *frozen, cold.*
Dow, *can.* Id. *Dove.*
Doughtna, *could not.*
Dowy, *weary, lonely.*
Drap, *Drop.*
Duds, *Rags.*
Durk, *Dagger.*
Dwining, *decaying.*
Dunting, *beating.*

EArd, *Earth.*
Earſe, *Iriſh, or Highland Language.*
Een, *Eyes.*
Eild, *Age.*

FA', *Fall.*
Fae, *Foe.*
Fand, *found.*
Fangle, newfangle, *fond of what's new.*
Faſh, *trouble.*
Fauſe, *falſe.*
Faut, *Fault.*
Fee, *Wages.*
Fenzie, *feign.*
Ferly, *Wonder.*
Fey, *attended by a Fatality.*
Fleagaries, *Fancies.*
Flowan, *flowing.*
Flyte, *to ſcold.*
Fog, *Moſs.*
Fore, to the fore, *in being, or laſting.*
Frae, *from.*
Fraiſing, *Puffing.*
Fou or fu, *full.*

GAB, *the Mouth.*
Gabbocks, *large Mouthfuls.*
Gaberlunzie, *a Wallet that hangs on the Side.*
Gaberlunzie-man, *Beggar.*
Gae, *gave,* Id. *go.*
Gane, *gone.*

Gar, *make, or cauſe.*
Gate, *Way.*
Gawn, *going.*
Gawky, *fooliſh Woman.*
Gawnt, *to yawn.*
Gear, *Goods.*
Geck, *to flout or jeer.*
Genty, *ſmall and neat.*
Gin *and* gif, *if.*
Glakit, *idle and rumpiſh.*
Glee, *Joy.*
Gleed, *Squinting.*
Glens, *Dales.*
Glowr, *to ſtare.*
Goud, *Gold.*
Gowan, *wild Daſie.*
Graip, *to grope.* Id. *a trident Fork for Dung.*
Graithed, *cloathed.*
Gree, *Preference.*
Grip, *Hold.*
Gutcher, *Grand-Father.*

HA', *Hall,*
Hae, *have.*
Haf, *Half.*
Hale, *Whole.*
Haly, *holy.*
Hame, *Home.*
Hawſe, *to encircle in one's Arms.*
Heeze, *to lift.*
Hemp-Heckle, *an Inſtrument for dreſſing Flax or Hemp.*
Heugh, *any ſteep Place.*
Hirdum dirdum, *a great Noiſe.*
Hool, *Husk.*
Hows, *Hollows.*
Howms, *Vallies on River-Sides.*
Hurklen, *ſquatting.*

JEE, *to jee back and again, the Motion of a Balance.*
Ilk, *each.*
Ilka, *every.*
Ill-fardly, *ill-favour'dly.*
Ingle, *Fire.*
Jo, *Sweet-Heart.*
Jouk, *to bow.*
Irk, *weary or tired.*

KAirn *or* Cairn, *Heaps of monumental Stones.*
Kame, *Comb.*
Kail, *Coleworts.* Id. *Broth.*
Keckle, *laugh.*
Keek, *peep.*
Ken, *know.*
Kilted, *tuck'd up.*
Kimmer, *a Goſſip.*
Kith *and* Kin, *Blood Relations.*
Kittock, *Dagger.*

LAigh, *low.*
Lane, *own ſelf.*
Laith, *loth.*
Law, *low.*
Lave, *the reſt.*
Leal, *honeſt.*
Lee, *fallow Ground.*
Leeſome, *lovely.*
Leugh, *laughed.*
Lilt, *a Tune.*
Lintwhite, *Linet.*
Lint-Tap, *dreſs'd Flax.*

Loo'd, *lov'd.*
Loor, *rather.*
Loos, *loves.*
Loon, *a ſly Wencher.*
Lout, *to bow.*
Lown, *calm.*
Lowan, *flaming.*

MAik, *a Mate.*
Mair, *more.*
Maiſt, *moſt.*
Mane, *Moan.*
Marrow, *Match.*
Maukin, *Hare.*
Maun, *muſt.*
Mavis, *the Thruſh*
Meikle or Muckle, *much.*
Mint, *attempt.*
Minny, *Mother.*
Mirk, *dark.*
Mou, *Mouth.*
Mouter, *the Miller's Toll.*
Muck, *Dung.*
Muirland, *Heathland.*
Mutches, *Women's Caps.*

NA *and* Nea, *no, none.*
Neiſt, *next.*
Niff naffin, *trifling.*
Nowther, *neither.*

ONy, *any.*
Owſen, *Oxen.*
Oxter, *Arm-pit*

PAkes, *Strokes*
Pantry, *a Buttery*
Pat, *put.*
Pawky, *cunning*
Pickle, *ſmall Part*
Pine, *pain.*
Pith, *Strength.*
Placks, *one third of a Penny.*
Pelt, *to fold.* Id. *twiſt.*
Poortith, *Poverty*
Pou *or* pu, *pull.*
Prive, *to prove or taſte.*

QUat, *to loſe.*

RAir, *roar.*
Ranty tanty, *ſuch like*, Cant Words.
Raſhes, *Ruſhes.*
Ratches tenty, *Dogs bred to the Gun.*
Red up, *put in order.*
Rever, *Robber.*
Rife, *plenty.*
Riggs, *Ridges of Corn Land*
Rin, *run.*
Row, *roll.*
Rowth, *Wealth.*
Rude, *croſs.*
Runkled, *wrinckled.*
Rung, *a Bier, alſo a Club.*

SAe, *ſo.*
Saſt, *ſoft.*
Sair, *ſore.*
Say'n, *ſaying,*
Sell, *ſelf.*
Sey, *try.*
Shanna, *ſhall not.*
Shanks Nagie, *to go on Foot.*
Shill, *ſhrill.*
Shoon, *Shoes.*
Shaw, *a Paddock.*
Sic *or* Sick, *ſuch.*

Sican, *such an one.*
Sin *or* Syne, *since.*
Sinſyne, *ſince that Time.*
Skaith, *Harm.*
Skair, *Share.*
Skiring, *Sky blue.*
Skirl, *and* Skreed, *make a joyfull Noiſe,*
Slee, *cunning.*
Sma', *ſmall.*
Snaw, *Snow.*
Sniſhing, *Snaff.*
Snood, *a Head Band.*
Sodden, *boil'd,*
Sodger, *Soldier.*
Sonſy, *fortunate, jolly.*
Soum, *20 Sheep*
Souple, *clever or bending.*
Spake, *ſpoke.*
Speer, *to ask.*
Spelding, *dry'd White-fiſh.*
Spill, *looſe.*
Stane, *Stone.*
Starns, *Stars.*
Steek, *ſhut.*
Stirk, *a young Bullock.*
Stoup, *a Prop.*
Strae, *Straw.*
Strak'd Hands, *joined Hands*
Swats, *ſmall Ale.*
Sweer, *unwilling, lazy.*
Swither, *in doubt.*
Syne, *then*

TAld, *told.*
Taiken, *Token.*
Tap, *Top.*
Tauk, *talk.*
Teugh, *tough.*
Thea, *thoſe.*
Theak'd, *thatch'd.*
Thrang, *throng.*
Thripling-Kame, *an Inſtrument for taking the Seed from Hemp or Flax.*
Tent, *Notice.*
Theyſe, *they ſhall.*
Thole, *to ſuffer.*
Tine, *looſe.*
Tint, *loſt,*
Titty, *Siſter.*
Tod, *Fox.*
Tocher, *Dowry.*
Toofall, *Twilight.*
Toom, *empty*
Touzle, *to ruffle*
Trews, *Breeches and Stockings of one Piece*
Trig, *neat*
Trow, *believe*
Triſte, *Appointment.*
Trunkies, *ſmall Cheſts or Trunks*
Twa, *two*
Twin, *to part from*

UNco fair, *very fore*
Unco ſawſy, *very proud*

VOgie, *bragging*

WAd, *would*
Wae, *woe*
Waen, *Child*
Wale, *to chooſe*
Wall, *Well*
Wallaways, *a Note of Lamentation*

The GLOSSARY.

Waly, waly, *an Exclamation of Joy*
Walop, *gallop*
Wame, *Womb, Belly*
Ware, *beſtow*
War, *worſe*
Wat, *know*
Waws, *Walls*
Wawk *walk*, Id. *wake*
Wee, *little*
Weid, *wild*
Weirs, *Wars*
Wha, *who*
Whang, *large Piece*
Whilk, *which*
Whinger, *Hanger*
Whinging, *whining*
Whiſht, *hold your Peace*
Whorles, *Stone Rings*
Win or Won, *dwell*
Winna, *will not*
Windſome, *handſome*
Wiſt, *known.*
Woo, *Wooll*
Wood, *mad*
Woody, *a Withy*
Wow ! *wonderful* ! Id *ah* !
Wylie, *cunning*
Wyte, *blame*

YAd, *a Mare*
Yeſe, *ye ſhall*
Yern, *Deſire*
Yeſtreen, *Yeſtervight*

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The GLOSSARY.

Waly, waly, *an Exclamation of Joy*
Walop, *gallop*
Wame, *Womb, Belly*
Ware, *beſtow*
War, *worſe*
Wat, *know*
Waws, *Walls*
Wawk *walk*, Id. *wake*
Wee, *little*
Weid, *wild*
Weirs, *Wars*
Wha, *who*
Whang, *large Piece*
Whilk, *which*
Whinger, *Hanger*
Whinging, *whining*
Whiſht, *hold your Peace*
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P. 52, l. 34. *For* adore *read* adorn. *In ſome few*

SCOTS Songs.

SONG I. *The Laſs of* Peaty's *Mill.*

THE Laſs of *Peaty's* Mill,
So bony, blyth and gay,
In ſpight of all my Skill,
Hath ſtole my Heart away.
When tedding of the Hay
Bare-headed on the Green,
Love 'midſt her Locks did play,
And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their Dawn,
To Age it would give Youth,
To preſs 'em with his Hand.
Thro' all my Spirits ran
An Extacy of Bliſs,
When I ſuch Sweetneſs fand
Wrapt in a balmy Kiſs!

Without the Help of Art,
Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
She did her Sweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her Looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected Pride,
She me to Love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth,
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
Inſur'd long Life and Health,
And Pleaſures at my Will;

I'd promiſe and fulfill,
That none but bony ſhe,
The Laſs of *Peaty's* Mill,
Shou'd ſhare the ſame wi' me.

SONG H. Tweed-*Side.*

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* diſcloſe,
How ſweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed!*
Yet *Mary's* ſtill ſweeter than thoſe;
Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
Nor Daiſy, nor ſweet bluſhing Roſe,
Nor all the gay Flowers of the Field,
Nor *Tweed* gliding gently thro' thoſe,
Such Beauty and Pleaſure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thruſh,
The Black-Bird, and ſweet cooing Dove,
With Muſick enchant ev'ry Buſh.
Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
Let us ſee how the Primroſes ſpring,
We'll lodge in ſome Village on *Tweed*,
And love while the feather'd Flocks ſing.

How does my Love paſs the long Day?
Does *Mary* not 'tend a few Sheep?
Do they never carelefly ſtray,
While happily ſhe lies aſleep?
Tweed's Murmurs ſhould lull her to Reſt;
Kind Nature indulging my Bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft Pains of my Breaſt,
I'd ſteal an ambroſial Kiſs.

'Tis ſhe does the Virgins excell,
No Beauty with her may compare;
Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
She's faireſt where Thouſands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks ſtray?
O tell me at Noon where they feed;
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet-winding *Tay*,
Or the pleaſanter Banks of the *Tweed*?

SONG III. *Thro' the Wood Ladie.*

AS early I walk'd, on the firſt of ſweet *May*,
Beneath a ſteep Mountain,
Beſide a clear Fountain,
I heard a grave Lute ſoft Melody play,
Whilſt the Eccho reſounded the dolorous Lay.

I liſten'd and look'd, and ſpy'd a young Swain,
With Aſpect diſtreſſed,
And Spirits oppreſſed,
Seem'd clearing afreſh, like the Sky after Rain,
And thus he diſcover'd how he ſtrave with his Pain.

Tho' *Eliſa* be coy, why ſhould I repine,
That a Maid, much above me,
Vouchſafes not to love me?
In her high Sphere of Worth I never could ſhine;
Then why ſhould I ſeek to debaſe her to mine?

No; henceforth Eſteem ſhall direct my Deſire,
And, in due Subjection,
Retain warm Affection;
To ſhew that Self Love inflames not my Fire,
And that no other Swain can more humbly admire.

When Paſſion ſhall ceaſe to rage in my Breaſt,
Then quiet returning,
Shall huſh my ſad Mourning:
And, Lord of myſelf, in abſolute Reſt,
I'll hug the Condition which Heaven ſhall think beſt.

Then Friendſhip unmixt, and wholly refin'd,
May ſtill be reſpected,
Tho' Love is rejected:
Eliſa ſhall own, tho' to Love not inclin'd,
That ſhe ne'er had a Friend like her Lover reſign'd.

May the fortunate Youth who hereafter ſhall woo,
With proſp'rous Endeavour,
To gain her dear Favour,
Know as well as I, what t' *Eliſa* is due,
Be much more deſerving, but never leſs true.

Whilſt I, diſengag'd from all amorous Cares,
Sweet Liberty taſting,
On calmeſt Peace ſeating,
Employing my Reaſon to dry up my Tears,
In hopes of Heaven's Bliſſes I'll ſpend my few Years.

Ye Powers that preſide o'er virtuous Love,
Come aid me with Patience
To bear my Vexations;
With equal Deſires my flutt'ring Heart move,
With Sentiments pureſt my Notions improve.

If Love in his Fetters e'er catch me again,
May Courage protect me,
And Prudence direct me:
Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain,
Who grew happily wiſe, after loving in vain.

SONG IV. Mary Scot.

HAppy's the Love which meets Return,
When in ſoft Flames Souls equal burn;
But Words are wanting to diſcover
The Torments of a hopeleſs Lover.
Ye Regiſters of Heaven, relate,
If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
Did you there ſee me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the Flower of *Tarrow*?

Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
Her Love the Gods above muſt ſhare;
While Mortals with Deſpair explore her,
And at a Diſtance due adore her.
O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
Revive and bleſs me with a Smile:
Alas! if not, you'll ſoon debar a
Sighing Swain the Banks of *Tarrow*.

Be huſh, ye Fears! I'll not deſpair,
My *Mary's* tender as ſhe's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all my Anguiſh,
She is too good to let me languiſh:

With Succeſs crown'd, I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky;
When *Mary Scot*'s become my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradiſe on *Yarrow*.

SONG V. *The Birks of* Innermay.

THE ſmiling Morn and breathing Spring
Invite the tuneful Birds to ſing;
And as they warble from each Spray,
Love melts the univerſal Lay!

Let us, Amanda, *timely wiſe,*
Like them employ the Hour that flies;
And in ſoft Murmurs waſte the Day,
Amidſt the Birks of Innermay.

Soon wears Summer of the Year,
And love like Winter will appear;
Like this your lively Bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant Shade.

Our Taſte for Pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd Songſters charm no more;
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the Birks of Innermay!

SONG VI. *A Laſs that was loaden with Care.*

A Laſs that was loaden with Care
Sat heavily under a Thorn,
I liſten'd a while for to hear,
When thus ſhe began for to mourn:
So merry as we twa have been,
So happy as we twa have been;
O! my Heart it is like to deſpair
When I think on the Days we have ſeen.

When you, my dear Shepherd, was there,
The Birds did melodiouſly ſing,
And the cold nipping Winter did wear
A Face that reſembles the Spring.

Our Flocks feeding close by his Side,
As he gently preſſed my Hand,
I view'd the wide World in its Pride,
And laugh'd at the Pomp of Command!
My Dear, he wou'd oft to me ſay,
What makes you hard-hearted to me;
Or why do you thus turn away,
From him who is dying for thee?
But now he is far from my Sight,
Perhaps a new Miſtreſs may prove,
Which makes me lament Day and Night,
That ever I granted him Love.
At the Eve, when the reſt of the Folk
Were merrily ſeated to ſpin,
I ſat myſelf under his Oak,
And heavily ſighed for him.

So merry as we twa have been, &c.

SONG VII. Beſſy Bell *and* Mary Gray.

O *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
They are twa bonny Laſſes,
They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-Brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' Raſhes
Fair *Beſſy Bell* I loo'd Yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;
But *Mary Gray's* twa pawky Een,
They gar my Fancy falter.

Now *Beſſy's* Hair's like a Lint-Tap;
She ſmiles like a *May* Morning,
When *Phœbus* ſtarts frae *Thetis'* Lap,
The Hills with Rays adorning:
White is her Neck, ſalt is her Hand,
Her Waſte and Feet's ſu genty;
With ilka Grace ſhe can command;
Her Lips, O vow! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* Locks are like a Craw,
Her Eyes like Diamonds glances:
She's ay ſae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances

Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
She blooming, tight and tall is;
And guides her Airs ſae graceſu' ſtill,
O *Jove!* ſhe's like thy *Pallas.*

Dear *Beſſy Bell* and *Mary Gray,*
Ye unco ſair oppreſs us;
Our Fancies jee between you twa
Ye are ſic bonny Laſſes:
Waes me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by Law we're ſtinted;
Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
And be with ane contented.

SONG VIII. *The Yellow hair'd Ladie.*

IN April, *when Primroſes paint the ſweet Plain,*
And Summer approaching rejoiceth the Swain;
The Yellow-hair'd Ladie *would oftentimes go*
To Wilds and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn Trees grow.

There under the Shade of an old ſacred Thorn,
With Freedom he ſung his Love's Ev'ning and Morn:
He ſung with ſo ſaft and enchanting a Sound,
That Silvans *and* Fairies *unſeen danc'd around.*

The Shepherd thus ſang, Tho' young Maya *be fair,*
Her Beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud Air;
But Suſie *was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,*
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That Madie, *in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,*
Like the Moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke Truth:
But Suſie *was faithful, good-humour'd and free,*
And fair as the Goddeſs who ſprung from the Sea.

That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great Dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently ſow'r:
Then ſighing, he wiſh'd, would Parents agree,
The witty ſweet Suſie *his Miſtreſs might be.*

SONG IX. John Hay's *Bony Laſſie.*

BY ſmooth winding Tay *a Swain was reclining,*
Aft cry'd he, oh hey! maun I ſtill live pining

My ſell thus away, and dar na diſcover
To my bonny Hay, *that I am her Lover?*

Nae mair it will hide, the Flame waxes ſtranger;
If ſhe's no' my Bride, my Days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a Heart, and try at a Venture,
May be, e're we part, my Vows may content her.

She's freſh as the Spring, and ſweet as Aurora,
When Birds mount and ſing, bidding Day a Good-Morrow:
The Sward of the Mead, enamel'd with Daiſies;
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

But if ſhe appear where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flow'rs ſmell the ſweeter:
'Tis Heav'n to be by, when her Wit is a flowing;
Her Smiles and bright Eye ſet my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze the deeper I'm wounded;
Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded:
I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid, to careſs ye,
For a' my Deſire is Hay's *bonny Laſſie.*

SONG X. *Ann thou wert my ain*, &c.

OF Race divine thou needs muſt be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's Sake, oh! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou wert my ain Thing,
I wad love thee, I wad love thee;
Ann thou wert my ain Thing,
How dearly wad I love thee!

The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can ſave;
O! for their Sake, ſupport a Slave,
Who only lives to love thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I love, and for your Sake,
What Man can name I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

My Paſſion, conſtant as the Sun,
Flames ſtronger ſtill will ne'er ha' done,
'Till Fates my Thred of Life have ſpun,
Which breathing out, I'll love thee.
Ann thou wert, &c.

SONG XI. *The laſt Time*, &c.

THE laſt Time I came o'er the Moor,
I left my Love behind me;
Ye Powers! what Pain do I endure,
When ſoft Ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy Morn diſplay'd
The beaming Day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely Maid,
In fit Retreats for Wooing.

Beneath a cooling Shade we lay,
Gazing, and chaſtly ſporting;
We kiſs'd and promis'd Time away,
'Till Night ſpread her black Curtain.
I pitied all beneath the Skies,
Ev'n Kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be call'd where Cannons roar,
Where mortal Steel may wound me;
Or caſt upon ſome foreign Shore,
Where Dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my Love,
To feaſt on glowing Kiſſes,
Shall make my Cares at Diſtance move,
In Proſpect of ſuch Bliſſes.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,
To let a Rival enter:
Since ſhe excels in every Grace
In her my Love ſhall center.
Sooner the Seas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their Waves the *Alps* ſhall cover,
On *Greenland* Ice ſhall Roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor,
She shall a Lover find me;
And that my Faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me.
Then *Hymen's* sacred Bands shall chain
My Heart to her fair Bosom;
There, while my Being does remain,
My Love more fresh shall blossom.

SONG XII. *Love is the Cause of, &c.*

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye Nymphs, I oftimes heard her say,
Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this Way,
And that Love is the Cause of my Mourning.
False Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold Heart never warms,
Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his Arms,
Oh Strephon! *the Cause of my Mourning.*
But first, said she, let me go
Down to the Shades below,
E're ye let *Strephon* know
That I have lov'd him so:
That on my pale Cheek no Blushes will show
That Love was the Cause of my Mourning.
Her Eyes were scare closed when *Strephon* came by,
He thought she'd been sleeping and softly drew nigh;
But finding her breathless, oh Heavens! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! *the Cause of my Mourning.*
Restore me, my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs use your Art.
They sighing, reply'd, 'twas yourself shot the Dart,
That wounded the tender young Shepherdess Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris *with Mourning.*
Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
Wounded by me? he said;
I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,
Down to the silent Shade.
Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his Head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon *with Mourning.*

SONG XIII. Katharine Ogie.

AS walking forth to view the Plain,
Upon a Morning early,
While *May*'s ſweet Scent did chear my Brain,
From Flowers which grow ſo rarely
I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
She ſhin'd tho' it was fogie;
I ask'd her Name: Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My Name is *Katharine Ogie.*

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a Nymph ſo ſtately;
So brisk an Air there did appear
In a Country Maid ſo neatly:
Such natural Sweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a Lillie in a Bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame *Katharine Ogie.*

Thou Flower of Females, Beauty's Queen,
Who ſees thee ſure muſt prize thee;
Tho' thou art dreſt in Robes but mean,
Yet theſe cannot diſguiſe thee:
Thy handſome Air, and graceful Look,
Far excels any clowniſh Rogie;
Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
My charming *Katharine Ogie.*

O were I but ſome Shepherd-Swain!
To feed my Flock beſide thee,
At Boughting-Time to leave the Plain,
In Milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier Man,
With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,
Than he that hugs his Thouſands Ten,
Had I but *Katharine Ogie.*

Then I'd deſpiſe th' Imperial Throne,
And Stateſmens dangerous Stations:
I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
I'd ſmile at conquering Nations:

Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This Laſs, of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are Toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie.*

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a Creature,
Whoſe Beauty rare makes her exceed
All other Works in Nature.
Clouds of Deſpair ſurround my Love,
That are both dark and ſogie:
Pity my Caſe ye Powers above,
And grant me *Katharine Ogie.*

SONG XIV. *The Buſh aboon*, &c.

HEar me ye Nymphs, and every Swain,
I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
Tho' thus I languiſh, thus complain,
Alas! ſhe ne'er believes me.
My Vows and Sighs, like ſilent Air,
Unheeded never move her:
At the bonny Buſh aboon *Traquair*,
'Twas there I firſt did love her,

That Day ſhe ſmil'd, and made me glad,
No Maid ſeem'd ever kinder;
I thought myſelf the luckieſt Lad,
So ſweetly there to find her.
I try'd to ſooth my am'rous Flame,
In Words that I thought tender;
If more there paſs'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now ſhe ſcornful flees the Plain,
The Fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, ſhe ſhews Diſdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny Buſh bloom'd fair in *May*,
Its Sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her Frowns make it decay,
It fades as in *December.*

Ye rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
Why thus ſhould *Peggy* grieve me?
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
Then let her Smiles relieve me.
If not, my Love will turn Deſpair,
My Paſſion no more tender,
I'll leave the Buſh aboon *Traquair*,
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

SONG XV. *Bony* Jean.

LOve's Goddeſs, in a Myrtle Grove,
Said, *Cupid*, bend thy Bow with Speed,
Nor let the Shaft at random rove,
For *Jeany's* haughty Heart muſt bleed.
The ſmiling Boy, with divine Art,
From *Paphos* ſhot an Arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the Heart,
And kill'd the Pride of bony *Jean*.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
Refuſes *Willy's* kind Addreſs;
Her yielding Bluſhes ſhew no Care,
But too much Fondneſs to ſuppreſs.
No more the Youth is ſullen now,
But looks the gayeſt on the Green,
Whilſt every Day he ſpies ſome new
Surpriſing Charms in bony *Jean*.

A Thouſand Tranſports crowd his Breaſt,
He moves as light as fleeting Wind,
His former Sorrows ſeem a Jeſt,
Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind:
Riches he looks on with Diſdain,
The glorious Fields of War look mean;
The chearful Hound and Horn give Pain,
If abſent from his bony *Jean*.

The Day he ſpends in am'rous Gaze,
Which even in Summer ſhorten'd ſeems;
When ſunk in Downs, with glad Amaze,
He wonders at her in his Dreams.

All Charms diſclos'd, ſhe looks more bright
Than *Ilium*'s Prize, the *Spartan* Queen,
With breaking Day, he lifts his Sight,
And pants to be with bony *Jean*.

SONG XVI. *My Deary, if thou die.*

LOve never more ſhall give me Pain,
My Fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever Maid my Heart ſhall gain,
My *Peggy*, if thou die.
Thy Beauties did ſuch Pleaſure give,
Thy Love ſo true to me:
Without thee I ſhall never live,
My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate ſhall tear thee from my Breaſt,
How ſhall I lonely ſtay?
In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waſte,
In Sighs the ſilent Day.
I ne'er can ſo much Virtue find,
Nor ſuch Perfection ſee:
Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
My *Peggy*, after thee!

No new blown Beauty fires my Heart
With *Cupid*'s raving Rage,
But thine, which can ſuch Sweets impart,
Muſt all the World engage.
'Twas this that like the Morning Sun
Gave Joy and Life to me;
And when it's deſtin'd Day is done,
With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye Powers that ſmile on virtuous Love,
And in it's Pleaſures ſhare;
You who it's faithful Flames approve,
With Pity view the Fair.
Reſtore my *Peggy*'s wonted Charms,
Thoſe Charms ſo dear to me;
Oh! never rob them from thoſe Arms:
I'm loſt, if *Peggy* die.

SONG XVII. *Bony* Chriſty.

HOW ſweetly ſmells the Simmer Green!
Sweet taſte the Peach and Cherry;
Painting and Order pleaſe our Een,
And Claret makes us merry:
But fineſt Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
And Wine, tho' I be thirſty,
Loſe a' their Charms and weaker Powers,
Compar'd with thoſe of *Chriſty*.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry Park,
No nat'ral Beauty wanting,
How lightſome is't to hear the Lark,
And Birds in Concert chanting?
But if my *Chriſty* tunes her Voice,
I'm rapt in Admiration;
My Thoughts with Extaſies rejoice,
And drap the hale Creation.

Whene'er ſhe ſmiles a kindly Glance,
I take the happy Omen,
And often mint to make Advance,
Hoping ſhe'll prove a Woman:
But, dubious of my ain Deſert,
My Sentiments I ſmother;
With ſecret Sighs I vex my Heart,
For fear ſhe love another.

Thus ſang blate *Edie* by a Burn,
His *Chriſty* did o'er-hear him;
She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
But e'er he wiſt drew near him.
She ſpake her Favour with a Look,
Which left nae Room to doubt her;
He wiſely this nice Minute took,
And flang his Arms about her.

My *Chriſty!*—witneſs, bony Stream,
Sic Joys frae Tears ariſing,
I wiſh this may na be a Dream;
O Love the maiſt ſurpriſing!

Time was too precious now for Tauk;
This Point of a' his Wiſhes,
He wadna with ſet Speeches bauk,
But war'd it a' on Kiſſes.

SONG XVIII. *O'er the Hills and*, &c.

Jocky met with *Jenny* fair,
Aſt be the Dawning of the Day;
But *Jocky* now is fu' of Care,
Since *Jenny* ſtaw his Heart away:
Altho' ſhe promis'd to be true,
She proven has alake? unkind;
Which gars poor *Jocky* aften rue,
That he e'er loo'd a fickle Mind.
And it's o'er the Hills and far away,
It's o'er the Hills and far away,
It's o'er the Hills and far away,
The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.

Now *Jocky* was a bony Lad,
As e'er was born in *Scotland* fair;
But now, poor Man, he's e'en gane wood,
Since *Jenny* has gart him deſpair.
Young *Jocky* was a Piper's Son,
And fell in Love when he was young?
But a' the Springs that he could play,
Was *o'er the Hills and far away.*
And *it's o'er the Hills*, &c.

He ſung —— When firſt my *Jenny*'s Face
I ſaw ſhe ſeem'd ſae fu' of Grace,
With meikle Joy my Heart was fill'd,
That's now alas! with Sorrow kill'd.
Oh! was ſhe but as true as fair,
'Twad put an End to my Deſpair.
Inſtead of that ſhe is unkind,
And wavers like the Winter-Wind.
And *it's o'er the Hills*, &c.

Ah! cou'd ſhe find the diſmal Wae,
That for her Sake I undergae,

She cou'd nae chuſe but grant Relief,
And put an End to a' my Grief:
But oh! ſhe is as fauſe as fair,
Which cauſes a' my Sighs and Care;
But ſhe triumphs in proud Diſdain,
And takes a Pleaſure in my Pain.
And *it's o'er the Hills*, &c.

Hard was my Hap, to fa' in Love,
With ane that does ſae faithleſs prove.
Hard was my Fate to court a Maid,
That has my conſtant Heart betray'd.
A thouſand Times to me ſhe ſware,
She wad be true for evermair;
But, to my Grief, alake, I ſay,
She ſtaw my Heart and ran away,
And *it's o'er the Hills*, &c.

Since that ſhe will nae Pity take,
I maun go wander for her Sake,
And, in ilk Wood and gloomy Grove,
I'll ſighing ſing, adieu to Love,
Since ſhe is fauſe whom I adore,
I'll never truſt a Woman more;
Frae all their Charms I'll flee away,
And on my Pipe I'll ſweetly play,
O'er Hills and Dales, and far away,
Out o'er the Hills and far away,
Out o'er the Hills and far away,
The Wind has blown my Plaid away.

SONG XIX. ALAN-WATER, *Or, My Love* Annie's *very bonny.*

WHat Numbers ſhall the Muſe repeat?
What Verſe be found to praiſe my *Annie*?
On her Ten Thouſand Graces wait,
Each Swain admires, and owns ſhe's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trode the happy Plain,
She ſet each youthful Heart on fire;
Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
That *Annie* kindles new Deſire.

This lovely Darling dearest Care,
This new Delight, this charming *Annie*,
Like Summer's Dawn, she's fresh and fair,
When *Flora*'s fragrant Breezes fan ye.
All Day the am'rous Youths conveen,
Joyous they sport and play before her;
All Night, when she no more is seen,
In blessful Dreams they still adore her.

Among the Crowd *Amyntor* came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
His rising Sighs express his Flame,
His Words were few, his Wishes many.
With Smiles the lovely Maid reply'd,
Kind Shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
Alas! your Love must be deny'd,
This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid*'s Art,
His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling,
He stole away my Virgin Heart;
Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.
Some brighter Beauty you may find,
On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many;
Then chuse some Heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

SONG XX. Lochaber *no more*.

FArewel to *Lochaber*, and farewel my *Jean*,
Where heartsome wi' thee I've mony Day been;
For *Lochaber* nae mair, *Lochaber* nae mair,
We'll may be return to *Lochaber* nae mair.
These Tears that I shed, they are a' for my Dear,
And nae for the Dangers attending on Weir,
Tho' bore on rough Seas to a far distant Shore,
May be to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' Hurricanes rise, and rise e'ry Wind,
They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind.
Tho' loudest of Thunder on louder Waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my Love on the Shore.

To leave thee behind me, my Heart is ſair pain'd,
By Eaſe that's inglorious, no Fame can be gain'd;
And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave,
And I muſt deſerve it before I can crave.

Then Glory, my *Jeany*, maun plead my Excuſe;
Since Honour commands me, how can I refuſe?
Without it I ne'r can have Merit for thee,
And without thy Favour I'd better not be!
I gae then, my Laſs, to win Honour and Fame,
And if I ſhould luck to come glorioufly hame,
I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

SONG XXI. *The Broom.*

HOw blyth ilk Morn was I to ſee
The Swain come o'er the Hill!
He skipt the Burn, and flew to me:
I met him with good Will.
O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
While his Flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
And chear'd me all the Day.
O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed ſae ſweet,
The Burds ſtood liſt'ning by:
E'en the dull Cattle ſtood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.
O the Broom, &c.

While thus we ſpent our Time by Turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play:
I envy'd not the faireſt Dame,
Tho ne'er ſo rich and gay.
O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I ſhould baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt Swain
That ever yet was born.
O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be;
He ſtaw my Heart: Cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he ask'd of me?
O the Broom, &c.

My Doggie, and my little Kit
That held my wee Soup Whey,
My Plaidy, Broach, and crooked Stick,
May now lye uſeleſs by.
O the Broom, &c.

Adieu, ye *Cowdenknows*, adieu,
Farewel a' Pleaſures there;
Ye Gods reſtore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care.
O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows:
I wiſh I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

SONG XXII. *The* Highland Laddie.

THE Lawland Lads think they are fine;
But O they're vain and idly gaudy!
How much unlike that graceful' Mein,
And manly Looks of my Highland Ladie?
O my bonny bonny Highland Ladie,
My handſome charming Highland Ladie;
May Heaven ſtill guard, and Love reward
Our Lawland Laſs and her Highland Ladie.

If I were free at Will to chuſe
To be the wealthieſt Lawland Ladie,
I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braveſt Beau in Borrows-Town,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.
O'er Benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady.
Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
He'll ſcreen me with his Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.
A painted Room, and Silken Bed,
May pleaſe a Lawland Laird and Lady;
But I can kiſs and be as glad
Behind a Buſh in's Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.
Few Complements between us paſs,
I ca' him my Dear Highland Ladie,
And he ca's me his Lawland Laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.
Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his Love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerves my Highland Ladie,
O my bonny, &c.

SONG XXIII. Polwart *on the Green.*

AT Polwart, *on the Green,*
If you'll meet me the Morn,
Where Laſſes do convene
To dance about the Thorn,
A kindly Welcome you ſhall meet,
Frae her who likes to view
A Lover and a Lad compleat
The Lad and Lover you.

Let dorty Dames ſay Na,
As lang as e'er they pleaſe,
Seem caulder than the Sna',
While inwardly they bleez;

But I will frankly ſhaw my Mind,
And yield my Heart to thee:
Be ever to the Captive kind.
That langs na to be free.

At *Polwart* on the Green,
Amang the new mawn Hay,
With Sangs and Dancing keen,
We'll paſs the heartſome Day.
At Night, if Beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou ſhalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine.

SONG XXIV. *Waly, Waly,* &c.

O Waly, waly up the Bank,
And waly, waly down the Brae,
And waly, waly yon Burn-Side,
Where I and my Love wont to gae.

I lean'd my Back unto an Aik,
I thought it was a truſty Tree,
But firſt it bow'd and ſyne it brake,
Sae my true Love did lightly me.
O wherefore ſhou'd I buſk my Head,
Or wherefore ſhould I kame my Hair?
For my true Love has me forſak'n,
And ſays he'll never love me mair.
O waly, waly, but Love be bonny,
A little Time while it is new,
But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like the Morning Dew.

Now *Arthur*-Seat ſhall be my Bed,
The Sheets ſhall ne'er be fil'd by me,
St *Anth'ny's* Wall ſhall be my Drink,
Since my true Love's forſaken me.
Marti'mas Wind when wilt thou blaw,
And ſhake the green Leaves aff the Tree!
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come?
For o' my Life I am weary. *O waly, waly,* &c.

'Tis not the Froſt that freezes fell,
Nor blawing Snaw's Inclemency;
'Tis not ſic Cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by *Glaſgow* Town,
We were a comely Sight to ſee;
My Love was clad in Black Velvet,
And I my ſelf in Cramaſie. *O waly, waly,* &c.

But had I wiſt before I kiſs'd,
That Love had been ſae ill to win,
I'd lock'd my Heart in a Caſe of Gowd,
And pin'd it with a Siller Pin.
Oh! oh! if my young Babe was born,
And ſet upon the Nurſe's Knee,
And I myſell were dead and gane,
For a Maid again I'll never be. *O waly, waly,* &c.

SONG XXV. Nanny-O.

WHile ſome for Pleaſure pawn their Health,
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll ſave myſelf, and without Stealth,
Kiſs and careſs my *Nanny—O.*
She bids more fair t' engage a *Jove*
Than *Leda* did for *Danae—O:*
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None elſe ſhould ſit but *Nanny—O.*

How joyfully my Spirits riſe,
When Dancing ſhe moves finely—O,
I gueſs what Heaven is by her Eyes,
Which ſparkle ſo divinely—O.
Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
Breath in the bleſt *Britannia*,
None's Happineſs I ſhall envy,
As long's ye grant me *Nanny—O,*

CHOR. *My bonny, bonny* Nanny—O.
My lovely charming Nanny—O,
I care not tho' the World know
How dearly I love Nanny—O.

SONG XXVI. *The Collier's bonny*, &c.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
And O ſhe's wonder bonny,
A Laird he was that ſought her,
Rich baith in Lands and Money:
The Tutors watch'd the Motion
Of this young honeſt Lover:
But Love is like the Ocean;
Wha can its Depth diſcover!

He had the Art to pleaſe ye,
And was by a' reſpected;
His Airs ſat round him eaſy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The Collier's bonny Laſſie,
Fair as the new blown Lillie,
Ay ſweet, and never ſaucy,
Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond Expreſſion
The Charms that were about her,
And panted for Poſſeſſion,
His Life was dull without her.
After mature Reſolving,
Cloſe to his Breaſt he held her,
In ſafeſt Flames diſſolving.
He tenderly thus tell'd her,

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
Let nathing diſcompoſe ye,
'Tis no your ſcanty Tocher
Shall ever gar me loſe ye:
For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love ſays, 'tis my Duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me,
Upon your Wit and Beauty.

SONG XXVII. Eterick *Banks*.

WHEN firſt theſe blooming Charms I 'ſpied,
That ſmiling play on *Annie*'s Face,
Her Hair without affected Pride,
Her Shape, her Mein, and every Grace;

My Heart and every Pulſe beat faſt,
In Hurry all my Spirits mov'd,
I felt new Motions in my Breaſt,
The more I gaz'd, the more I lov'd!

But when her Mirth, and lively Senſe,
With Pleaſure I attentive heard,
Her chearful Wit and Innocence
In every Thought and Word appear'd!
Thoſe lovely Beauties of her Mind,
A noble laſting Joy impart,
Excite a Paſſion more refin'd,
And doubly captivate my Heart.

When *Annie's* Preſence I enjoy,
A pleaſant Warmth within me glows,
No cloudy Cares my Bleſs annoy,
My Soul with Love and Joy o'erflows!
So when the glorious God of Day
Diſpels the gloomy Shades of Night,
Nature reviving, all looks gay,
And welcomes the returning Light!

Oh would my Charmer make me bleſt,
And yield to eaſe her Lover's Pain,
My Fears all gone, my Soul at reſt,
Then Love and Joy ſhould ever reign;
Each gentle Hour, with freſh Delight,
Wad paſs away in mutual Love,
In Peace we'd ſpend the Day and Night,
And emulate the Bleſt above!

SONG XXVIII. *Fy gar rub her*, &c.

GIN ye meet a bony Laſſie,
Gi'e her a Kiſs, and let her gae,
But if you meet a dirty Huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

Be ſure ye dinna quat the Grip
Of ilka Joy, when ye are young,
Before auld Age your Vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

Sweet Youth's a blyth and heartſome Time;
Then, Lads and Laſſes, while 'tis *May*,
Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the ſaſt Minutes of Delyte,
When *Jenny* ſpeaks beneath her Breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the Wyte
On you, if ſhe kep ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;
Syne frae your Arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſelf in ſome dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place
Where lies the Happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your Face,
Nineteen Na-ſays are Haff a Grant.

Now to her heaving Boſom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a Kiſs;
Frae her ſair Finger whoop a Ring,
As Taiken of a future Bliſs.

Theſe Benniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the Gods indulgent Grant:
Then ſurly Carles, whiſht, forbear
To plague us with your whinning Cant.

SONG XXIX. *Corn Rigs are bony.*

MY *Patie* is a Lover gay,
His Mind is never muddy;
His Breath is ſweeter than new Hay,
His Face is fair and ruddy.
His Shape is handſome, middle Size;
He's ſtately in his Wawking;
The Shining of his Een ſurpriſe;
'Tis Heaven to hear him Tawking.

Laſt Night I met him on a Bawk,
Where yellow Corn was growing,
There many a kindly Word he ſpake,
That ſet my Heart a Glowing.

He kiſs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me beſt of ony;
That gars me like to ſing ſinſyne,
O Corn Rigs are bony.
Let Maidens of a ſilly Mind
Refuſe what maiſt they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are deſign'd,
We chaſtly ſhould be granting;
Then I'll comply and marry *Pate*,
And ſyne my Cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where Corn Rigs are bony.

SONG XXX. *Blink over the Burn.*

LEave Kindred and Friends, ſweet *Betty*,
Leave Kindred and Friends for me;
Aſſur'd thy Servant is ſteddy
To Love, to Honour, and Thee.
The Gifts of Nature and Fortune
May fly, by Chance, as they came;
They're Grounds the Deſtinies ſport on,
But Virtue is ever the ſame.

Altho' my Fancy were roving,
Thy Charms ſo heav'nly appear,
That other Beauties diſproving,
I'd worſhip thine only, my Dear,
And ſhou'd Life's Sorrows embitter
The Pleaſure we promis'd our Loves,
To ſhare them together is fitter,
Than moan aſunder, like Doves.

Oh! were I but once ſo bleſſed,
To graſp my Love in my Arms!
By thee to be graſp'd! and kiſſed!
And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
Shou'd Fortune capricious prove;
Tho' Death ſhou'd tear me to Pieces,
I'd die a Martyr to Love.

SONG XXXI. *The yellow hair'd Ladie.*

YE Shepherds and Nymphs that adorn the gay Plain,
Approach from your Sports and attend to my Strain,
Amongſt all your Number a Lover ſo true,
Was ne'er ſo undone, with ſuch Bleſs in his View.

Was ever a Nymph ſo hard-hearted as mine?
She knows me ſincere, and ſhe ſees how I pine,
She does not diſdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly and mildly reſigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies:
She ſmiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs.
A Boſom ſo flinty, ſo gentle an Air,
Inſpires me with Hope, and yet bids me deſpair!

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears:
Her Anſwer confounds, while her Manner endears;
When ſoftly ſhe tells me to hope no Relief,
My trembling Lips bleſs her in ſpite of my Grief.

By Night while I ſlumber, ſtill haunted with Care,
I ſtart up in Anguiſh, and ſigh for the Fair;
The Fair ſleeps in Peace, may ſhe ever do ſo!
And only when dreaming imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Diſtance, nor farther aſpire,
Nor thinks he ſhou'd love, whom ſhe cannot admire:
Huſh all thy Complaining, and dying her Slave,
Commend her to Heaven, and thyſelf to the Grave.

SONG XXXII. *The young Laird, &c.*

NOW wat ye wha I met Yeſtreen,
Coming down the Street, my Jo?
My Miſtreſs in her Tartan Screen,
Fow bony, braw and ſweet, my Jo.
My Dear, quoth I, Thanks to the Night,
That never whiſht a Lover ill,
Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu gang wi' me,
And leave the dinſome Town a while;
The Bloſſom's ſprouting frae the Tree,
And a' the Summer's gawn to ſmile:
The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
The bleating Lambs and whiſtling Hynd,
In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
Will nouriſh Health and glad ye'r Mind.

Soon as the clear Goodman of Day
Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
We'll gae to ſome Burn-Side and play,
And gather Flowers to buſk ye'r Brow.
We'll pou the Daiſies on the Green,
The lucken Gowans frae the Bog:
Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
And ſport upo' the Velvet Fog.

There's up into a pleaſant Glen,
A wee Piece frae my Father's Tower,
A canny ſaft and flow'ry Den,
Which circling Birks have form'd a Bower:
Whene'er the Sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the cauler Shade remove,
There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
And love and kiſs, and kiſs and love.

SONG XXXIII. Katy's *Anſwer*.

MY Minny's ay glowran o'er me,
Tho ſhe did the ſame before me;
I canna get Leave
To look to my Love,
Or elſe ſhe'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher;
Then, *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
And wyte ye'er poor *Kate*,
Whenever ye keek in your Toom Coffer.

For tho my Father has Plenty
Of Siller and Pleniſhing Dainty,

Yet he's unco ſweer
To twin wi' his Gear;
And ſae we had Need to be tenty.

Tutor my Parents wi' Caution,
Be wylie in ilka Motion;
Brag well o' ye'r Land,
And there's my leal Hand,
Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

SONG XXXIV. *Take your auld Cloak*, &c.

IN Winter when the Rain rain'd cauld,
And Froſt an Snaw on ilka Hill,
And *Boreas*, with his Blaſts ſae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our Ky to kill:
Then *Bell* my Wife, wha loves nae Strife,
She ſaid to me right haſtily,
Get up, Goodman, ſave *Cromy*'s Life,
And tak your auld Cloak about ye.

My *Cromie* is on uſeful Cow,
And ſhe is come of a good Kyne;
Aft has ſhe wet the Bairn's Mow,
And I am laith that ſhe ſhould tyne;
Get up, Goodman, it is fou Time,
The Sun ſhines in the Lift ſae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious End,
Go tak your auld Cloak about ye.

My Cloak was anes a good gray Cloak,
When it was fitting for my Wear;
But now it's ſcantly worth a Groat,
For I have worn't this Thirty Year;
Let's ſpend the Gear that we have won,
We little ken the Day we die:
Then I'll be proud, ſince I have ſworn
To have a new Cloak about me.

In Days when our King *Robert* rang,
His Trews they coſt but Half a Crown;
He ſaid they were a Groat o'er dear,
And call'd the Taylor Thief and Loun.

He was the King that wore a Crown,
And thou the Man of laigh Degree,
'Tis Pride puts a' the Country down,
Sae take thy auld Cloak about thee.

Every Land has its ain Laugh,
Ilk Kind of Corn it has its Hool,
I think the World is a' run wrang,
When ilka Wife her Man wad rule;
Do ye not ſee *Rob*, *Jock*, and *Hab*,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I ſit hurklen in the Aſe;
I'll have a new Cloak about me.

Goodman I wate 'tis Thirty Years,
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had, between us twa,
Of Lads and bony Laſſes ten:
Now they are Women grown and Men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good Husband,
E'en take your auld Cloak about ye.

Bell my Wife, ſhe loves na Strife;
But ſhe wad guide me, if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy Life,
I aft maun yield tho I'm Goodman;
Nought's to be won at Woman's Hand,
Unleſs you give her a' the Plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And take my auld Cloak about me.

SONG XXXV. *The Mill, Mill—O.*

BEneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid,
Was ſleeping ſound and ſtill —— O;
A' lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove
Around her with good Will —— O:
Her Boſom I preſt; but, ſunk in her Reſt,
She ſtirdna my Joy to ſpill —— O:
While kindly ſhe ſlept, cloſe to her I crept,
And kiſs'd, and kiſs'd her my Fill —— O.

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my Courage and Skill —— O,
Frae 'er quietly I ſtaw, hoiſt Sails and awa,
For Wind blew fair on the Bill —— O. [Fame
Twa Years brought me Hame, where loud traiſing
Tald me with a Voice right ſhill —— O,
My Laſs, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the Ill —— O.

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell —— O.
Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth ſhe, let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell —— O.
Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,
And bad her a' Fears expell, —— O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
Wha had done her the Deed my ſell —— O.

My bony ſweet Laſs on the gowany Graſs,
Beneath the *Shilling-Hill* —— O,
If I did Offence, I'ſe make ye Amends
Before I leave *Peggy*'s Mill —— O.
O the Mill, Mill — O, *and the Kill, Kill* — O,
And the Cogging of the Wheel —— O;
The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a Sodger Reel —— O.

SONG XXXVI. *I fixed my Fancy on her.*

BRight *Cynthia*'s Power divinely great,
What Heart is not obeying?
A thouſand *Cupid*'s on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing.
She ſeems the Queen of Love to reign;
For ſhe alone diſpences
Such Sweets as beſt can entertain
The Guſt of all the Senſes.

Her Face a charming Proſpect brings,
Her Breath gives balmy Kiſſes;
I hear an Angel when ſhe ſings,
And taſte a Heaven of Bliſſes.

Four Senſes thus ſhe feaſts with Joy,
From Nature's richeſt Treaſure:
Let me the other Senſe employ,
And I ſhall die with Pleaſure.

SONG XXXVII. Dumbarton's *Drums.*

Dumbarton's Drums beat bony — O,
They mind me of my Dear *Jonny* — O,
How happy then am I,
When my Soldier is by,
While he kiſſes and bleſſes his *Annie* — O!

'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me — O,
For his graceful Looks do invite me — O:
While guarded in his Arms,
I'll fear no Warms Alarms,
Neither Danger nor Death ſhall e'er fright me — O.

My Love is a handſome Ladie — O,
Genteel, but ne'er foppiſh nor gaudy — O:
Tho' Commiſſions are dear,
Yet I'll buy him one this Year,
For he ſhall ſerve no longer a Cadie — O.

A Soldier has Honour and Bravery — O,
Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knavery — O.
He minds no other Thing,
But the Ladies or the King;
For every other Care is but Slavery — O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady — O,
Farewel to my Friends and my Dady — O;
I'll wait no more at Home,
But I'll follow with the Drum,
And whenever that beats I'll be ready — O.

Dumbarton's Drums ſound bony — O,
They are ſprightly like my Dear *Johnny* — O:
How happy ſhall I be,
When on my Soldier's Knee,
When he kiſſes and bleſſes his *Annie* — O!

SONG XXXVIII. *There's my Thumb, &c.*

MY sweeteſt May, let Love incline thee,
T' accept a Heart which he deſigns thee;
And, as your conſtant Slave, regard it,
Syne for its Faithfulneſs reward it,
'Tis Proof a-Shot to Birth or Money,
But yields to what is ſweet and bony;
Receive it then with a Kiſs and a Smily,
There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting ſweet theſe Lips of thine are!
Thy Boſom white, and Legs ſae fine are!
That when in Pools I ſee thee clean 'em;
They carry away my Heart between 'em;
I wiſh, and I wiſh, while it gaes dautin,
O gin I had you on a Mountain,
Tho Kith and Kin and a' ſhould revile thee,
There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through flow'ry Braes I dander,
Tenting my Flocks leſt they ſhould wander,
Gin thou'll gae along, I'll dawt thee gayly,
And give my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

O my Dear Laſſie, it is but Daffin,
To had thy Weer up ay miff maffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it maſt vilely,
O ſay, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG XXXIX. *The bony Scot.*

The Boat Man.

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And pleaſe the canny Boat-Man,
Bear me from hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bony Scot—Man:
In baly Bands,
We join'd our Hands,
Yet may not this diſcover
While Parents rate
A large Eſtate,
Before a faithfu' Lover.

But I loor chuſe in Highland Glens,
To herd the Kid and Goat—Man,
E'er I cou'd for ſic little Ends,
Refuſe my bony *Scot*-Man.
Wae worth the Man
Wha firſt began
The baſe ungenerous Faſhion,
Frae greedy Views
Love's Art to uſe,
While Strangers to its Paſſion.

Frae Foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haſte to thy longing Laſſie,
Who pants to preſs thy bawmy Mouth,
And in her Boſom hawſe thee.
Love gi'es the Word,
Then haſte on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boat-Man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er
Frae yonder Shore,
My blyth, my bony *Scot*—Man.

SONG XL. Colin *and* Grisy *parting*.

Woes my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

WIth broken Words, and down-caſt Eyes,
Poor *Colin* ſpoke his Paſſion tender;
And, parting with his *Griſy*, cries,
Ah! woe's my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder;
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go,
It breaks my Heart that we ſhould ſunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love ſhall hinder;
Nor Time nor Place ſhall ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to ſunder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties, which invites our Wonder,
Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
Shall ſtill be preſent, tho' we ſunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
Then ſeal a Promiſe with a Kiſs,
Always to love me, tho' we ſunder.

Ye Gods, take Care of my dear Laſs,
That as I leave her I may find her:
When that bleſt Time ſhall come to paſs,
We'll meet again, and never ſunder.

SONG XLI. *The Gaberlunzie-Man.*

THE pawky auld Carle came o'er the Lee,
Wi' many Good E'ens and Days to me,
Saying, Good Wife, for your Courteſie,
Will you lodge a ſilly poor Man?
The Night was cald, the Carle was wat,
And down ayont the Ingle he ſat;
My Daughter's Shoulder he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and ſang.

O vow! quo' he, were I as free,
As firſt when I ſaw this Country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew cany, and ſhe grew fain;
But little did her auld Minny ken
What thir ſlee Twa togither were ſay'n,
When wooing they were ſae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
As e'er Crown of my Dady's Hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,
And awa' wi' me thou ſhou'd gang.
And O! quoth ſhe, ann I were as white,
As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
I'd clead me braw, and Lady like,
And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;
They raiſe a wee before the Cock,
And wyſily they ſhot the Lock,
And faſt to the Bent are they gane.

Up on the Morn the auld Wife araiſe,
And at her Leiſure pat on her Claiſe;
Syne to the Servants Bed ſhe gaes,
To ſpeer for the ſilly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
The Strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,
For ſome of our Gear will be gane.
Some ran to Coffers, and ſome to Kiſts,
But nought was ſtown that cou'd be miſt,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praiſe be bleſt,
I have lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since nathing's awa, as we can learn,
The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,
Gae butt the Houſe, Laſs, and weken my Bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
The Sheets was cauld, ſhe was away,
And faſt to her Goodwife can ſay,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-Man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haſte ye find theſe Traitors again;
For ſhe's be burnt, and he's be ſlain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-Man.
Some rade upo' Horſe, ſome ran a Fit,
The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit:
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd ſhe ſit,
But ay ſhe curs'd and ſhe ban'd.

Mean Time far hind out o'er the Lee,
Fu' ſnug in a Glen, where nane cou'd ſee,
The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,
Cut frae a new Cheeſe a Whang:
The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To loe her for ay, he ga'e her his Aith.
Quo' ſhe, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winſome Gaberlunzie Man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
Illfardly wad ſhe crook her Mou,
Sic a poor Man ſhe'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-Man.
My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na learn'd the Beggars Tongue,
To follow me frae Town to Town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' Cauk and Keel I'll win your Bread,
And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie — O
I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
A Cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we ſhall be merry, and ſing.

SONG XLII. *The Widow.*

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can brew,
The Widow can ſhape, and the Widow can ſew,
And mony braw Things the Widow can do;
Then have at the Widow, my Ladie,
With Courage attack her baith early and late,
To kiſs her and clap her ye mauna be blate;
Speak well and do better, for that's the beſt Gate
To win a young Widow, my Ladie.

The Widow ſhe's youthſu', and never a Hair,
The war of her Wearing, and has a good Skair
Of every Thing lovely; ſhe's witty and fair,
And has a rich Jointure, my Ladie.
What cou'd ye wiſh better your Pleaſure to crown,
Than a Widow, the bonieſt Toaſt in the Town,
With naithing, but draw in your Stool and ſit down,
And ſport with the Widow, my Ladie?

Then till'er and kill'er with Courteſie dead,
Tho' ſtark Love and Kindneſs be all ye can plead;
Be heartſome and airy, and hope to ſucceed,
With a bony gay Widow, my Ladie.

Strike Iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
But ruins the Woer that's thowleſs and cauld,
Unfit for the Widow, my Ladie.

SONG XLIII. *Love inviting Reaſon.*

Chami ma chattle, ne duce skar mi.

WHen innocent Paſtime our Pleaſure did crown,
Upon a green Meadow, under a Tree,
E're *Annie* became a fine Lady in Town,
How lovely and loving and bony was ſhe?
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
Let ne'er a new Whim ding my Fancy a-jee:—
O! as thou art bony be faithfu' and cany,
And favour thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Does the Death of a Lintwhite give *Anne* the Spleen?
Can tyning of Trifles be uneaſy to thee; [Een,
Can Lap-Dogs and Monkies draw Tears frae theſe
That look with Indifference on poor dying me?
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me;
O! as thou art bony, be prudent and cany,
And think on thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Ah! ſhou'd a new Manto or *Flanders* Lace Head,
Or yet a wee Cottie, tho' never ſae fine,
Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his Heart bleed,
That anes had ſome Hope of purchaſing thine?
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And dinna prefer ye'er Fleegeries to me;
O! as thou art bony be ſolid and cany,
And tent a true Lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* Edition of new-fangle *Savy*,
Tho' gilt o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be,
By adoring himſelf, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
And aim at theſe Beniſons promis'd to me?
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And never prefer a light Dancer to me;
O! as thou art bony be conſtant and cany,
Love only thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka ſweet Hour,
That ſlade away ſaftly between thee and me,
E're Squirrels, or Beaus, or Foppery had Power
To rival my Love and impoſe upon thee.
Rouze up thy Reaſon, my beautifu' *Annie*,
And let thy Deſires be a' center'd in me;
Oh! as thou art bony be faithfu' and cany,
And love him wha's longing to center in thee.

SONG XLIV. *Muirland* Willie.

HArken and I will tell you how
Young muirland *Willie* came to woo.
Tho' he could neither ſay nor do;
The Truth I tell to you.
But ay he cries, whate'er betide;
Maggy I'ſe ha'e her to be my Bride, *With a fal*, &c.

On his gray Yade as he did ride,
With Durk and Piſtol by his Side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
Out o'er yon Moſs, out o'er yon Muir,
Till he came to her Dady's Door. *With a fal*, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
I care no for making meikle Din;
What Anſwer gi' ye me?
Now Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win. *With a fal* &c.

Now, Woer, ſin ye are lighted down,
Where do you win, or in what Town?
I think my Doghter winna gloom
On ſic a Lad as ye.
The Woer he ſtep'd up in the Houſe,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouſe, *With*, &c.

I have three Owſen in a Plough,
Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
The Place they ca' it *Cadenewgh*;
I ſcorn to tell a Lie:

Beſides, I had frae the great Laird,
A Peat-Pat and a lang Kail Yard, *With a fal*, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the braweſt in a' the Town;
I wat on him ſhe did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The Lover he ſtended up in Haſte,
And gript her hard about the Waſte, *With a fal*, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear;
And for my ſell ye need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his Bonnet and ſpat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou', *With*, &c.

The Maiden bluſht and bing'd ſu law,
She had na Will to ſay him nae,
But to her Dady ſhe left it a'
As they twa cou'd agree.
The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kiſs,
Syne ran to her Dady and tell'd him this, *With*, &c.

Your Doghter wad na ſay me na,
But to your ſell ſhe has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa;
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
But ſic's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle, *With a fal*, &c.

A Kilſu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free:
Troth I dow do na mair.
Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,
I'm far frae Hame, make Haſte let's do't. *With*, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to paſs,
Wi' mony a blythſome Lad and Laſs;
But ſicken a Day there never was,
Sic Mirth was never ſeen.
This winſome couple ſtraked Hands,
Meſs *John* ty'd up the Marriage Bands, *With*, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
Wi' Tap-Knots, Lug-Knots, a' in blew,
Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.
Their Toys and Mutches were ſae clean,
They glanced in our Lads's Een, *With a fal*, &c.

Sic Hirdum, Dirdum, and ſic Din,
Wi' he o'er her, and ſhe o'er him;
The Minſtrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle Mi[illegible] and Glee.
And ay they bobit, a[illegible] ay they beckt,
And ay their Wames to[illegible]ether met, *With a fal*, &c.

SONG XLV. *The* Highland *Laſſie.*

THE Lawland Maids gang trig and fine,
But ait they're ſour and unco ſawſy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind
Like my good humour'd Highland Laſſie.
O my bony, bony Highland Laſſie,
My hearty ſmiling Highland Laſſie,
May never Care make thee leſs fair,
But Bloom of Youth ſtill bleſs my Laſſie.

Than ony Laſs in Burrows-Town,
Wha mak their Cheeks with Patches motie,
I'd tak my *Katie* but a Gown,
Bare-footed in her little Coatie. *O my bony*, &c.

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Buſh,
When e'er I kiſs and court my Dautie;
Happy and blyth as ane wad wiſh,
My ſhighteren Heart gangs pitty patty. *O my*, &c.

O'er higheſt Heathey Hills I'll ſtenn
With cockit Gun and Ratches tenty,
To drive the Dear out of their Den,
To feaſt my Laſs on Diſhes dainty. *O my bony*, &c.

There's nane ſhall dare by Deed or Word
'Gainſt her to wag a Tongue or Finger,
While I can weild my truſty Sword,
Or frae my Side whisk out a Whinger. *O my*, &c.

The Mountains clad with Purple Bloom,
And Berries ripe, invite my Treaſure
To range with me; let great Fowk gloom,
While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleaſure.
O my bony, bony Highland Laſſie,
My lovely ſmiling Highland Laſſie,
May never Care make thee leſs fair,
But Bloom of Youth ſtill bleſs my Laſſie.

SONG XLVI. *She raiſe and loot me in.*

THE Night her ſilent Sable wore,
And gloomy were the Skies;
Of glittring Stars appear'd no more
Than thoſe in *Nelly's* Eyes.
When at her Father's Yate he knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She ſhrowded only, with her Smock,
Aroſe and loot me in.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe Embrace,
She trembling ſtood aſham'd;
Her ſwelling Breaſt and glowing Face,
And every Touch enflam'd.
My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
Tranſporting was the Joy;
I knew no greater Bleſſing,
So bleſt a Man was I.
And ſhe, all raviſh'd with Delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd that ev'ry Night
She'd riſe and let me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bairn,
And ſighing ſat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en juſt like a Fool.

Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'er,
Repenting her raſh Sin:
She ſigh'd and curs'd the fatal Hour,
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch Beauty part:
I lov'd her ſo I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart;
But wedded and conceal'd our Crime:
Thus all was well again,
And now ſhe thanks the happy Time
That e'er ſhe loot me in.

SONG XLVII. Peggy, *I muſt love thee.*

AS from a Rock paſt all Relief,
The Shipwrackt *Colin* ſpying
His native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
Half ſunk in Waves, and dying:
With the next Morning Sun he ſpies
A Ship, which gives unhop'd Surpriſe;
New Life ſprings up, he lifts his Eyes
With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
Low with Deſpair my Spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted:
Thus droopt I, till diviner Grace
I found in *Peggy*'s Mind and Face;
Ingratitude appear'd then baſe,
But Vertue more engaging.

Then now ſince happily I've hit,
I'll have no more delaying;
Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying:
I'll haſt dull Courtſhip to a Cloſe,
Since Marriage can my Fears oppoſe;
Why ſhould we happy Minutes loſe,
Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee?

Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
And deem't a Lover's Duty,
To ſigh and ſacrifice their Eaſe,
Doating on a proud Beauty:
Such was my Caſe for many a Year,
Still Hope ſucceeding to my Fear,
Falſe *Betty's* Charms now diſappear,
Since *Peggy's* far outſhine them.

SONG XLVIII. *The Braes of* Yarrow.

BUsk ye, busk ye, my bony bony Bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winſome Marrow,
Busk ye, busk ye, my bony bony Bride,
And let us leave the Braes of Yarrow.

Where got ye that bony bony Bride,
Where got ye that winſome Marrow?
I got her where I durſt not well be ſeen,
Puing the Birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bony bony Bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winſome Marrow,
Nor let thy Heart lament to leave
Puing the Birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why does ſhe weep, my bony bony Bride?
Why does ſhe weep my winſome Marrow?
And why dare ye nae mair well be ſeen,
Puing the Birks on the Braes of Yarrow?

Lang muſt ſhe weep, lang muſt ſhe, muſt ſhe weep,
Lang muſt ſhe weep with Dole and Sorrow,
And lang muſt I nae mair well be ſeen
Puing the Birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

For ſhe has tint her Lover, Lover dear,
Her Lover dear, the Cauſe of Sorrow,
And I have ſlain the comlieſt Swain,
That ever pued Birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why runs thy Stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, *reid?*
Why on thy Braes heard the Voice of Sorrow?
And why yon melancholious Weeds,
Hung on the bony Birks of Yarrow?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful Flood?
What's yonder floats? O Dole and Sorrow?
O 'tis the comely Swain I ſlew
Upon the doleful Braes of Yarrow.

Waſh, waſh, O waſh his Wounds his Wounds in Tears,
His Wounds in Tears of Dole and Sorrow,
And wrap his Limbs in Mourning Weeds,
And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye Siſters, Siſters ſad,
Ye Siſters ſad, his Tomb with Sorrow.
And weep around, in woful wiſe,
His helpleſs Fate on the Braes of Yarrow.

Curſe ye, curſe ye, his uſeleſs uſeleſs Shield,
My Arm that wrought the Deed of Sorrow,
The fatal Spear that pierc'd his Breaſt
His comely Breaſt on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to, not to love,
And warn from Fight? but to my Sorrow,
Too raſhly bold, a ſtronger Arm
Thou met'ſt, and fell on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet ſmells the Birk, green grows, green grows the Graſs
Yellow on Yarrow's *Braes the Gowan,*
Fair hangs the Apple frae the Rock,
Sweet the Wave of Yarrow *flowan.*

Flows Yarrow *ſweet, as ſweet, as ſweet flows* Tweed,
As Green its Graſs, its Gowan as yellow,
As ſweet ſmells on its Braes the Birk,
The Apple from its Rocks as mellow.

Fair was thy Love, fair fair indeed thy Love,
In Flow'ry Bands thou him didſt fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and well beloved again,
Than me he never lov'd thee better.

Buſk ye, then buſk, my bony bony Bride,
Buſk ye, then buſk, my winſome Marrow,
Buſk ye, and loe me on the Banks of Tweed,
And think nae mare on the Braes of Yarrow.

How can I busk a bony bony Bride?
How can I busk a winſome Marrow?
How loe him on the Banks of Tweed,
That ſlew my Love on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow *Fields, may never, never Rain,*
No Dew thy tender Bloſſoms cover,
For there was vilely kill'd my Love,
My Love as he had not been a Lover.

The Boy put on his Robes, his Robes of Green,
His Purple Veſt, 'twas mine awn ſewing
Ah! wretched me, I little, little knew,
He was in theſe to meet his Ruin.

The Boy took out his Milk white, Milk white Steed,
Unheedful of my Dole and Sorrow,
But e're the Toofal of the Night,
He lay a Corps on the Braes of Yarrow.

Much I rejoic'd that woeful, woeful Day,
I ſung my Voice the Woods returning,
But lang e're Night the Spear was flown
That ſlew my Love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous, barbarous Father do,
But with his cruel Rage purſue me?
My Lover's Blood is on thy Spear,
How can'ſt thou, barbarous Man, then woo me?

My happy Siſters may be, may be proud,
With cruel and ungentle Scoffing,
May bid me ſeek of Yarrow's *Braes*
My Lover nailed in his Coffin.

My Brother Douglas *may upbraid,*
And ſtrive with threatning Words to move me.
My Lover's Blood is on thy Spear,
How can'ſt thou ever bid me love thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the Bed, the Bed of Love,
With Bridal Sheets my Body cover,
Unbar, ye Bridal Maids, the Door,
Let in the expected Husband Lover.

But who the expected Husband, Husband is?
His Hands, methink, are bath'd in Slaughter.
Ah me! what ghaſtly Spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale Shroud, bleeding after:

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold Head on my Pillow;
Take aff, take aff theſe Bridal Weeds,
And crown my careful Head with Willow!

Pale tho' thou art, yet beſt, yet beſt belov'd,
O could my Warmth to Life reſtore thee!
Yet lye all Night between my Breaſts;
No Youth lay ever there before thee,

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely Youth!
Forgive, forgive ſo foul a Slaughter,
And lye all Night between my Breaſts,
No Youth ſhall ever lye there after.

Return, return, O mournful, mournful Bride,
Return and dry thy uſeleſs Sorrow,
Thy Lover heeds nought of thy Sighs,
He lies a Corps in the Braes of Yarrow.

SONG XLIX. *The Deceiver.*

WIth tuneful Pipe and merry Glee,
Young *Jocky* won my Heart;
A blyther Loon you ne'er did ſee,
All Beauty without Art:
His ſoothing Tale did ſoon prevail,
To gain my fond Belief:
But now the Swain roves o'er the Plain,
And leaves me full of Grief.

Young *Jemmy* courts with artful Song,
But few regard his Moan;
The Laſſes about *Jockey* throng,
And *Jemmy*'s left alone.
In *Aberdeen*, ſure ne'er was ſeen,
A Loon that gave ſuch Pain;
He daily woes and ſtill purſues;
Till he does all obtain.

But ſoon as he hath gain'd the Bliſs,
Away the Loon does run;
And hardly will afford a Kiſs,
To ſilly me undone.
Bony *Molly*, *Moggy*, *Dolly*,
Avoid my roving Swain;
His wily Tongue, be ſure you ſhun,
Leſt you like me complain.

SONG L. *The Banks of* Forth.

YE Silvan Powers that rule the Plain,
Where ſweetly winding *Fortha* glides;
Conduct me to her Banks again,
Since there my charming *Molly* bides.
Theſe Banks that breathe their vernal Sweets,
Where every ſmiling Beauty meets;
Where *Molly*'s Charms adorn the Plain,
And chear the Heart of every Swain.

Thrice happy were theſe Golden Days,
When I, amidſt the rural Throng,
On *Fortha's* Meadows breath'd my Lays,
And *Molly*'s Charms were all my Song.
While ſhe was preſent all were gay,
No Sorrow did our Mirth allay;
We ſung of Pleaſure, ſung of Love,
And Muſick breath'd in every Grove.

O then! was I the happieſt Swain,
No adverſe Fortune marr'd my Joy;
The Shepherds ſigh'd for her in vain,
On me ſhe ſmil'd, to them was coy.
O'er *Fortha's* mazy Banks we ſtray'd,
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous Maid;
The beauteous Maid my Love return'd,
And both with equal Ardor burn'd.

Off on the Graſſy Bank reclin'd,
Where *Forth* followed by in Murmurs deep,
It was my happy Chance to find
The charming *Molly* lull'd aſleep;

My Heart then leap'd with inward Bliſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd and ſteal'd a Kiſs;
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, to chide me fell,
But ſmil'd as if ſhe lik'd it well.

Oft in the thick embow'ring Groves,
Where Birds their Muſick chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we ſung our Loves,
And *Fortha*'s fair Meanders view'd.
The Meadows wore a general Smile,
Love was our Banquet all the while!
The lovely Proſpect charm'd the Eye,
To where the Ocean met the Sky.

Ye ſilvan Powers, ye rural Gods,
To whom we Swains our Cares impart;
Reſtore me to theſe bleſt Abodes,
And eaſe, oh! eaſe my loveſick Heart:
Theſe happy Days again reſtore,
When *Molly* and I ſhall part no more,
When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing Arms,
And crown my Bliſs with all her Charms.

SONG LI. *Ranty Tanty.*

NANSY's to the green Wood gane,
To hear the Lintwhites chatt'ring,
And *Willie's* followed her alane,
To gain her Love by Flatt'ring,
But all that he could do or ſay,
She ſnuff'd and ſneered at him,
And ay when he began to woe,
She bade him mind wha gat him.

What ails you at my Dad, quoth he,
My Minny and my Aunty,
With Craudy Maudy they fed me,
Lang-Kail and Ranty Tanty,
With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,
Of that there was right Plenty,
And chapped Kail butter'd ſu' well,
And was not that right dainty.

Altho' my Dady was nae Laird,
I ſpeak it without Vaunty,
He had a Houſe, a good Kail Yard,
A Ha' Houſe and a Pantry;
A good blue Bonnet on his Head,
A Roll about his Craigie,
And ay unto the Day he dy'd,
He rode on good Shanks Nagie.

Then *Nanſy* turn'd her round about,
With great Diſdain and Scorn;
And *Willie* he ſtood out about,
As he had been forlorn.
Now wae and wander on your Snout
Would you have bonny *Nanſy*,
Would you compare yourſelf to me
A Doken to a Tanſie.

Go get you gane, *Gib Glaiks*, ſhe ſays,
John Gibblet's with ſome other,
Or that I fear you'll get your Pakes,
Go give the Nolt their Fodder.
I have a young Son of my awn,
They call him Souple *Sandy*,
And well I wot his bonny Mow,
Is ſweet as Sugar-Candy.

Now *Nancy* what needs all this Din,
Do I not ken your *Sandy*?
I'm ſure the Chief of all his Kin,
Was *Rob* the Beggar-Randy,
His Minny *Meg* upon her Back
Bare both him and his *Billy*.
Will ye compare a naſty Pack
Before your dear Heart *Willy*.

My Daddy left to me a Sword,
Tho' it be old and ruſty.
I dare declare upon my Word
It is both ſtout and truſty,

And if that I can get it drawn
Which will be right uneaſy,
I'll lay my very Life in Pawn,
That I'll give him a Heaſy.

I ken he's but a Coward Thief,
Your Titty *Beſs* can tell him
How with her Rock ſhe beat his Beef,
And ſwore that ſhe would ſell him.
And he lay blirting like a Sheep,
Confeſs'd he was a Falter,
And unto her did chirm and cheep,
And craved Pardon at her.

Then bony *Nanſy* turn to me,
And ſo prevent all Evil,
And let thy Speeches proud a' be,
And prove ſomewhat more civil,
Let ſouple *Sandy* get him gone
And court his auld Coal-*Maggie*,
With all his Duds hang o'er his Drone.
But nought about his Cragie.

Then *Nanſy* turn'd her round about,
Saying, did *Sandy* hear you,
You would not miſs to get a Clout,
I know he doth not fear you;
Then hold your Tongue, and ſay no more,
Set ſome where elſe your Fancy,
For as long's *Sandy's* to the fore
Thou never ſhalt have *Nanſy*.

SONG LII. Pinky *Houſe*.

AS *Sylvia* in a Foreſt lay
To vent her Woes alone,
Her Swain *Sylvander* paſs'd that Way;
And heard her dying Moan.

Ah! is my Love, ſaid ſhe, to you,
So worthleſs, and ſo vain?
Why is your wonted Fondneſs now
Converted to Diſdain?

You vow'd the Light ſhou'd Darkneſs turn,
E'er you'd exchange your Love?
In Shades let now Creation mourn,
Sylvander faithleſs proves.

Was it for this I Credit gave
To every Oath you ſwore?
But, ah I find they moſt deceive,
Who moſt our Charms adore.

'Tis plain your Drift was all Deceit,
The Practice of Mankind:
Alas! I ſee it —— but, too late!
My Love has made me blind.

What Cauſe, *Sylvander*, have I giv'n
For Cruelty ſo great?
Yes, for your Sake neglected Heav'n,
And hugg'd you into Hate.

For you, delighted, I could die:
But, ah! with Grief I'm fill'd,
To think poor cred'lous conſtant I
Should by your Scorn be kill'd.

But what avails my ſad Complaints,
While you my Cauſe neglect!
My wailing inward Sorrow vents,
Without the wiſh'd Effect!

This ſaid, all breathleſs, ſick and pale,
Her Head upon her Hand,
She found her vital Spirits fail,
Her Senſes at a Stand.

Sylvander now begins to melt,
But e'er the Word was giv'n,
The heavy Hand of Death ſhe felt,
And ſigh'd her Soul to Heav'n.

SONG LIII. *The Little Brown Thing.*

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, that adore the gay Plains,
Come liſten a while to my ſorrowful Strains;

Oh! hear me with Pity, no Trifle I ſing,
Of no leſs a Loſs than my *Little Brown Thing.*

As at Cards with my Friends I play'd t'other Day,
To baniſh dull Vapours, and drive Care away,
Young *Colin*, as brisk as the Burds in the Spring,
Was playing all the while with my *little brown Thing.*

I dream'd of no Miſchief, but let him enjoy
His innocent Fancy, and play with my Toy,
But I found when his Humour was left to its Swing,
He would have more than have play'd with my *little brown Thing.*

He was ſmiling at ſomething, I ask'd what it was?
He anſwer'd, with a Smile, that I was the Cauſe;
He ſwore, he had rather, than call'd himſelf King,
Have play'd all the Night with my *little brown Thing.*

However, ſaid he, if on Terms you will treat,
Be kind, and I'll fall like a Lamb at your Feet;
Oh! oh! oh! He cry'd thus, whilſt round thee I cling,
Surrender one Moment thy *little brown Thing.*

I ſigh'd, and cry'd, *Nae*, but as well might comply'd;
He was fix'd to obtain what in vain I deny'd:
The reſt of my Story, Oh! how ſhall I ſing,
In Words, how he raviſh'd my *little brown Thing.*

SONG LIV. Gilderoy.

WE were both born in one Town-End,
And ſo brought up together:
I wot we were not ſeven Years old,
When we lov'd one another:
Our Fathers and our Mothers both,
Of us they had great Joy,
Expecting ſtill the Marriage-Day
'Twixt me and *Gilderoy.*

My Love he was as brave a Man,
As ever *Scotland* bred;

Descended of a *Highland* Clan,
But a Catrin to his Trade:
For Valour he got more Renown,
Than *Hector* did in *Troy*,
And every wealthy Rogue and Clown
Was fear'd for *Gilderoy*.

The Queen of *Scots* possessed not,
That my Love let me want;
Both Cows and Ewes to me he brought,
In Time when they were scant:
All that did honestly possess.
He only did annoy,
Who did not duly pay their Cess
To my Love *Gilderoy*.

When *Gilderoy* went to the Glen,
He always chus'd the Fat,
And in those Days there were not ten
With him durst bell-the-Cat;
Though he had been as *Wallace* stout,
And tall as *Dalmahoy*,
He never miss'd to get a Clout
From my Love *Gilderoy*.

My Love, sometimes when he lay down,
Did kiss me, and why not?
And he brought me a Tartan Gown,
And a skyring Petticoat;
A Woman and a Woman's Son
Had never greater Joy,
Than we two when we were alone,
I and my *Gilderoy*.

At length they catch'd him on a Hill,
And both his Hands they ty'd,
Alledging he had done much Ill,
But Sons of Whores they ly'd.
Three Gallons of good *Usquebaugh*,
We drank to his last Foy,
Before he went to *Edinburgh*,
I mean my *Gilderoy*.

To *Edinburgh* I follow'd fast,
But lang e'er I came there,
They had him mounted on a Maſt,
And hanging in the Air;
His Relicts there were more eſteem'd
Than *Scanderberg* or *Croy*,
And every one was happy deem'd
That gaz'd on *Gilderoy*.

Now I muſt ſell my good Beef Stands,
I wot they coſt me dear,
For as long as my true Love liv'd,
He fill'd them once a Year;
For Beef and Mutton, Veniſon,
Of what I could deſtroy,
But now he hangs above the reſt,
My handſome *Gilderoy*.

I ſhall never love a Man again,
My Heart is now ſo ſore;
My Love ſhall ſtill more ſtrong remain,
'Till I can love no more:
I'll ſigh and ſob 'till my laſt Breath,
When I think on my Joy,
Lamenting ſtill the tragick End
Of my Love *Gilderoy*.

Alas! that ever ſuch Laws were made,
To hang a Man for Gear,
Either for ſtealing Cow or Ewe,
Or taking Horſe or Mare:
Had not the Laws a-been ſo ſtrict,
I had not loſt my Joy,
But now he lodges with *Old Nick*,
That hang'd my *Gilderoy*.

SONG LV. Atrick *Banks*.

AT *Atrick* Banks, on a Summer Day,
At Glooming, when our Flocks come in,
I eſpy'd a Laſſie young and gay,
Came wandering thro' the Miſt her lane:

My Heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My Arms about her bonny Neck;
And there I kiſſed her ſou lang,
For Words they were to no Effect.

Said I, my Laſſie, wilt thou gang
To the *Highland* Hills the *Earſe* to learn,
And there I'll give thee both Cow and Ewe,
When we come to the Bridge of *Earne*:
There's Meal come in at *Leith*, n'er faſh,
And Herrings at the *Broomy-Law*;
Chear up thy Heart, my loving Laſs,
There's Gear to win we never ſaw.

All Day when we've wrought enough,
At Ev'n when we ſit down to ſpin,
And when the Sun gangs weſt the Cleugh,
And Winter's Froſt and Snow comes in.
I'll ſcrew my Drone, and play a Spring,
Thus the weary Winter Night will end,
'Till the tender Kid and Lamb-time bring
The pleaſant Summer back again.

In the *Highland* Hills and Glens you'll ſee
The Buck, the Tod, the Maukin run,
And on the Banks the Birds agree,
To welcome up the Riſing Sun;
At Noon our Flocks ly down to Reſt,
In *May* the tender Blade appears,
And Harveſt anſwers our Requeſt,
Then never doubt on doleful Fears.

May all the Gods of Love employ
Their Art and Skill in pleaſing thee;
'Till fondly ſooth'd with *Cupid*'s Boy,
To wander up the Brae wi' me,
We'll love and kiſs as lang's we can,
And we will merry, merry be;
Since that Life it ſelf is but a Span,
It's a' be ſpent in pleaſing thee.

SONG LVI. *The Piper of* Kilbarchan;

OR,

The Epitaph of Habbie Simpſon,
Who on his Drone bore bonny Flags;
He made his Cheeks as red as Crimſon,
And bobbed when he blew the Bags.

[*The Original* HABBAICK.]

Kilbarchan now may ſay Alace!
For ſhe hath loſt her Game and Grace,
Both Trixie and the Maiden Trace,
But what Remede?
For no Man can ſupply his Place,
Sen *Habbie*'s dead.

Now wha ſhall play the Day it daws,
Or hunt up when the Cock he craws?
Or wha can for our Kirk-town Cauſe
Stand us in ſtead?
On Bag-pipes (now) no Body blaws,
Sen *Habbie*'s dead.

Or wha will cauſe our Shearers ſhear?
Who will bend up the Brags of Weir,
Bring in the Belles or good Play-Mare,
In Time of Need?
Hab Simpſon could, what need you ſpear?
But now he's dead.

So kindly to his Neighbour neaſt,
At *Beltan* and St *Barchan*'s Feaſt,
He blew, and then held up his Breaſt,
As he were weid,
But we need not him arreſt,
For *Habbie*'s dead.

At Fairs he play'd before the Spear-Men,
All gayly grathed in their Gear-Men,
Steel-Bonnets, Jacks, and Swords ſo clear then,
Like ony Beed,
Now wha ſhall play before ſuch Weir-Men,
Sen *Habbie*'s dead?

At Clark-Plays when he wont to come,
His Pipe play'd tratling to the Drum,
Like Bikes of Bees he gart it bum,
And turn'd his Reed,
Now all our Pipers may ſing dumb,
Sen *Habbie's* dead.

And at Horſe-Races many a Day,
Before the Black, the Brown, and Gray,
He gart his Pipe when he did play,
Baith ſkirl and ſkreed,
Now all ſuch Paſtime's quite away,
Sen *Habbie's* dead.

He counted was a weild wight Man,
And fiercely at Foot-Ball he ran,
At every Game the Gree he wan,
For Pith and Speed,
The like of *Habbie* was na Man,
But now he's dead.

And beſides his valiant Acts,
At Bridals he wan many Placks,
He bobbed ay behind Folks Backs,
And ſhook his Head,
Now we want many merry Cracks,
Sen *Habbie's* dead.

He was Convoyer of the Bride,
With Kittock hanging at his Side,
About the Kirk he thought a Pride,
The Ring to lead,
But now ſhe may go but a Guide,
For *Habbie's* dead.

So well's he keeped his *Decorum*,
And all the Steps of *Whip-meg-morum*,
He ſlew a Man, and wae's me for him,
And bare the Fead;
But yet the Man was hame before him,
And was not dead.

Ay when he play'd the Laſſes leugh,
To ſee him toothleſs, auld and teugh;
He wan his Pipes beſides *Barcleugh*,
Withoutten Dread,
Which after won him Gear enough,
But now he's dead.

Alas, for him my Heart is ſare,
For of his Springs I gat a Share,
At every Play, Race, Feaſt, and Fair,
But Guile or Greed,
We need not look for Piping mair,
Sen *Habbie*'s dead.

SONG LVII. *The Bob of* Dumblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripling Kame;
For Fainneſs, Deary, I'll gar ye keckle,
If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane.*
Haſte ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
Busk ye braw and dinna think Shame;
Conſider in time, if leading of Monkies
Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane.*

Be frank my Laſſie, leſt I grow fickle,
And take my Word and Offer again,
Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
Ye did nae accept of the *Bob of Dumblane.*
The Dinner, the Piper, and Prieſt ſhall be ready,
And I'm grown dowy with lying my lane,
Away then leave baith Minny and Dady,
And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane.*

SONG LVIII. John Ochiltree.

HOneſt Man *John Ochiltree*;
Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*,
Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.
Alake, alake! I wont to do!
Ohon, Ohon! I wont to do!
Now wont to do's away from me,
From ſilly auld John Ochiltree.

Honeſt Man, *John Ochiltree*,
Mine ain auld *John Ochiltree*;
Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,
And do but what thou dow to do.
Alake, alake! I dow to do!
Walaways! I dow to do!
To whoſt and birple o'er my Tree,
My bony Moor-Powt is a' I may do.

Walaways, *John Ochiltree*,
For mony a Time I tell'd to thee,
Thou rade ſae faſt by Sea and Land,
And wadna keep a Bridle Hand;
Thou'd tine the Beaſt, thy ſel' wad die,
My ſilly auld *John Ochiltree.*
Come to my Arms, my bony Thing,
And chear me up to hear thee ſing;
And tell me o'er a' we hae done,
For Thoughts maun now my Life ſuſtain.

Gae thy ways *John Ochiltree*:
Hae done, it has nae Sa'r wi' me;
I'll ſet the Beaſt in thro' the Land,
She'll may be fa' in a better Hand.
Ev'n ſit thou there, and think thy ſill,
For I'll do as I wont to do ſtill.
Wont to do, &c.

SONG LIX. *Old lang ſyne.*

SHould old Acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon,
The Flames of Love extinguiſhed,
And freely paſt and gone?
Is that kind Heart now grown ſo gold,
In that loving Breaſt of thine,
That thou can'ſt never once reflect
On Old Lang Syne.

Where are thy Proteſtations,
Of Vows and Oaths, my Dear,
Thou made to me, and I to thee,
In Regiſter moſt clear?

Is Faith and Truth ſo violate,
To the immortal Gods Divine,
That thou can'ſt never once reflect
On Old Lang Syne.

Is't *Cupid*'s Fears, or froſty Cares,
That makes thy Sp'rits decay,
Or is't ſome Object of more Worth,
That ſtole thy Heart away?
Or ſome Deſert makes thee neglect
Him, ſo much once was thine,
That thou can'ſt never once reflect
On Old Lang Syne.

Is't worldly Cares ſo deſperate,
That makes thee to deſpair?
Is't that makes thee exaſperate,
And makes thee to forbear?
If of that thou wert as free as I,
Thou ſurely ſhould be mine;
If this were true, we ſhould renew
Kind Old Lang Syne.

But ſince that nothing can prevail,
And all Hope is in vain,
From theſe rejected Eyes of mine,
Still Showers of Tears ſhall rain;
And tho' thou haſt me now forgot,
Yet I'll continue thine,
And ne'er forget for to reflect
On Old Lang Syne.

If e'er I have a Houſe, my Dear,
That truly is call'd mine,
And can afford but Country Cheer,
Or ought that's good therein.
Though thou was Rebel to the King,
And beat with Wind and Rain,
Aſſure your ſelf a welcome Gueſt,
For Old Lang Syne.

SONG LX. *The Second Part of* Old Lang Syne, *by Way of Answer.*

MY Soul is ravish'd with Delight,
When you I think upon;
All Griefs and Sorrows take their Flight,
And hastily are gone:
The fair Resemblance of your Face,
So fills this Breast of mine,
No Fate can force, nor it displace,
For Old Lang Syne.

Since Thoughts of you doth banish Grief,
When I'm from you remov'd;
And if in them I find Relief,
When with sad Cares I'm mov'd;
How doth your Presence me affect,
With Extasies Divine,
Especially when I reflect,
On Old Lang Syne.

Since thou hast rob'd me of my Heart,
By thy resistless Powers,
Which Madam *Nature* doth impart,
To those fair Eyes of yours;
With Honour it doth not consist,
To keep a Slave in Pain,
Pray let your Reason then desist,
For Old Lang Syne.

'Tis not my Freedom I do crave,
By deprecating Pains,
Sure Liberty he would not have,
Who glories in his Chains;
But this I wish the Gods may move,
That noble Soul of thine,
To pity, since thou cannot love,
For Old Lang Syne.

SONG LXI. *Blyth* Jocky.

BLYTH *Jocky*, young and gay,
Is all my Heart's Delight;
He's all my Talk by Day,
And all my Dreams by Night.
If from the Lad I be,
'Tis Winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis Winter all the Year.

When I and *Jocky* met,
First on the flow'ry Dale,
Right ſweetly he me tret,
And Love was all his Tale.
You are the Laſs, ſaid he,
That ſtaw my Heart from me;
O eaſe me of my Pain,
And never ſhaw Diſdain.

Well can my *Jocky* kyth
His Love and Courteſie,
He made my Heart full blyth
When he firſt ſpake to me.
His Suit I ill denyed,
He kiſs'd, and I comply'd:
Sae *Jocky* promiſed me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jocky* comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis Night when *Jocky* glooms,
But when he ſmiles 'tis Day.
When our Eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, ſigh, and faint;
What Laſs that wad be kind,
Can better tell her Mind?

SONG LXII. *The Petticoat.*

O *BELL*, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart,
I paſs the Day in Pain,
When Night returns I feel the Smart,
And wiſh for thee in vain.

I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm,
Have Pity and incline,
And grant me for a Hap that charming Petticoat of thine.

My raviſh'd Fancy in Amaze
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Deluſive Dreams ten thouſand Ways
Preſent thee to my Arms.
But, waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Thoſe Pleaſures that can only cure
This panting Breaſt of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Becauſe you ſtill deny
The juſt Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Paſſion die.
Oh! turn, and let Compaſſion ſeize
That lovely Breaſt of thine;
Thy Petticoat to give me Eaſe,
If Thou and it were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
That beauteous Form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its Laws to ſlight,
By hind'ring the Deſign.
May all the Powers of Love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or looſe my Chains, and ſet me free
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

SONG LXIII. *Saw ye not my* Maggy?

LOVE is out of Faſhion,
Some do bring a Taſh on,
I do own the Paſſion,
Let it antick be:
Saw ye not my Maggy,
Saw ye not my Maggy,
Saw ye not my Maggy
Coming o'er the Lee?

Pegg doth diſcover
Nought but Charms all over,
Nature bids me love her,
That's a Law to me.
Saw ye not, &c.

Some for Honour ſtriving,
Others Intereſt driving,
All for Eaſe contriving,
Can ne'er happy be.
Saw ye not, &c.

But let ſuch be doing,
Their Ambition ſhewing,
Intereſt leads to Ruin,
Pegg ſhe pleaſes me.
Saw ye not, &c.

She is all contents me,
That is all torments me,
But it's ne'er repent me,
I'll her Captive be.
Saw ye not, &c.

Who would leave a Lover,
To become a Rover,
No, I'll ne'er give over;
What can pleaſe but thee.
Saw ye not, &c.

In her Charms I'm fainer,
Than below a Banner,
In a ſolemn Manner,
Could I honour'd be.
Saw ye not, &c.

I'll lye down before her,
Bleſs, ſigh, and adore her,
With faint Looks implore her,
'Till ſhe pity me.
Saw ye not, &c.

Like a conſtant Lover,
O! I'll ne'er give over,
'Till Death takes me from her;
Then for Love I die.
Saw ye not, &c.

What can I wiſh other,
Than for aye to love her,
And pray the Gods to move her
Here to pity me.
Saw ye not my Maggy,
Saw ye not my Maggy,
Saw ye not my Maggy
Coming o'er the Lee.

SONG LXIV. *The Laſs of the Mill.*

AT St *Oſyth's* by the Mill,
There lives a lovely Laſs:
Oh! had I her Goodwill,
How gaily Life would paſs!
No bold intruding Care
My Bliſs ſhould e'er annoy;
Her Smiles would gild Deſpair,
And brighten every Joy.

Like Nature's rural Scene,
Her artleſs Beauties charm!
Like them with Joys ſerene,
Our wiſhing Hearts then warm:
Her Wit with Sweetneſs crown'd
Steals every Care away;
The liſt'ning Swains around,
Forget the ſhort'ning Day.

Health, Freedom, Wealth and Eaſe,
Without her uſeleſs are;
She gives them Power to pleaſe,
And makes them worth our Care.
Is there, ye Fates! a Bliſs
Reſerv'd my future Share,
Indulgent, hear my Wiſh,
And grant it all in her.

SONG LXV. *The Damſel's Anſwer.*

DEAR *Johnny's* a Lad ſo gay,
He's all my Heart's Delight;
He's all my Charms by Day,
And all my Dreams by Night.
No Rival ever here,
Shall *Johnny's* Love moleſt:
It's he alone's my Care,
And dwells within my Breaſt.

When firſt that we did meet,
Cupid he play'd his Part;
Young *Johnny's* Kiſſes ſweet
Soon ſtole into my Heart:
His blythe and bony Parts,
His witty gilded Tongue
Wou'd raviſh all the Hearts
Of Virgins fair and young.

Well, *Johnny*, ſince I find
That to me you are true,
For ever I'll be kind,
And conſtant unto you:
Then to the Kirk let's go,
Where we'll be fairly wed:
Our Joys will ever flow,
In the lawful Marriage-Bed.

ENGLISH

LOVE SONGS.

SONG I. *The Boy and Bird.*

THE Boy thus of a Bird poſſeſt,
At firſt how great his Joys,
He ſtrokes it ſoft, and in his Breaſt
The little Favourite lies.

But ſoon as grown to riper Age,
The Paſſion quits his Mind;
He hangs it up in ſome cold Cage,
Neglected and confin'd.

SONG II. *Sweet, if you love me.*

A Two Part SONG.

SWeet, if you love me, ſmiling turn,
Smiling turn, ſmiling turn;
Sweet, &c.
Ah let me taſte a thouſand Sips,
From thoſe dear balmy ruby Lips,
And gently ſlip into thy ——
Smiling turn, ſmiling turn,
And gently ſlip into thy Favour.

She, Pray now give o'er, you court in vain,
Pray give o'er, pray give o'er,
Pray now, &c.
And yet ſo warm was ev'ry Kiſs,
An Earneſt of ſuch future Bliſs,
I fear at laſt he'll ——
Pray be gone —— pray now ſtay,
I fear at laſt he'll gain my Favour.

He, Thus let me preſs thee cloſe, my Dear,
Cloſe, my Dear, cloſe, my Dear,
Thus let me, *&c.*
She, Fie, now you make me bluſh, I ſwear,
Fie for Shame, fie for Shame,
Fie now, *&c.*
He, Ah! do not frown upon me now,
She, I feel I'm growing kind I vow.

He, Since you this kind Embrace allow,
She, O dear he has ſo mov'd me now,
He, O let me ſlip into thy ——
She, I fear he'll ſlip into my ——
He, Kiſs my Dear,
She, Fie for Shame.
He, And let me ſlip into thy Favour.
She, I fear he'll ſlip into my Favour.

Together.

SONG III. *Tranſported with*, &c.

TRanſported with Pleaſure,
I gaze on my Treaſure
And raviſh my Sight;
While ſhe gaily ſmiling,
My Anguiſh beguiling,
Augments my Delight.

How bleſt is a Lover
Whoſe Torments are over,
His Fears and his Pain;
When Beauty relenting
Repays, with conſenting,
Her Scorn and Diſdain.

SONG IV. *Sweet are the Charms*, &c.

SWeet are the Charms of her I love,
More fragrant than the damask Roſe,
Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,
Gentle as Winds when *Zephyr* blows,
Refreſhing as deſcending Rains
To Sun-burnt Climes and thirſty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
Or as the Dial to the Sun,
Conſtant as gliding Waters roll,
Whoſe ſwelling Tides obey the Moon;
From every other Charmer free,
My Life and Love ſhall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
The Dam the tender Kid purſues,
Sweet *Philomel*, in ſhady Bowers
Of verdant Spring, her Notes renews;
All follow what they moſt admire,
As I purſue my Soul's Deſire.

Nature muſt change her beauteous Face,
And vary as the Seaſons riſe;
As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
Summer the Approach of Autumn flies:
No change on Love the Seaſons bring,
Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with ſtealing Pace,
Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;
And Marble Towers and Walls of Braſs
In his rude March he levels low:
But Time, deſtroying far and wide,
Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death only with his cruel Dart
The gentle Godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding Heart
To mingle with the Bleſt above,
Where known to all his kindred Train,
He finds a laſting Reſt from Pain.

Love and his Siſter fair the Soul,
Twin-born from Heaven together came:
Love will the Univerſe controul,
When dying Seaſons loſe their Name;
Divine Abodes ſhall own his Power,
When Time and Death ſhall be no more.

SONG V. Cupid *God of*, &c.

CUpid, God of pleaſing Anguiſh,
Teach the enamour'd Swain to languiſh,
Teach him fierce Deſires to know.
Heroes would be loſt in Story,
Did not Love inſpire their Glory,
Love does all that's great below.

SONG VI. *Whilſt I gaze on*, &c.

WHilſt I gaze on *Chloe* trembling,
Straight her Eyes my Fate declare;
When ſhe Smiles I fear diſſembling,
When ſhe Frowns I then deſpair.
Jealous of ſome rival Lover,
If a wandering Look ſhe give;
Fain I would reſolve to leave her,
But can ſooner ceaſe to live.

Why ſhould I conceal my Paſſion,
Or the Torments I endure?
I will diſcloſe my Inclination;
Awful Diſtance yields no Cure.
Sure it is not in her Nature,
To be cruel to her Slave;
She is too divine a Creature
To deſtroy what ſhe can ſave.

Happy's he whoſe Inclination
Warms but with a gentle Heat:
Never mounts to raging Paſſion,
Love's a Torment if too great.
When the Storm is once blown over,
Soon the Ocean quiet grows;
But a conſtant faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repoſe.

SONG VII. *The deſpairing Shepherd.*

ALexis ſhunn'd his Fellow Swains,
Their rural Sports and jocund Strains.
(Heaven guard us all from *Cupid's* Bow;

He loſt his Crook, he left his Flocks,
And wand'ring through the lonely Rocks,
He nouriſh'd endleſs Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,
His Grief ſome pity, others blame;
The fatal Cauſe all kindly ſeek:
He mingled his Concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly Tears,
He ſigh'd; but could not ſpeak.

Clorinda came among the reſt,
And ſhe too kind Concern expreſt,
And ask'd the Reaſon of his Woe;
She ask'd; but with an Air and Mein,
As made it eaſily foreſeen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
And will you pardon me, he ſaid,
While I the cruel Truth reveal;
Which nothing from my Breaſt ſhould tear,
Which never ſhould offend your Ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the Plain;
You are the Cauſe of all my Care:
Your Eyes ten thouſand Dangers dart;
Ten thouſand Torments vex'd my Heart;
I love, and I deſpair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, ſhe cry'd:
But you ſhall promiſe, ne'er again
To breathe your Vows, or ſpeak your Pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG VIII. *The Shepherd comforted.*

AS *Cynthia* late, within the Grove,
Bemoan'd his too ſucceſsful Love,
And eas'd, retir'd, his ſecret Pain.

The God of Love, who wander'd near,
Chanc'd his Complaint to overhear,
And thus addreſs'd the Swain:

Riſe, ſilly Shepherd, riſe, he cry'd,
It ſeems you're eaſily deny'd,
Becauſe the charming Nymph is coy:
The Tongue may learn to ſpeak with Art,
But would you know the Fair One's Heart,
Conſult it in her Eye!

'Tis in that Mirrour of her Soul,
The Secrets of her Boſom roll,
Reveal'd without Diſguiſe to View:
For *Cynthia*, take it for a Truth,
You only are the favour'd Youth,
And *Lydia* loves but you!

No more my Altars then upbraid,
Nor thus invoke my needleſs Aid!
Since faithful I have done my Part:
Thy own perform with like Addreſs,
She ſoon ſhall yield thy Arms to bleſs,
And give thee all her Heart!

So ſpoke ſincere — the friendly God,
When ſtreight along the flow'ry Road,
The Nymph with languid Beauty mov'd:
The Swain with Joy the Moment ſeiz'd,
She heard his tender Vows well pleas'd,
And all his Wiſh approv'd.

With grateful Pride and gladſome Air,
To *Hymen*'s Shrine he led the Fair!
And made the laſting Bliſs ſecure:
Let Maids no more falſe Coldneſs feign,
Let faithful Swains no more complain,
But boldly ask a Cure!

SONG IX. *Bleſt as th'immortal*, &c.

Bleſt as th'immortal Gods is he,
The Youth that fondly ſits by thee,
And hears and ſees thee all the while
Softly ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile.

'Twas this bereav'd my Soul of Reſt,
And rais'd ſuch Tumults in my Breaſt;
For while I gaz'd in Tranſport toſt,
My Breath was gone, my Voice was loſt!

My Boſom glow'd; the ſubtle Flame
Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame;
O'er my dim Eyes a Darkneſs hung,
My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chil'd,
My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd,
My feeble Pulſe forgot to play,
I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away!

SONG X. *Would you taſte, &c.*

WOuld you taſte the Noontide Air,
To yon fragrant Bower repair,
Where woven with the Pop'lar Bough,
The Mantling Vine will ſhelter you.

Down each Side a Fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the Mofſy Ground,
Sultry *Phœbus* ſcorching round,

Round, the languid Herds and Sheep
Stretch'd o'er ſunny Hillocks ſleep.
While on the Hyacinth and Roſe
The Fair does all alone repoſe.

All alone —— and in her Arms
Your Breaſt may beat to Love's Alarms,
'Till bleſs'd and bleſſing you ſhall own
The Joys of Love are Joys alone.

SONG XI. *Love, thou art, &c.*

LOve, thou art the beſt of human Joys,
Our chiefeſt Happineſs below;
All other Pleaſures are but Toys,
Muſic without thee is but Noiſe,
Beauty but an empty Show.

Heaven that knew beſt what Men could move,
And raiſe his Thoughts above the Brute,
Said, Let him be, and let him love,
That only muſt his Soul improve,
Howe'er Philoſophers diſpute.

SONG XII. *As I ſaw fair* Chloe, &c.

As I ſaw fair Chloe *walk alone,*
The feather'd Snow came ſoftly down,
Like Jove *deſcending from his Tower,*
To court her in a Silver Shower:
The wanton Flakes flew to her Breaſts,
As little Birds into their Neſts;
But being overcome with Whiteneſs there,
For Grief diſſolv'd into a Tear;
Thence flowing down her Garments Hem,
To deck her, froze into a Gem.

SONG XIII. *May the Ambitious*, &c.

MAY the Ambitious ever find
Succeſs in Crowds and Noiſe,
While gentle Love does fill my Mind
With ſilent real Joys.

May Knaves and Fools grow rich and great,
And all the World think them wiſe,
While I lye at my *Nanny's* Feet,
And all the World deſpiſe.

Let conquering Kings new Triumphs raiſe,
And melt in Court Delights:
Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
Her Arms much ſofter Nights.

SONG XIV. Selinda's *ſure's the*, &c.

Selinda ſure's the brighteſt Thing,
That decks the Earth, or breaths our Air;
Mild are her Looks like opening Spring,
And like the blooming Summer fair.

But then her Wit's so very small,
That all her Charms appear to lye,
Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
And strike no farther than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxuriously she treats,
Our Ears are absent from the Feast,
One Sense is surfeited with Sweets,
Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with Aspect bright,
And taudry Pride, a Tulip swell,
Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
Dull and insipid to the Smell.

SONG XV. *Ye Virgin Powers*, &c.

YE virgin Powers, defend my Heart,
From amorous Looks and Smiles;
From saucy Love, or nicer Art,
Which most our Sex beguiles.

From Sighs and Vows, and awful Fears,
That do to pity move;
From speaking Silence, and from Tears
Those Springs that water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow blind,
Let Honour be my Guide;
And when frail Nature seems inclin'd,
There place a Guard of Pride.

An Heart, whose Flames are seen, tho' pure,
Needs every Virtue's Aid;
And she, who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

SONG XVI. *My Goddess* Lydia, &c.

MY Goddess, Lydia, *heavenly fair,*
As Lilly sweet, as soft as Air,
Let loose thy Tresses, spread thy Charms,
And to my Love give fresh Alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright Eyes,
Tho' sacred Light'ning from them flies;

Shew me that ſoft, that modeſt Grace,
Which paints with charming Red thy Face.

Give me Ambroſia *in a Kiſs,*
That I may rival Jove *in Bliſs.*
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleaſure all divine.

O hide! thy Boſom's killing white,
(The Milky Way is not ſo bright)
Leſt you my raviſh'd Soul oppreſs,
With Beauty's Pomp, and ſweet Exceſs.

Why draw'ſt thou from the Purple Flood
Of my kind Heart the Vital Blood?
Thou art all over endleſs Charms;
O! take me dying to thy Arms.

SONG XVII. *Why we love,* &c.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know:
Random Chance, or wilful Fate,
Guides the Shaft from *Cupid*'s Bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
'Tis Madneſs all in me to grieve;
Since her Will is not her own,
Why ſhould I uneaſy live?

If I for *Zelinda* die,
Deaf to poor *Mizella*'s Cries,
Ask not me the Reaſon why,
Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

SONG XVIII. *My dear Miſtreſs,* &c.

MY dear Miſtreſs has a Heart,
Soft as theſe kind Looks ſhe gave me,
When with Love's reſiſtleſs Art,
And her Eyes ſhe did enſlave me;
But her Conſtancy's ſo weak,
She's ſo wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous Heart would break,
Shou'd we live one Day aſunder.

Melting Joys about her move,
Killing Pleaſures, wounding Bliſſes;
She can dreſs her Eyes in Love,
And her Lips can arm with Kiſſes:
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks;
She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder;
But my jealous Heart would break,
Shou'd we live one Day aſunder.

SONG XIX. *Shall I, waſting, &c.*

SHall I, waſting in Deſpair,
Die becauſe a Woman's fair?
Shall my Cheeks look pale with Care,
'Cauſe another's roſy are?
Be ſhe fairer than the Day,
Or the flow'ry Meads in *May*;
Yet if ſhe think not well of me,
What care I how fair ſhe be.

Shall a Woman's Goodneſs move
Me to periſh for her Love;
Or, her worthy Merits known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be ſhe with that Goodneſs bleſt,
As may merit Name the beſt;
Yet if ſhe be not ſuch to me,
What care I how good ſhe be.

Be ſhe good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more deſpair;
If ſhe love me, this believe,
I will die e'er ſhe ſhall grieve;
If ſhe ſlight me when I woo,
I will ſcorn, and let her go:
So if ſhe be not fit for me,
What care I for whom ſhe be.

SONG XX. *Oh! happy, happy, &c.*

OH! happy, happy Grove,
Witneſs of our tender Love;

Oh! happy, happy Shade,
Where first our Vows were made:
Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
Looks would charm a *Jove*:
A thousand pretty Things she said,
And all ——— and all was Love:
But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
And forsakes the shady Groves;
When I speak of mutual Joys,
She knows not what I mean;
Wanton Glances, fond Caresses,
Now no more are seen,
Since the false deluding Fair
Has left the flow'ry Green:
Mourn, ye Nymphs, that sporting play'd,
Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd;
There the secret Wound she gave,
When I was made her Slave.

SONG XXI. *When bright* Aurelia, &c.

WHen bright *Aurelia* tript the Plain,
How chearful then were seen
The Looks of every jolly Swain,
That strove *Aurelia*'s Heart to gain,
With Gambols on the Green.

Their Sports were innocent and gay,
Mixt with a manly Air,
They'd sing and dance, and pipe and play,
Each strove to please some different Way,
This dear inchanting Fair.

The ambitious Strife she did admire,
And equally approve,
'Till *Phaon*'s tuneful Voice and Lyre,
With softest Music, did inspire
Her Soul to generous Love.

Their wonted Sports the rest declin'd,
Their Arts prov'd all in vain;
Aurelia's constant now they find,
The more they languish and repin'd,
The more she loves the Swain.

SONG XXII. Belinda, *with*, &c.

Belinda, with affected Mein,
Tries all the Power of Art;
Yet finds her Efforts all in vain,
To gain a ſingle Heart:
Whilſt *Chloe*, in a different Way,
Is but herſelf to pleaſe,
And makes new Conqueſts every Day,
Without one borrow'd Grace.

Belinda's haughty Air deſtroys
What native Charms inſpire;
While *Chloe*'s artleſs ſhining Eyes
Set all the World on Fire:
Belinda may our Pity move;
But *Chloe* gives us Pain,
And while ſhe ſmiles us into love,
Her Siſter frowns in vain.

SONG XXIII. *While ſilently I*, &c.

While ſilently I lov'd, nor dar'd,
To tell my Crime aloud,
The Influence of your Smiles I ſhar'd,
In common with the Crowd.

But when I once my Flame expreſt,
In Hopes to eaſe my Pain,
You ſingl'd me out from all the reſt,
The Mark of your Diſdain.

If thus, *Corinna*, you ſhall frown
On all that do adore,
Then all Mankind muſt be undone,
Or you muſt ſmile no more.

SONG XXIV. *We all to conquering*, &c.

We all to conquering Beauty bow,
Its pleaſing Power admire;
But I ne'er knew a Face till now,
That cou'd like your's inſpire:

Now I may ſay, I met with one,
Amazes all Mankind;
And, like Men gazing on the Sun,
With too much Light are blind.

Soft, as the tender moving Sighs,
When longing Lovers meet.
Like the divining Prophets, wiſe;
Like new blown Roſes, ſweet;
Modeſt, yet gay; reſerv'd, yet free;
Each happy Night a Bride;
A Mein like awful Majeſty,
And yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch, to win a Wife,
Chaſt, beautiful, and young,
Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
And never thought it long:
Ah! were you to reward ſuch Care,
And Life ſo long would ſtay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
Would ſeem but as one Day.

SONG XXV. *The Compariſon.*

Stella and *Flavia*, ev'ry Hour,
Do various Hearts ſurprize;
In *Stella*'s Soul lies all her Pow'r,
And *Flavia*'s in her Eyes!

Like *Britain*'s Monarch *Stella* reigns
O'er cultivated Lands!
Like Eaſtern Tyrants *Flavia* deigns,
To rule o'er barren Sands.

More boundleſs *Flavia*'s Conqueſts are,
And *Stella*'s more confin'd;
All can diſcern a Face that's fair,
But few a beauteous Mind!

Then boaſt, vain *Flavia!* boaſt thy Face,
Thy Beauty's ſlender Store!
Thy Charms will every Day decreaſe,
Each Day gives *Stella* more.

SONG XXVI. *The Indifferent.*

NAture ſo tender to *Chloe* has ſhown,
She ne'er can ſurrender a Heart ſhe has won;
Such is her Behaviour, ſo wiſe is her Aim,
That none boaſt her Favour, nor any complain.
Oh could I move her!
My Chains eaſy grown,
Shou'd ſerve her gay Lover,
To ſhew I'm her own:
Or were ſhe but cruel!
I Freedom might find;
But oh, to my Ruin!
She's not cruel nor kind!

SONG XXVII. *Midſummer Wiſh.*

WAFT me ſome ſoft and cooling Breeze,
To *Windſor's* ſhady, kind Retreat;
Where *Sylvan* Scenes, wide ſpreading Trees,
Repel the raging Dog-ſtar's Heat:
Where tuſted Graſs, and moſſy Beds,
Afford a rural, calm Repoſe;
Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around diſcloſe.

Old Oozy *Thames*, that flows faſt by,
Along the ſmiling Valley plays,
His glaſſy Surface cheers the Eye,
And through the flow'ry Meadow ſtrays:
His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,
His Vales with golden Plenty ſwell;
Where e'er his purer Streams are ſeen,
The Gods of Health, and Pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave,
With naked Arms once more divide;
In thee my glowing Boſom lave,
And cut the gently-rolling Tide.
Lay me with damask Roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome Oſier's dusky Shade;
Where Water-Lillies deck the Ground,
And bubbling Springs refreſh the Glade.

Let dear *Lucinda* too be there,
With azure Mantle ſlightly Dreſt:
Ye Nymphs, bind up her flowing Hair,
Ye *Zephyrs* fan her panting Breaſt.
Oh haſte away, fair Maid, and bring
The Muſe, the kindly Friend to love;
To thee alone, the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble through the vocal Grove.

SONG XXVIII. *The Morning Salutation.*

SEE ſhe wakes! *Sabina* wakes!
And now the Sun begins to riſe;
Leſs glorious is the Morn that breaks,
From his bright Beams than her fair Eyes.

With Light united Day they give,
But different Fates e'er Night fulfil:
How many by his Warmth will live?
How many will her Coldneſs kill?

SONG XXIX. *Three Nymphs, &c.*

SEE, ſee, my *Seraphina* comes!
Adorn'd with every Grace;
Look, Gods, from your Celeſtial Dome,
And view her charming Face.

Then ſearch, and ſee, if you can find,
In all your ſacred Groves,
A Nymph, or Goddeſs, ſo divine,
As ſhe whom *Strephon* loves.

SONG XXX. *The Deſtroyer.*

A *Lucrin's* Face, her Shape, her Air,
With Charms reſiſtleſs wound the Heart;
In vain you for Defence prepare,
When from her Eyes Love throws his Dart.

So ſtrong, ſo ſwift the Arrow flies,
Such ſure Deſtruction flying makes;
The bold Oppoſer quickly dies!
The Fugitive it overtakes!

Nor Stratagem, nor Force avails,
No feign'd Submiſſion ſets you free;
One Look o'er all your Arts prevails,
There's no Way ſafe but not to ſee!

For ſuch the Magic of her Arms,
And wounding ſhe does ſo allure;
The Unexperienc'd court their Harms,
The Wounded never wiſh a Cure.

SONG XXXI. *The Shepherd* Adonis.

THE Shepherd *Adonis*
Being weary'd with Sport,
He for a Retirement
To the Woods did reſort.
He threw by his Crook,
And he laid himſelf down;
He envy'd no Monarch,
Nor wiſh'd for a Crown.

He drank of the Brook,
And he eat of the Tree,
Himſelf he enjoy'd,
And from Trouble was free.
He wiſh'd for no Nymph,
Were ſhe never ſo fair,
Had no Love or Ambition,
And therefore no Care.

But as he lay thus
In an Ev'ning ſo clear,
A heavenly ſweet Voice
Sounded ſoft in his Ear;
Which came from a ſhady
Green Neighbouring Grove,
Where lovely *Amynta*
Sat ſinging of Love.

He wander'd that Way,
And found who was there,
He look'd quite confounded
To ſee her ſo fair:

He ſtood like a Statue,
Not a Foot could he move,
Nor knew he what griev'd him;
But he fear'd it was Love.

The Nymph ſhe beheld him
With a kind modeſt Grace,
Seeing ſomething that pleas'd her
Appear in his Face;
With Bluſhing a little,
She to him did ſay,
Oh Shepherd! what want ye,
How came you this Way?

His Spirits reviving,
He to her thus ſaid,
I was ne'er ſo ſurpris'd
At the Sight of a Maid.
Until I beheld thee
From Love I was free;
But now I'm taken captive,
My Faireſt, by thee.

SONG XXXII. *Bright* Cynthia's, &c.

WOman, thoughtleſs giddy Creature!
Laughing, idle flutt'ring Thing!
Moſt fantaſtick Work of Nature!
Still, like Fancy, on the Wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing Paſſion,
Loving, hating, in extream;
Fond of ev'ry fooliſh Faſhion,
And, at beſt, a pleaſing Dream.

Lovely Trifle! dear Illuſion!
Conqu'ring Weakneſs! wiſh'd for Pain!
Man's chief Glory, and Confuſion,
Of all Vanities moſt vain.

Thus, deriding Beauty's Power,
Bevil call'd it all a Cheat;
But in leſs than Half an Hour,
Kneel'd and whin'd at *Celia's* Feet.

SONG XXXIII. *One Evening as I lay.*

ONE Evening as I lay
A muſing in a Grove,
A Nymph exceeding gay
Came there to ſeek her Love;
But finding not her Swain,
She ſat her down to grieve,
And thus ſhe did complain,
How Men her Sex deceive.

Believing Maids, take Care
Of falſe deluding Men,
Whoſe Pride is to enſnare
Each Female that they can;
My perjur'd Swain he ſwore
A thouſand Oaths, to prove
(As many have done before)
How true he'd be to Love.

Then Virgins, for my Sake,
Ne'er truſt falſe Man again,
The Pleaſure we partake,
Ne'er anſwers half the Pain:
Uncertain as the Seas,
Is their unconſtant Mind,
At once they burn and freeze,
Still changing like the Wind.

When ſhe had told her Tale,
Compaſſion ſeiz'd my Heart,
And *Cupid* did prevail
With me to take her Part;
Then bowing to the Fair,
I made my kind Addreſs,
And vow'd to bear a Share
In her Unhappineſs.

Surpris'd at firſt ſhe roſe,
And ſtrove from me to fly:
I told her I'd diſcloſe
For Grief a Remedy.

Then, with a ſmiling Look,
Said ſhe, t' aſſuage the Storm,
I doubt you've undertook
A Task you can't perform.

Since Proof convinces beſt,
Fair Maid, believe it true,
That Rage is but a Jeſt,
To what Revenge can do:
Then ſerve him in his Kind,
And fit the Fool again;
Such Charms were ne'er deſign'd,
For ſuch a faithleſs Swain.

I courted her with Care,
'Till her ſoft Soul gave Way,
And from her Breaſt ſo fair,
Stole the ſweet Heart away:
Then ſhe with Smiles confeſs'd,
Her Mind felt no more Pain,
While ſhe was thus careſs'd,
By ſuch a lovely Swain.

SONG XXXIV. *Lucky Minute.*

AS *Chloris*, full of harmleſs Thought,
Beneath a Myrtle lay,
Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,
To paſs the Time away.

She bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the am'rous Swain;
But as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

A ſudden Paſſion ſeiz'd her Heart,
In Spite of her Diſdain;
She found a Pulſe in ev'ry Part,
And Love in ev'ry Vein.

Ah! Gods! ſaid ſhe, What Charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
Oh! let me —— for unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no Power to riſe.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For Fear he ſhould comply;
Her Looks and Eyes her Heart betray,
And gave her Tongue the Lye.

Thus ſhe, who Princes had deny'd,
With all their Pomp and Train,
Was in a lucky Minute try'd,
And yielded to a Swain.

SONG XXXV. Chloe *bluſh'd*, &c.

CHLOE bluſh'd, and frown'd, and ſwore,
And puſh'd me rudely from her;
I call'd her faithleſs jilting Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

But when I roſe, and would be gone,
She cry'd, Nay, whither go ye?
Young *Damon*, ſtay; now we're alone,
Do what you will with *Chloe*.

SONG XXXVI. *Gently touch*, &c.

GEntly hear me, charming Fair,
Ever kind and ever dear:
All my dying Pains remove,
Chloe, *ſmile, and ſay, you love.*
On your Boſom let me lay,
Sigh and gaze my Soul away.

Balmy Kiſſes, pow'rful Joys,
Such as Death, nor Time deſtroys.
Oh! my deareſt Fair One, give,
So I ever bleſt ſhall live:
More than Gods in Heaven can be:
Thou alone art Heaven to me.

SONG XXXVII. *As* Celia, &c.

TEach me, *Chloe*, how to prove,
My boaſted Flame ſincere;
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my Care.

Sleep in vain diſplays her Charms,
To bribe my Soul to Reſt,
Vainly ſpreads her Silken Arms,
And courts me to her Breaſt.

Where can *Strephon* find Repoſe,
If *Chloe* is not there.
For ah! no Peace his Boſom knows,
When abſent from the Fair.

What though *Phœbus*, from on high,
With-holds his chearful Ray,
Thine Eyes can well his Light ſupply,
And give me more than Day.

SONG XXXVIII. *False* Philander.

FArewell, thou falſe *Philander*,
Since now from me you rove;
And leave me here to wander,
No more to think of Love;
I muſt for ever languiſh,
I muſt for ever mourn;
From Love I now am baniſh'd,
And ſhall no more return.

Farewell, deceitful Traytor,
Farewell, thou perjur'd Swain,
Let never injur'd Creature
Believe your Vows again:
The Paſſion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
For now the Charm is ended,
The Charmer you diſdain.

SONG XXXIX. *Gently touch*, &c.

GEntly touch the warbling Lyre,
Chloe ſeems inclin'd to Reſt;
Fill her Soul with fond Deſire,
Softeſt Notes will ſooth her Breaſt:
Pleaſing Dreams aſſiſt in Love,
Morpheus, O propitious prove.

On the moſſy Bank ſhe lies
(Nature's verdant Velvet Bed)
Beauteous Flowers invite her Eyes,
Forming Pillows for her Head.
Zephyrs waft their Odours round,
And *Love* indulgent guards the Ground!

SONG XL. *The Play of Love.*

THE Play of Love is now begun,
And thus the Actions do go on,
Strephon enamour'd courts the Fair,
She hears him with a careleſs Air,
And ſmiles to find him in Love's Snare.

The Act-Tune play'd they meet again,
Here Pity moves her for his Pain,
Which ſhe evades with ſome Pretence,
And thinks ſhe may with Love diſpenſe,
But pants to hear a Man of Senſe.

The third Approach her Lover makes,
She colours up whene'er he ſpeaks;
But with feign'd Sighs ſtills plots him by,
And faintly cries, ſhe can't comply,
Altho' ſhe gives her Heart the Lye.

Now the Plot riſes, he ſeems ſhy,
As if ſome other Fair he'd try;
At which ſhe ſwells with Spleen and Fear,
Leſt one more wiſe his Love ſhould ſhare,
Which yet no Woman e'er can bear.

The laſt Act now is wrought ſo high,
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy:
She does no more his Paſſion ſhun,
He ſtrait into her Arms did run,
The Curtain falls — the Play is done.

SONG XLI. *The Iriſh Howl.*

REmember, Damon, *you did tell,*
In Chaſtity you lov'd me well;

But now, alas! I am undone,
And here am left to make my Moan:
To doleful Shades I will remove,
Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
Where poor forsaken Nymphs are seen,
In lonely Walks of Willow green.

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue,
Such soft persuasive Language hung,
That when his Words had Silence broke,
You wou'd have thought an Angel spoke.
Too happy Nymph, whoe'er she be,
That now enjoys my charming he;
For Oh! I fear it to my Cost,
She's found the Heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest Flower on Earth,
A Snake may hide or take its Birth;
So his false Breast, conceal it did
His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid.
'Tis false to say, we happy are,
Since Men delight thus to ensnare:
In Man no Woman can be blest,
Their Vows are Wind, their Love a Jest.

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,
Send me my Damon, *or Relief;*
Return the wild delicious Boy,
Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy:
But whilst I'm begging of this Bliss,
Methinks I hear you answer thus,
When *Damon* has enjoy'd, he flies,
Who sees him, loves; who loves him, dies.

There's not a Bird that haunts the Grove,
But is a Witness of my Love:
Now all the Bleaters on the Plain
Seem Sympathizers in my Pain;
Ecchoes repeat my plaintive Moans;
The Waters imitate my Groans;
The Trees their bending Boughs recline,
And droop their Heads as I do mine.

SONG XLII. *As* Amoret, &c.

AS *Amoret* and *Phillis* ſat
One Evening on the Plain,
And ſaw the charming *Strephon* wait,
To tell the Nymph his Pain;
The threat'ning Danger to remove,
He whiſper'd in her Ear.
Ah! *Phillis!* if you would not love,
The Shepherd do not hear.

None ever had ſo ſtrange an Art,
His Paſſion to convey,
Into a liſt'ning Virgin's Heart,
And ſteal her Soul away.
Fly, fly, betimes, for fear you give
Occaſion for your Fate,
In vain, ſaid ſhe, in vain I ſtrive,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

SONG XXIII. *You may ceaſe*, &c.

YOU may ceaſe to complain,
For your Suit is in vain,
All Attempts you can make
But augments her Diſdain:
She bids you give o'er
While 'tis in your Power,
For except her Eſteem
She can grant you no more:
Her Heart has been long ſince
Aſſaulted and won,
Her Truth is as laſting
And firm as the Sun;
You'll find it more eaſy
Your Paſſion to cure,
Than for ever thoſe fruitleſs
Endeavours endure.

You may give this Advice
To the wretched and wiſe,
But a Lover like me
Will thoſe Precepts deſpiſe;

I ſcorn to give o'er,
Were it ſtill in my Power;
Tho' Eſteem were deny'd me,
Yet her I'll adore.
A Heart that's been touch'd
Will ſome Sympathy bear,
'Twill leſſen my Sorrows,
If ſhe takes a Share;
I'll count it more Honour,
In dying her Slave,
Than did her Affections
My Steddineſs crave.

You may tell her I'll be
Her true Lover, tho' ſhe
Should Mankind deſpiſe
Out of Hatred to me;
'Tis mean to give o'er
'Cauſe we get no Reward,
She loſt not her Worth
When I loſt her Regard:
My Love on an Altar
More noble ſhall burn,
I ſtill will love on
Without Hopes of Return!
I'll tell her ſome other
Has kindled the Flame,
And I'll ſigh for herſelf
In counterfeit Name.

SONG XLIV. Colin's *Complaint.*

DEſpairing beſide a clear Stream,
A Shepherd forſaken was laid.
And while a falſe Nymph was his Theme,
A Willow ſupported his Head.
The Wind that blew over the Plain,
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
And the Brook in return to his Pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly Swain that I was,
(Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd)
When firſt I beheld that fair Face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd!
She talk'd, and I bleſs'd her Tongue,
When ſhe ſmil'd, it was Pleaſure too great:
I liſten'd and cry'd when ſhe ſung,
Was Nightingale ever ſo ſweet?

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lonely a Clown,
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine Folk of the Town?
To think that a Beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant will prove;
Or go clad like our Maidens in Gray,
Or live in a Cottage on Love.

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
Tho' the Muſes my Temples have crown'd,
What tho' when they hear my ſoft Strains,
The Virgins ſit weeping around!
Ah, *Colin!* thy Hopes are in vain,
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel reſign,
Thy fair One inclines to a Swain,
Whoſe Muſick is ſweeter than thine.

All you my Companions ſo dear,
Who Sorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe Maid,
Tho' thro' the wide World I ſhould range,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In her Breaſt any Pity is found,
Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
And ſee me laid low in the Ground:
The laſt humble Boon that I crave,
Is to ſhade me with Cypreſs and Yew;
And when ſhe looks down on my Grave,
Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
And deck her in Golden Array;
Be fineſt at every fine Show,
And frolick it all the long Day;
While *Colin*, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale Moon,
His Ghoſt ſhall glide over the Green.

SONG XLV. *My Days*, &c.

MY Days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little Birds that fly,
With careleſs Eaſe, from Tree to Tree,
Were not ſo bleſt as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
Of mine increas'd their Stream?
Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
I lent a Sigh to them?

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught:
The tender Chains of ſweet Deſire
Are fix'd upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breaſt
Does every Doubt controul;
And lovely *Nancy* ſtands confeſt
The Favourite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twiſting Pines,
Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
Ye gentle Ecchoes, breezy Winds,
Ye cloſe Retreats of Love;

With all of Nature, all of Art,
Aſſiſt the dear Deſign,
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
As much as of Deſpair,
And hardly covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the Paſſion in my Mind
Is mix'd with ſoft Diſtreſs;
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

SONG XLVI. *As* Celia *near*, &c.

AS *Celia* in her Garden ſtray'd,
Secure, nor dream'd of Harm,
A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And reſted on her Arm.

The curious Inſect thither flew,
To taſte the tempting Bloom;
But, with a thouſand Sweets in View,
It found a ſudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd
The darling little Thing;
But firſt the ſnowy Arm receiv'd,
And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting ſurprize,
Once be injurious found:
Not ſo the Darts of *Celia*'s Eyes,
They never ceaſe to wound.

Oh! would the ſhort-liv'd burning Smart
The Nymph to Pity move,
And teach her to regard the Heart
She fires with endleſs Love!

SONG XLVII. *Would Fate to me*, &c.

WOuld Fate to me *Belinda* give,
With her alone I'd chuſe to live;
Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater, nor a greater
Nor a greater Bliſs deſire.

My charming Nymph, if you can find,
Amongſt the Race of Human Kind,
A Man that loves you more than I,
I'll reſign you, I'll reſign you,
I'll reſign you, though I die.

Let my *Belinda* fill my Arms,
With all her Beauties, all her Charms,
With Scorn and Pity I'd look down
On the Glories, on the Glories,
On the Glories of a Crown.

SONG XLVIII. William *and* Susan.

ALL in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd,
The Streamers waving in the Wind,
When black-eyed *Susan* came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true Love find?
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among the Crew?

William, who high upon the Yard,
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro:
Soon as her well known Voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below:
The Cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
And quick as Light'ning on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high pois'd in Air,
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast
(If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear)
And drops at once into her Nest:
The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet,
Might envy *William's* Lips those Kisses sweet.

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely Dear!
My Vows shall ever true remain,
Let me kiss off that falling Tear,
We only part to meet again:
Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be
The faithful Compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,
Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind;
They'll tell, the Sailors, when away,
In every Port a Mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coaſt we ſail,
Thy Eyes are ſeen in Diamonds bright:
Thy Breath is *Africk's* ſpicy Gale,
Thy Skin is Ivory ſo white:
Thus every beauteous Object that I view,
Wakes in my Soul ſome Charmes of lovely *Sue.*

Tho' Battles call me from thy Arms,
Let not my pretty *Suſan* mourn,
Tho' Cannons roar, yet ſafe from Harms
William ſhall to his Dear return;
Love turns aſide the Balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious Tears ſhould drop from *Suſan's* Eye.

The Boatſwain gave the dreadful Word,
The Sails their ſwelling Boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt the ſtay on board;
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his Head:
Her leſſening Boat unwilling rows to Land,
Adieu ſhe cries; and wav'd her Lilly Hand.

SONG XLIX. Chloe, *be wiſe*, &c.

CHloe, be wiſe, no more perplex me,
Slight not my Love at ſuch a Rate;
Should I your Scorn return, 'twill vex you,
Love much abus'd will turn to Hate.

How can ſo lovely, fair a a Creature
Put on the Looks of cold Diſdain;
Women were firſt deſign'd by Nature
To give a Pleaſure and not a Pain.

Kindneſs creates a Flame that's laſting,
When other Charms are fled away;
Think on the Time we now are waſting:
Throw off thoſe Frowns and Love obey.

SONG L. *When* Fanny, &c.

WHEN *Fanny* blooming Fair
Firſt caught my raviſh'd Sight,
Pleas'd with her Shape and Air,
I felt a ſtrange Delight:

Whilſt eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry Part,
And ev'ry Feature prais'd,
She ſtole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes
Ten thouſand Loves appear;
There *Cupid* basking lies,
His Shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the Pride
Of Roſes newly blown.

Her well-turn'd Limbs confeſs
The lucky Hand of *Jove's*;
Her Features all expreſs
The beauteous Queen of Love:
What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breaſt
Of that too charming Maid
Riſe, ſuing to be preſt.

Venus round *Fanny's* Waiſt,
Has her own *Ceſtus* bound,
There guardian *Cupids* Grace,
And dance the Circle round.
How happy muſt he be,
Who ſhall her Zone unlooſe?
That Bliſs to all, but me,
May Heaven and ſhe refuſe.

SONG LI. *The forſaken Maid.*

'TWas when the Seas were roaring,
With hollow Blaſts of Wind,
A Damſel lay deploring,
All on a Rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the roaring Billows,
She caſt a wiſhful Look;
Her Head was crown'd with Willows
That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days;
Why didſt thou vent'rous Lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the Seas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe then, cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover reſt:
Ah! what's thy troubled Motion,
To that within my Breaſt?

The Merchant, robb'd of Treaſure,
Views Tempeſts in Deſpair;
But what's the Loſs of Treaſure,
To loſing of my Dear!
Shou'd you ſome Coaſt be laid on,
Where Gold and Diamonds grow,
You find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that Nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the Water
Do hideous Rocks remain?
No Eye thoſe Rocks diſcover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All Melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd ſhe for her Dear,
Repay'd each Blaſt with ſighing,
Each Billow with a Tear:
When o'er the white Waves ſtooping
His floating Corps ſhe ſpy'd;
Then like a Lilly drooping,
She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

SONG LII. *Vain* Belinda.

VAIN, *Belinda*, are your Wiles,
Vain are all your artful Smiles,
While, like a Bully, you invite,
And then decline th' approaching Fight:
And then decline th' approaching Fight.

Various are the little Arts,
Which you uſe to conquer Hearts:
By empty Threats he would affright,
And you by empty Hopes invite.
And you by, &c.

Cowards may by him be brav'd,
Fops may be by you enſlav'd;
Then would he vanquiſh, or you bind,
He muſt be grave, and you be kind.
He muſt be, &c.

SONG LIII. *Why will* Florella, &c.

WHY will *Florella*, when I gaze,
My raviſh'd Eyes reprove?
And hide 'em from the only Face,
They can behold with Love?

To ſhun her Scorn, and eaſe my Care,
I ſeek a Nymph more kind;
And while I rove from Fair to Fair,
Still gentle Uſage find.

But Oh! how faint is every Joy,
Where Nature has no Part.
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But you engage my Heart.

So reſtleſs Exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where,
Yet languiſh for their native Home,
Though Death attends them there.

SONG LIV. *When I ſurvey*, &c.

WHEN I ſurvey *Clarinda*'s Charms,
Folded within my circling Arms,
What endleſs Pleaſures move along,
Serenely ſoft and ſweetly ſtrong:
Ev'ry Smile invites to Love,
Balmy Kiſſes,
Am'rous Bliſſes,
Ev'ry riſing Charm improve.

Immortal Bliſs that ne'er will cloy,
Always attends her Angel Form;
Soſteſt Repoſe and blooming Joy,
In her conſpire the Soul to charm:
All that Joy or Love create,
Beauteous Bleſſing,
Paſt expreſſing,
Round the tender Fair One wait.

Love on her Breaſt has fix'd his Throne,
And *Cupid* revels in her Eyes;
Who can the Charmer's Power diſown,
When in each Glance an Arrow flies?
Yet when wounded, we feel no Pain,
No, 'tis Pleaſure,
Above Meaſure,
Raptures flow in ev'ry Vein.

SONG LV. *Thus* Kitty *beautiful*, &c.

THUS *Kitty*, beautiful and young,
And wild as Colt untam'd,
Beſpoke the *Fair* from whom ſhe ſprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.
Inflam'd with Rage at ſad Reſtraint,
Which wiſe Mamma ordain'd;
And ſorely vex'd to play the Saint,
Whilſt Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd,
With *Abigals* forſaken?
Kitty's for other Things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.
Muſt Lady *Jenny* friſk about,
And viſit with her Couſins?
At Balls muſt ſhe make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

What has ſhe better, pray, than I?
What hidden Charms to boaſt?
That all Mankind ſhould for her die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a Toaſt.

Dearest Mamma, for once let me
Unchain'd, my Fortune try?
I'll have my Earl, as well as she,
Or know the Reason why!
I'll soon with *Jenny's* Pride quit Score,
Make all her Lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.
Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave way,
Kitty, at Heart's Desire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And set the World on Fire!

SONG LVI. Margaret's *Ghost*.

'TWas at the silent Midnight Hour,
When all were fast asleep,
In glided *Marg'ret's* grimly Ghost,
And stood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was like an *April* Morn,
Clad in a Wint'ry Cloud;
And Clay-cold was her Lilly Hand,
That held her sable Shroud.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
When Youth and Years are flown;
Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
When Death has reft their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flower,
That sips the Silver Dew;
The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
Just op'ning to the View.

But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
Consum'd her early Prime;
The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek,
She dy'd before her Time!

Awake, she cry'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her Midnight Grave:
Oh! let thy Pity hear the Maid,
Thy Love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
When injur'd Ghoſts complain;
Now yawning Graves give up their Dead
To haunt the faithleſs Swain.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
Thy Pledge, and broken Oath:
And give me back my Maiden Vow,
And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promiſe Love to me,
And not that Promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear my Eyes were bright,
Yet leave thoſe Eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my Face was fair,
And yet that Face forſake?
How could you win my Virgin Heart,
Yet leave that Heart to break?

Why did you ſay my Lips were ſweet,
And made the Scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witleſs Maid,
Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair,
Thoſe Lips no longer red;
Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
And every Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Siſter is,
This Winding-Sheet I wear;
And cold and dreary laſts our Night,
'Till that laſt Morn appear.

But hark! the Cock has warn'd me hence!
A long and laſt Adieu!
Come ſee, falſe Man, how low ſhe lies,
That dy'd for Love of you.

The Lark ſung loud, the Morning ſmil'd,
And rais'd her glitt'ring Head:
Pale *William* quak'd in every Limb,
And raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place,
Where *Marg'ret's* Body lay;
And ſtretch'd him on the green Graſs Turf,
That wrap'd her breathleſs Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret's* Name,
And thrice he wept full ſore;
Then laid his Cheek to the cold Grave,
And Word ſpake never more.

SONG LVII. *On a Bank of Flowers.*

ON a Bank of Flowers in a Summer's Day,
Inviting, and undreſt,
In her Bloom of Years bright *Celia* lay,
With Love and Sleep oppreſt:
When a youthful Swain, with admiring Eyes,
Wiſh'd he durſt the fair Maid ſurprize,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But fear'd approaching Spies.

As he gaz'd, a gentle Breeze aroſe,
That fann'd her Robes aſide,
And the ſleeping Nymph did the Charms diſcloſe,
Which waking ſhe would hide:
Then his Breath grew ſhort, and his Heart beat high,
He long'd to touch what he chanc'd to ſpy,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
But durſt not ſtill draw nigh.

All amaz'd he ſtood, with her Beauties fir'd,
And bleſs'd the courteous Wind;
Then in Whiſpers ſigh'd, and the Gods deſir'd,
That *Celia* might be kind:
When with Hope grown bold, he advanc'd amain,
But ſhe laugh'd aloud in a Dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.

Yet when once Deſire has inflam'd the Soul,
All modeſt Doubts withdraw;
And the God of Love does each Fear controul,
That would the Lover awe.

Shall a Prize like this, ſays the vent'rous Boy,
'Scape, and I not the Means employ?
With a ſa, la, la, &c.
To ſeize the proſer'd Joy?

Here the growing Youth, to relieve his Pain,
The ſlumb'ring Maid careſs'd;
And with trembling Hands (O the ſimple Swain!)
Her ſnowy Boſom preſs'd;
When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,
Yet look'd as wiſhing he would purſue,
With a ſa, la, la, &c.
But *Damon* miſs'd his Cue.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,
Himſelf he thus accus'd;
What a dull and ſtupid Thing was I,
That ſuch a Chance abus'd?
To thy Shame, 'twill ſoon on the Plain be ſaid,
Damon a Virgin aſleep betray'd,
With a ſa, la, la, &c.
Yet let her go a Maid.

SONG LVIII. *My Time, O ye Muſes,* &c.

MY Time, O ye Muſes! was happily ſpent,
When Phebe *went with me wherever I went:*
Ten thouſand ſoft Pleaſures I felt in my Breaſt;
Sure never ſond Shepherd like Colin *was bleſt.*
But now ſhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a ſudden I find?
When Things were as fine as could poſſibly be;
I thought 'twas the Spring, but, alas! it was ſhe.

With ſuch a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
To riſe up and play, or to lie down and ſleep;
I was ſo good-humour'd, ſo chearful, and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day,
But now I ſo croſs, and ſo peeviſh am grown,
So ſtrangely uneaſy as never was known;
My fair One is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart—I am ſure, it weighs more than a Pound.

The Fountain that wont to run ſweetly along,
And dance to ſoft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'ſt, little Cupid, *if* Phebe *was there,*
'Twas Pleaſure to look at, 'twas Muſick to hear:
But now ſhe is abſent, I walk by its Side,
And ſtill, as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
Muſt you be ſo chearful, while I go in Pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,
And when Phebe *and I were as joyful as they,*
How pleaſant their Sporting, how happy the Time!
When Spring, Love, and Beauty, were all in their Prime?
But now in their Frolicks, when by me they paſs,
I fling at their Fleeces an handful of Graſs:
Be ſtill then I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To ſee you ſo merry, while I am ſo ſad.

My Dog, I was ever well pleaſed to ſee,
Come wagging his Tail to my fair One and me;
And Phebe *was pleas'd too, and to my Dog ſaid,*
Come hither, poor Fellow, and patted his Head:
But now when he's fawning, I with a ſowre Look,
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a Blow with my Crook:
And I'll give him another; for why ſhould not Tray
Be as dull as his Maſter, when Phebe's *away?*

When walking with Phebe, *what Sights have I ſeen!*
How fair was the Flower, how freſh was the Green!
What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
The Corn-Fields and Hedges, and every Thing made!
But ſince ſhe has left me, though all are ſtill there,
They none of them now ſo delightful appear;
'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
Made ſo many beautiful Proſpects ariſe.

Sweet Muſick went with us both, all the Wood thro',
The Lark, Linnet, Throſtle, and Nightingale too;
Winds over us whiſper'd, Flocks by us did bleet,
And chirp went the Graſhopper under our Feet;
But now ſhe is abſent, tho' ſtill they ſing on,
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;
Her Voice in the Concert, as now I have found,
Gave every Thing elſe its agreeable Sound.

Roſe, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does aught of its Sweetneſs the Bloſſoms beguile?
That Meadow, thoſe Daiſes, why do they not ſmile?
Ah! Rivals! I ſee what it was that you dreſt,
And made yourſelves fine for, a Place in her Breaſt,
You put on your Colours to pleaſure her Eye,
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Boſom to die.

How ſlowly Time creeps, till my Phebe *return,*
While amidſt the ſoft Zephyr's *cool Breezes I burn;*
Methinks, if I knew whereabout he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the (*Lead.*
Fly ſwifter, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And reſt ſo much longer forut, when ſhe is here.
Ah! Colin! *old Time is full of Delay,*
Nor will budge one Foot faſter, for all thou canſt ſay.

Will no pitying Power that hears me complain,
Or cure my Diſquiet, or ſoften my Pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, Colin, *thy Paſſion remove:*
But what Swain is ſo ſilly to live without Love?
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor Shepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do; I ſhall die with Deſpair!
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one ſo fair.

SONG LIX. *What ſhall I do,* &c.

WHat ſhall I do, to ſhew how much I love her?
How many Millions of Sighs can ſuffice?
That which wins other Hearts never can move her,
Thoſe common Methods of Love ſhe'll deſpiſe.

I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night;
'Till, for her own Sake, at laſt ſhe'll implore me
To love her leſs to preſerve our Delight.

Since Gods themſelves cannot ever be loving,
Men muſt have breathing Recruits for new Joys,
I wiſh my Love could be always improving,
Though eager Love more than Sorrow deſtroys.

In fair *Aurelia*'s Arms leave me expiring,
To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath,
To the laſt Moment I'll ſtill be deſiring:
Never had Hero ſo glorious a Death.

SONG LX. *In vain, dear* Chloe.

IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you ſuggeſt,
That I, inconſtant, have poſſeſt,
Or lov'd a fairer ſhe:
Wou'd you, with Eaſe, at once be cur'd
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
Conſult your Glaſs and me.

If then you think, that I can find
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've Reaſon for your Fears;
But if impartial you will prove
To your Beauty, and my Love?
How needleſs are your Tears!

If in my Way I ſhould, by Chance,
Give, or receive a wanton Glance,
I like but while I view:
How ſlight the Glance, how faint the Kiſs,
Compar'd to that ſubſtantial Bliſs,
Which I receive from you!

With wanton Flight the curious Bee
From Flow'r to Flow'r ſtill wanders free,
And where each Bloſſom blows,
Extracts the Juice of all he meets;
But for his Quinteſſence of Sweets,
He raviſhes the Roſe.

So, I my Fancy to employ,
In each Variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph may roam;
Perhaps ſee Fifty in a Day;
They're all but Viſits which I pay,
For *Chloe*'s ſtill my Home.

SONG LXI. *In vain, dear* Chloe.

WITH artful Voice, young *Thyrsis*, you
In vain perſuade me, you are true;
Since that can never be:
For he's no Proſelyte of mine,
That offers at another's Shrine,
Thoſe Vows he made to me.

The faithleſs fickle wav'ring Loon,
That changes oftner than the Moon;
Courts each new Face he meets;
Smells ev'ry fragrant Flow'r that blows,
Yet ſlyly calls the bluſhing Roſe
His Quinteſſence of Sweets.

So, *Thyrsis*, when in wanton Play,
From Fair to Fair you fondly ſtray,
And ſteal from each a Kiſs;
It ſhows, if what you ſay be true,
A ſickly Appetite in you,
And no ſubſtantial Bliſs.

For you, inconſtant, roving Swain,
Tho' ſeemingly you hug your Chain,
Wou'd fain, I know, get free;
To ſip freſh balmy Sweets of Love,
From Bower to Bower wilely rove,
And imitate your Bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring Thing your Heart,
Let it admit no other Dart;
But reſt with me alone:
For while, dear Bee, you rove and ſing,
Should you return without your Sting,
I'd not protect a Drone.

SONG LXII. *I'll range around*, &c.

I'LL range around the ſhady Bowers,
And gather all the ſweeteſt Flowers;
I'll ſtrip the Garden and the Grove,
To make a Garland for my Love.

When in the ſultry Heat of Day,
My thirſty Nymph does panting lay,
I'll haſten to the Fountains Brink,
And drain the Stream that ſhe may drink.

At Night, when ſhe ſhall weary prove,
A graſſy Bed I'll make my Love,
And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
That nothing may her Reſt invade.

And whilſt diſſolv'd in Sleep ſhe lyes,
My ſelf ſhall never cloſe theſe Eyes;
But gazing ſtill with fond Delight,
I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.

And then as ſoon as chearful Day
Diſpels the gloomy Shades away,
Forth to the Foreſt I'll repair,
And find Proviſion for my Fair,

Thus will I ſpend the Day and Night
Still mixing Pleaſure with Delight;
Regarding nothing I endure,
So I can Eaſe for her procure.

But if the Maid, whom thus I love,
Shou'd ever unkind and faithleſs prove,
I'll ſeek ſome diſmal diſtant Shore,
And never think of Woman more.

SONG LXIII. *Send home my long*, &c.

SEnd home my long ſtray'd Eyes to me.
Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
But if from thee they've learn'd ſuch Ill,
To ſweetly ſmile,
And then beguile,
Keep the Deceivers, keep them ſtill.

Send home my harmleſs Heart again,
Which no unworthy Thought could ſtain;
But if it has been taught by thine,
To forfeit both
Its Word and Oath,
Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my Heart and Eyes,
That I may see and know thy Lyes.
And laugh one Day perhaps when thou
Shalt grieve for one
Thy Love will scorn,
And prove as false as thou art now.

SONG LXIV. *Tho' cruel you seem*, &c

THO' cruel you seem to my Pain,
And hate me because I am true;
Yet *Phillis*, you love a false Swain,
Who has other Nymphs in his View,
Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
To me what a Heaven it would be!
To him but a Woman you seem,
But ah! you're an Angel to me.

Those Lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow,
Still clinging around that dear Waist,
Which he spans as beside him you go;
That Arm, like a Lilly so white,
Which over his Shoulders you lay,
My Bosom could warm it all Night,
My Lips they would press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
Were Graces my Subjects to be,
I'd leave them and fly to the Plain,
To dwell in a Cottage with thee:
But if I must feel thy Disdain,
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
O! let me not live in this Pain,
But give me my Death in a Frown.

SONG LXV. *Whilst I fondly*, &c.

WHilst I fondly view the Charmer,
Thus the God of Love I sue,
Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do;

Of a thouſand Sweets bereave her,
Rob her Neck, her Lips and Eyes,
The remainder ſtill will leave her
Power enough to tyranize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Paſſion,
Still in every Breaſt will move,
More is Supererogation,
Meer Idolatry of Love:
You may dreſs a World of *Chloes*
In the Beauties ſhe can ſpare;
Hear him, *Cupid*, who no Foe is
To your Altars, or the Fair.

Fooliſh Mortal, pray be eaſy,
Angry *Cupid* made Reply,
Do *Florella*'s Charms diſpleaſe you,
Die then, fooliſh Mortal, die:
Fancy not that I'll deprive her
Of the captivating Store;
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
Twenty thouſand Beauties more.

Were *Florella* proud and ſour,
Apt to mock a Lover's Care;
Juſtly then you'd pray that Power
Shou'd be taken from the Fair:
But tho' I ſpread a Blemiſh o'er her,
No Relief in that you'll find;
Still, fond Shepherd, you'll adore her,
For the Beauties of her Mind.

SONG LXVI. *Ye Shepherds*, &c.

THE Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
No leſs than a Wonder by Nature deſign'd:
She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,
And the Cauſe of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit ſtill obligingly flows,
Has the beautiful Bluſh and the Smell of the Roſe;
Love and Deſtiny both ſtill attend on her Will,
She wounds with a Look, with a Frown ſhe can kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess:
In *Silvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

SONG LXVII. *The happiest*, &c.

THE happiest Mortals once were we,
I lov'd *Myra*, *Myra* me,
Each desirous of the Blessing
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I lov'd *Myra*, *Myra* me,
The happiest Mortals once were we,

But since cruel Fates dissever,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all Pains the greatest Pain
Is to love——and love in vain,

SONG LXVIII. *Ye Minutes*, &c.

YE Minutes bring the happy Hour,
And *Chloe* blushing to the Bow'r;
Then shall all idle Flames be o'er,
Nor Eyes, or Heart, e'er wander more:
Both *Chloe*, fix'd for e'er on thee,
For thou art all thy Sex to me.

A Guilty is a false Embrace,
Corinna's Love's a Fairy-chase:
Be gone thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
And all that can't survive Desire:
Chloe my Reason moves, and awe,
And *Cupid* shot me when he saw.

SONG LXIX. Greenwood *Tree*.

HOW hardly I conceal my Tears!
How oft did I complain!
When many tedious Days my Fears
Told me, I lov'd in vain.

But now my Joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd;
Sorrow may make a ſilent Moan,
But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleeting Flocks,
To ev'ry Stream and Tree,
And bleſs the hollow murmuring Rocks,
For echoing back to me.
Thus you may ſee with how much Joy
We want, we wiſh, believe;
'Tis hard ſuch Paſſion to deſtroy,
But eaſy to deceive.

SONG LXX. *Tell me, tell me,* &c.

CRuel Creature, can you leave me!
Can you then ungrateful prove?
Did you court me to deceive me,
And to ſlight my conſtant Love.

Falſe ungrateful, thus to woo me,
Thus to make my Heart a Prize;
Firſt to ruin and undo me,
Then to ſcorn and tyranize.

Shall I ſend to Heav'n my Pray'r?
Shall I all my Wrongs relate?
Shall I curſe the dear Betrayer?
No, alas! it is too late.

Cupid, pity my Condition,
Pierce this unrelenting Swain;
Hear a tender Maid's Petition,
And reſtore my Love again.

SONG LXXI. *I had rather enjoy.*

I Had rather enjoy
A Girl that is coy,
Than one who is eaſy perſuaded;
For though for a while,
She ſcarcely will ſmile,
Yet at length her Fort is invaded,

When then she's possess'd,
You doubly are bless'd,
Tho' from Pleasure a while you're confin'd;
The Heart is on Fire
With zealous Desire,
And the Joy of a Lover refin'd.

The Pleasure's not full,
But damnably dull,
When too willing a Mistress we find;
I'd have her first Frown,
Her Passion disown,
And begin by Degrees to be kind.

SONG LXXII. *Ye gentle Gales*, &c.

YE gentle Gales that fan the Air,
And wanton in the slow'ry Grove,
Oh! whisper to my absent Fair,
My secret Pain, my endless Love;
And at the breezy Close of Day,
When she does seek some cool Retreat,
Throw spicy Odours in her Way,
And scatter Roses at her Feet.

That when she sees their Colours fade,
And all their Pride neglected lie,
Let it instruct the charming Maid,
That Sweets, not timely gather'd, die.
And when she lays her down to rest,
Let some auspicious Vision show,
Who 'tis that loves *Camilla* best,
And what for her I undergo.

SONG LXXIII. *Dying Swain.*

'TWAS on a River's verdant Side,
About the Close of Day,
A dying Swan with Musick try'd,
To chase her Cares away.

And though she ne'er had strain'd her Throat,
Or tun'd her Voice before,
Death, ravish'd with so sweet a Note,
A while the Stroke forbore.

Farewel, she cry'd, ye Silver Streams,
Ye purling Waves adieu;
Where *Phœbus* us'd to dart his Beams,
And bless both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds,
Soft Scenes of happy Love;
Farewel, ye bright, enamell'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove.

With you I must no more converse,
Look, yonder setting Sun
Waits, while I these last Notes rehearse,
And then I must be gone.

Mourn not, my kind and constant Mate,
We'll meet again below;
It is the kind Decree of Fate,
And I with Pleasure go.

While thus she sung, upon a Tree,
Within th'adjacent Wood,
To hear her mournful Melody,
A Stork attentive stood:

From whence, thus to the Swan she spoke,
What means this Song of Joy!
Is it, fond Fool, so kind a Stroke,
That does thy Life destroy?

Turn back, deluded Bird, and try
To keep thy fleeting Breath;
It is a dismal Thing to die,
And Pleasure ends in Death.

Base Stork, the Swan reply'd, give o'er,
Thy Arguments are vain;
If after Death we are no more,
Yet we are free from Pain.

But there are soft *Elysian* Shades,
And Bowers of kind Repose,
Where never any Storm invades,
Nor Tempest ever blows.

There in cool Streams, and shady Woods,
I'll sport the Time away;
Or swimming down the crystal Floods,
Among young Halcyons play.

Then, prithee cease, or tell me why,
I have such Cause to grieve,
Since 'tis a Happiness to die,
And 'tis a Pain to live?

SONG LXXIV. Tweed *Side.*

LIKE a wandering Ghost I appear,
All silent, neglected, and sad,
Tormented by Hopes and Despair,
I sigh when all others are glad.
No Joys in this Town can I find,
The Lilly's a Desart to me?
I scarce should regret being blind,
To all other Objects but thee.

In the Fields as I saunter along,
I look but for thee in my way,
And if from my Sight thou art gone,
I mourn all the rest of the Day;
Or if that by Chance thou art there,
I shun ev'ry Mortal I meet,
Nor relish the Walk or the Air,
Thou only canst render them sweet.

Oh *Nancy*, whilst thus I complain,
Does your Heart never flutter nor beat,
Nor have you no Sense of my Pain,
Whilst the Torment I bear is so great?
Must those wandering Eyes always rove,
On ev'ry new Object you see?
Or must you reward my true Love,
And fix them at last upon me?

SONG LXXV. *See what a Conquest, &c.*

SEE what a Conquest Love has made!
Beneath the Myrtle's amorous Shade

The charming, fair *Corinna* lies,
All melting in Deſire,
Quenching in Tears thoſe flowing Eyes,
That ſet the World on fire.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do?
The Youth by Chance came by, and knew
For whom thoſe Cryſtal Streams did flow;
And tho' he ne'er before
To her Eyes brigheſt Rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

So when the Heavens ſerene and clear,
Gilded with gaudy Light, appear,
Each craggy Rock and ev'ry Stone
Their native Rigour keep;
But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
The hardeſt Marbles weep.

SONG LXXVI. *Young* Cupid, &c.

YOung *Cupid* one Day wilely,
With well diſſembled Art,
Let fly an Arrow ſlily,
And pierc'd me to the Heart.
A while I ſigh'd, grew ſtupid,
But to quit Scores with *Cupid*,
I learn'd a Way, which ſoon I'll try,
Since Reaſon takes my Part:
I'll ſteal away his Arrows,
And ſweet Revenge purſue:
With Women's Hearts I'll head 'em,
And then they'll ne'er fly true,
No, no, they'll ne'er fly true.

SONG LXXVII. *Gently touch*, &c.

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why,
So very kind, and yet ſo ſhy?
Why does that cold forbidden Air
Give Damps of Sorrow and Deſpair?
Or why that Smile my Soul ſubdue,
And kindle up my Flames anew?

In vain you ſtrive with all your Art,
By Turns, to freeze and fire my Heart;
When I behold a Face ſo fair,
So ſweet a Look, ſo ſoft an Air,
My raviſh'd Soul is charm'd all o'er,
I cannot love thee leſs or more.

SONG LXXVIII. Ianthe *the lovely.*

IAnthe *the lovely, the Joy of the Swain,*
By Iphis *was lov'd, and lov'd* Iphis *again;*
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the fair,
Their Pleaſure was equal, and equal their Care:
No Time, nor Enjoyment, their Dotage withdrew,
But the longer they liv'd, ſtill the fonder they grew.

A Paſſion ſo happy alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain:
Some ſwore, 'twould be pity their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other were made:
But all, all conſented, that none ever knew
A Nymph yet ſo k'nd, or a Shepherd ſo true.

Love ſaw them with Pleaſure, and vow'd to take Care
Of the faithful, the tender, the innocent Pair;
What either did want, he bid either to move,
But they wanted nothing, but ever to love:
Said 'twas all that to bleſs 'em his Godhead could do,
That they ſtill might be kind, and they ſtill might be true.

SONG LXXIX. *As* Celia *near*, &c.

AS near a Fountain's flow'ry Side,
The bright *Selinda* lay,
Her Looks encreas'd the Summer's Pride,
Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

The Roſes bluſh'd with deeper Red,
To ſee themſelves outdone;
The Lillies ſhrunk into their Bed,
To find ſuch Rival ſhone.

Quick through the Air of this Retreat,
A Bee industrious flew;
Prepar'd to rifle every Sweet,
And sip the balmy Dew.

Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,
Her Rosy Lips he found:
Where he in Transport met his Death,
And dropp'd upon the Ground.

Enjoy, bless'd Bee, enjoy thy Fate,
Nor at thy Fall repine,
Since Kings wou'd quit their Royal State,
To share a Death like thine.

SONG LXXX. *Love and Folly.*

LOVE and Folly were at Play,
Both too wanton to be wise;
They fell out, and in their Fray,
Folly put out *Cupid*'s Eyes.

Strait the Criminal was try'd,
And had his Punishment assign'd,
Folly should to Love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the Blind.

Then wisely let's venture,
Our selves to deceive,
Since Fate has decreed us
To Love and Believe.

For all we can gain,
By our Wisdom and Eyes,
Is to find our selves cheated,
And wretched, when wise.

SONG LXXXI. *If Love's a sweet*, &c.

IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my Complaint?
Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain?
Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I grasp her Hands gently, look languishing down,
And by passionate Silence, I make my Love known,
But oh! how I'm bless'd when so kind she does prove,
By some willing Mistake to discover her Love;
When striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other, what neither dare name.

How pleasing is Beauty, how sweet are the Charms?
How delightful Embraces, how peaceful her Arms?
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all Things above:
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yeild,
For 'tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

SONG LXXXII. *Three Nymphs, &c.*

SEE, see, like *Venus* she appears,
With all her Heaven of Charms!
Her spotless Form, her blooming Years,
Enchant me to her Arms.
Were I to chuse my Fav'rite Joy,
Or Love, or Kingly Sway,
Her Smiles would all my Hours employ,
And sport the World away.

SONG LXXXIII. *In vain, &c.*

IN Vain, fond Youth, thy Tears give o'er;
What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?
Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:
All are not happy that are True.

Suppress those Sighs and weep no more;
Should Heaven and Earth with thee combine,
'Twere all in vain, since any Power
To crown thy Love must alter mine,

But if Revenge can ease thy Pain,
I'll sooth the Ills I cannot cure,
Till that I drag a hopeless Chain,
And all that I inflict, endure.

SONG LXXXIV. *My* Chloe, &c.

MY *Chloe*, why do you ſlight me,
Since all you ask you have?
No more with Frowns affright me,
Nor uſe me like a Slave:
Good Nature to diſcover
Uſe well your faithful Lover,
I'll be no more a Rover,
But conſtant to my Grave.

Could we but change Conditions,
My Grief would all be flown;
Were I the kind Phyſician,
And you the Patient grown:
All own you're wond'rous pretty,
Well ſhap'd, and alſo witty,
Enforc'd with gen'rous Pity,
Then make my Caſe your own.

The Silvan Swan, when dying,
Has moſt melodious Lays,
Like him, when Life is flying,
In Songs I'll end my Days:
But know, thou cruel Creature,
My Soul ſhall mount the fleeter,
And I ſhall ſing the ſweeter,
By warbling forth thy Praiſe.

SONG LXXXV. *Why ſhould*, &c.

WHY ſhould a fooliſh Marriage Vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now,
When Paſſion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd
As long as we cou'd,
Till Love was lov'd out of us both:
But our Marriage is dead,
When the Pleaſure is fled;
'Twas Pleaſure firſt made it an Oath.

If I have Pleaſure for a Friend,
And further Love in ſtore,
What Wrong has he whoſe Joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
'Tis a Madneſs that he
Shou'd be jealous of me,
Or that I ſhou'd bar him of another;
For all we can gain,
Is to give our ſelves Pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

SONG LXXXVI. *Of* Leinſter, &c.

FLY, fly, ye Happy Shepherds, fly,
Avoid *Philira's* Charms,
The Rigour of her Heart denies
The Heaven that's in her Arms.
Ne'er hope to gaze and then retire,
Nor yeilding to be bleſt,
Nature, who form'd her Eyes of Fire,
Of Ice compos'd her Breaſt.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe
A Slave, whoſe Zeal you move:
The Gods, alas, your Youth deceive,
The Heaven conſiſts in Love.
In ſpite of all the Things you owe,
You may reproach 'em this;
That where they did their Form beſtow,
They have deny'd their Bliſs.

SONG LXXXVII. *I lov'd a bonny Lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming Creature,
Will you never eaſe my Pain?
Muſt I die for ev'ry Feature?
Muſt I always love in vain?
The Deſire of Admiration,
Is the Pleaſure you purſue:
Pr'ythee, try a laſting Paſſion,
Such a Love as mine for you.

Tears and Sighing could not move you,
For a Lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you ſaid I went too far.
Are ſuch giddy Ways beſeeming?
Will my Dear be fickle ſtill?
Conqueſt is the Joy of Women,
Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your Neglect with Torments fill me,
And my deſp'rate Thoughts increaſe;
Pray conſider, if you kill me,
You will have a Lover leſs.
If your wand'ring Heart is beating
For new Lovers, let it be;
But when you have done Coquetting,
Name a Day and fix on me.

SONG LXXXVIII. *My Love was*, &c.

MY Love was fickle, once and changing,
Nor e'er would ſettle in my Heart;
From Beauty ſtill to Beauty ranging,
In every Face I found a Dart.
'Twas firſt a charming Shape enſlav'd me,
An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke,
'Till by her Wit *Corinna* ſav'd me,
And all my former Fetters broke.

But now a long and laſting Anguiſh,
For *Belvidera* I endure;
Hourly I ſigh, and hourly I languiſh,
Nor hope to find the wonted Cure.
For here the falſe inconſtant Lover,
After a Thouſand Beauties ſhewn,
Does now ſurprizing Charms diſcover,
And finds Variety in one.

SONG LXXXIX. *Waft me*, &c.

FAIR *and ſoft, and gay, and young,*
All charm'd! ſhe play'd, ſhe danc'd, ſhe ſung!

There was no Way to 'scape the Dart,
No Care could guard the Lover's Heart!
Ah why! cry'd I, and dropp'd a Tear,
(Adoring, yet despairing here,
To have her to my self alone,)
Was so much Sweetness made for one!

But growing bolder in her Ear,
I in soft Numbers told my Care:
She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,
And seem'd to glow with equal Heat.
Like Heaven's too mighty to express
My Joys cou'd be but known by Guess:
Ah Fool said I, what have I done,
To wish her made for more than one!

But long I had not been in View
Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew,
E're I had reckon'd half her Charms,
She sunk into another's Arms,
But she, that once could faithless be,
Will favour him no more than me;
He too will find himself undone,
And that she's made for more than one.

SONG XC. *As* Celia, &c.

WHEN yielding first to *Damon's* Flames,
I sunk into his Arms;
He Swore he'd ever be the same,
Then rifled all my Charms.

But fond of what he long desir'd,
Too eager of his Prey,
My Shepherd's Flame, alas, expir'd
Before the Verge of Day.

My Innocence of Lovers Wars,
Reproach'd his quick Defeat;
Confus'd, asham'd, and bath'd in Tears,
I mourn'd his cold Retreat.

At length, ah Shepherdeſs, cry'd he,
Would you my Fire renew,
You muſt, alas, retreat like me;
I'm loſt if you purſue.

SONG XCI. Celia, *too late you*, &c.

CElia, too late you wou'd repent,
The offering all your Store,
Is now but like a Pardon ſent,
To one that's dead before.

While at the firſt you cruel prov'd,
And grant the Bliſs too late,
You hinder me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
When firſt my Court I made;
But when your Falſhoods plain appear,
My Love no longer ſtay'd.

Your Bragging of theſe Favours ſhown,
Whoſe Worth you firſt deface,
Is melting valu'd Medals down,
And giving us the Braſs.

O! ſince the Thing we beg's a Toy
That's priz'd by Love alone,
Why cannot Women grant the Joy
Before the Love is gone.

SONG XCII. *Haſte Shepherd*, &c.

I Gently touch'd her Hand, ſhe gave
A Look that did my Soul enſlave;
I preſs'd her rebel Lips in vain,
They roſe up to be preſs'd again:
Thus happy I no farther meant
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her ſoft Breaſts my Hand I laid,
And a quick Light Impreſſion made:

They, with a kindly Warmth, did glow,
And ſwell'd, and ſeem'd to overflow:
Yet truſt me, I no farther meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her Eyes my Eyes did ſtray,
O'er her ſmooth Limbs my Heart did ſtray;
Each Senſe was raviſh'd with Delight,
And my Soul ſtood prepar'd for Flight:
Blame me not, if at laſt I meant,
More to be pleas'd, than innocent.

SONG XCIII. *Yes, all the World,* &c.

YES, all the World will ſure agree,
He, who's ſecur'd of having thee,
Will be entirely bleſt;
But 'twere in me too great a Wrong,
To make one who has been ſo long
My Queen, my Slave at laſt.

Nor ought theſe Things to be confin'd,
That were for Publick Good deſign'd:
Cou'd we, in fooliſh Pride,
Make the Sun always with us ſtay,
'Twou'd burn our Corn and Graſs away,
And ſtarve the World beſide.

Let not the Thoughts of Parting fright,
Two Souls which Paſſion does unite;
For while our Love does laſt.
Neither will ſtrive to go away,
And why the Devil ſhould we ſtay,
When once that Love is paſt.

SONG XCIV, *Fair* Amoret *is,* &c.

FAIR *Amoret* is gone aſtray,
Purſue, and ſeek her ev'ry Lover;
I'll tell the Signs by which you may
The Wand'ring Shepherdeſs diſcover.

Coquet and coy at once her Air,
Both ſtudy'd, tho' both ſeem neglected;
Careleſs ſhe is with artful Care,
Affecting to ſeem unaffected.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
Yet change ſo ſoon you'd ne'er ſuſpect 'em;
For ſhe'd perſuade they wound by Chance,
Tho' certain Aim and Art direct them.

She likes herſelf, yet others hates,
For that which in herſelf ſhe prizes;
And while ſhe laughs at them, forgets
She is the Thing that ſhe deſpiſes.

SONG XCV. Tweed-*Side*.

REſtrain'd from the Sight of my Dear,
No Object with Pleaſure I ſee,
Tho' thouſands all round me appear,
The World's but a Deſart to me;
Ev'ry Morning her Charms to ſurvey
Sol's Abſence I'd gladly excuſe,
'Tis her Eyes that reſtore me the Day,
'Tis Night when their Luſtre I loſe.

In vain are the Verdures of Spring,
The Fields dreſs'd ſo bloomingly gay,
The Birds that delightfully ſing,
Delight not when *Celia*'s away:
Oh! give the dear Nymph to my Arms,
And the Seaſons unheeded may roll,
Her Preſence like Midſummer warms
Her Abſence outfreezes the Pole.

Reclin'd by ſoft murmuring Streams,
I weeping diſburthen my Care;
I tell to the Rocks my fond Themes,
Whoſe Ecchoes but ſooth my Deſpair:
Ye Streams that ſoft murmuring flow,
Convey to my Love ev'ry Tear;
Ye Rocks that reſound with my Woe,
Repeat my Complaints in her Ear.

O Tell her I languishing lie,
In the midst of Life's vigorous Bloom,
That 'tis only herself can supply
The Cure that retrieves from the Tomb.
And if the dear Charmer shall deign
To equal my amorous Fire,
That Moment will ease all my Pain,
New Life and new Pleasure inspire.

SONG XCVI. *Not this blooming*, &c.

NOT this blooming *April* Season
Can relieve my aching Heart;
Spight of all the Force of Reason,
Still I act a frantick Part:
As the Canker eats the Roses,
And the springing Green destroys,
So Despair my Rest opposes,
And consumes my rising Joys.

Ev'ry Valley, Field and Mountain,
Flow'ry Plain and verdant Grove,
Warbling Bird and sparkling Fountain,
Minds me of my luckless Love.
When the Cowslip I discover,
Springing o'er the Primrose Fair,
Thee (I sigh) my gentle Lover!
Would have cropp'd to deck my Hair.

If I sadly sit reflecting
By some bloomy Hawthorn Tree;
All my Sorrows recollecting,
Love, I cry, resembles thee:
He all Flow'ry can appear,
To conceal his poison'd Dart;
But the Wretch, that trusts him near,
Grasps a Thorn and wounds the Heart.

SONG XCVII. *My Goddess* Celia, &c.

WHEN *Sylvia* strikes the trembling Strings,
She charms with Melody divine;
But if a melting Air she sings,
In Concert all the Muses join.

The youthful wanton little Loves
Around the beauteous Charmer fly;
And ev'ry Way the Virgin moves,
She makes us love, and bids us die.

The Graces preſs about the Fair,
Where Youth and blooming Glories reign;
And, while her Voice employs the Ear,
Her Eyes provoke an am'rous Pain.

How ſhall I mitigate my Woes?
O! where enjoy the wiſh'd Redreſs?
A Stranger to all ſoft Repoſe,
Where Charms and Muſick both oppreſs.

With her in Symphony we go;
We ſoar, when ſhrill ſhe riſes high:
And to ſoft Cadence ſinking low:
Intent the Faculties apply.

Italian Songs are wont to pleaſe,
Tho' Senſeleſs Words join Harmony:
But ev'ry one to this agrees,
Both Senſe and Muſick meet in thee.

SONG XCVIII. Chloe, *when I*, &c.

CHloe, when I View thee ſmiling,
Joys celeſtial round me move,
Pleaſing Viſions, Care beguiling,
Guard my State, and crown my Love.

To behold thee gaily ſhining,
Is a Pleaſure paſt deſigning,
Ev'ry Feature charms my Sight;
But, O Heav'ns! when I'm careſſing,
Thrilling Raptures, never ceaſing,
Fill my Soul with ſoft Delight.

Oh! thou lovely deareſt Creature!
Sweet Enſlaver of my Heart;
Beauteous Maſter-piece of Nature,
Cauſe of all my Joy and Smart!

In thy Arms enfolded lay me,
To diſſolving Bliſs convey me,
Softly ſooth my Soul to Reſt;
Gently, kindly, oh my Treaſure!
Bleſs me, let me die with Pleaſure,
On thy panting ſnowy Breaſt.

SONG XCIX. Celia, my Heart, &c.

Celia, my Heart has often rang'd
Like Bees o'er gaudy Flow'rs,
And many Thouſand Loves has chang'd,
'Till it was fix'd on yours:

But *Celia*, when I ſaw thoſe Eyes,
'Twas ſoon determin'd there;
Stars might as well forſake the Skies,
And vaniſh into Air.

Now, if from this great Rule I err,
New Beauties to adore,
May I again turn Wanderer,
And never ſettle more.

SONG C. Thou riſing Sun, &c.

THOU riſing Sun, whoſe gladſome Ray
Invites my Fair to rural Play,
Diſpel the Miſt, and clear the Skies,
And bring my Orra *to my Eyes.*

O were I ſure my Dear to view,
I'd climb the Pine-tree's topmoſt Bough,
Aloft in Air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, *where art thou laid?*
What Woods conceal my ſleeping Maid?
Up by the Roots, enrag'd I'll tear
The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair.

Oh! could I ride on Clouds and Skies,
Or on the Raven's Pinions riſe;
Ye Storks, ye Swans, a Moment ſtay,
And waft a Lover on his Way.

My Bliſs too long, my Bride denies,
Apace the waſting Summer flies,
Nor yet the Wintry Blaſts I fear,
Not Storms, or Nights ſhall keep me here.

What may for Strength with Steel compare?
Oh! Love has Fetters ſtronger far;
By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the Mind.

No longer then perplex thy Breaſt,
When Thoughts torment, the firſt are beſt,
'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to ſtay,
Away to Orra, *haſte away.*

SONG CI. *I never ſaw a Face, &c.*

I Never ſaw a Face till now,
That could my Paſſion move:
I lik'd, and ventur'd many a Vow,
But durſt not think of Love.

'Till Beauty, charming every Senſe,
An eaſy Conqueſt made;
And ſhew'd the Vainneſs of Defence,
While *Phillis* does invade.

But oh! her colder Heart denies,
The Thoughts her Looks inſpire;
And while in Ice that frozen lies,
Her Eyes dart only Fire.

Betwixt Extreams I am undone,
Like Plants too Northward ſet,
Burnt by too violent a Sun,
Or chill'd for want of Heat.

SONG CII. *Fair* Chloe, *my Breaſt, &c.*

FAIR *Chloe* my Breaſt ſo alarms,
From her Pow'r no Refuge I find,
If another I take to my Arms,
Yet my *Chloe* is then in my Mind.
Unbleſs'd with the Joy ſtill a Pleaſure I want,
Which none but my *Chloe*, my *Chloe* can grant.

Let *Chloe* but ſmile I grow gay,
And I feel my Heart ſpring with Delight,
On *Chloe* I could gaze all the Day,
And *Chloe* I wiſh for all Night.

Oh! did *Chloe* know how I do love,
And the Pleaſure of loving again,
My Paſſion her Favour would move,
And in Prudence ſhe'd pity my Pain:
Good Nature and Int'reſt ſhou'd both make her kind,
For the Joy ſhe might give, and the Joy ſhe might find.

SONG CIII. Cynthia *frowns*, &c.

Cynthia frowns whene'er I woo her,
Yet ſhe's vex'd if I give over:
Much ſhe fears I ſhould undo her,
But much more to loſe her Lover.
Thus in doubting, ſhe refuſes,
And not winning thus ſhe loſes.

Pr'ythee, *Cynthia*, look behind you,
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you,
Then too late Deſires will find you,
When the Power does forſake you.
Think, oh! think; oh! ſad Condition,
To be paſt, yet wiſh Fruition!

SONG CIV. *I fixed my Fancy*, &c.

BRight *Cynthia*'s Pow'r divinely great,
What Heart is not obeying?
A Thouſand *Cupids* on her wait,
And in her Eyes are playing.
She ſeems the Queen of Love to reign:
For ſhe alone diſpenſes
Such Sweets as beſt can entertain
The Guſt of all the Senſes.

Her Face a charming Proſpect brings,
Her Breath gives balmy Bliſſes;
I hear an Angel when ſhe ſings,
And taſte of Heav'n in Kiſſes.

Four Senſes thus ſhe feaſts with Joy.
From Nature's richeſt Treaſure:
Let me the other Senſe employ,
And I ſhall die with Pleaſure.

SONG CV. *Fooliſh Swain, thy,* &c.

FOOliſh Swain, thy Sighs forbear,
Nothing can her Paſſion move:
Celia, with a careleſs Air,
Laughs to hear the Tale of Love.

Darts and Flames the Nymph defies,
Joys with others Hearts beguile;
Pleaſure ſparkles in her Eyes,
Gay without an am'rous ſmile.

Celia, like the feather'd Choir,
Ever on the Wing for Flight,
Hops from this to that Deſire,
Fluttring ſtill in new Delight.

Pleas'd ſhe ſeems when you are by,
And when abſent, ſhe's the ſame;
Talks of Love like you or I,
But fancies it an empty Name.

Always eaſy, ever kind,
When you think you have her ſure,
Such a Temper you will find,
Quick to wound but ſlow to cure.

SONG CVI. *While in the,* &c.

WHile in the bow'r, with Beauty bleſt
The lov'd *Amyntor* lies;
While ſinking on *Zelinda's* Breaſt,
He fondly, fondly, kiſs'd her Eyes;
He fondly, fondly, fondly kiſs'd her Eyes:

A waking Nightingale, who long
Had mourn'd within the Shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song,
And warbled, warbled, thro' the Glade;
And warbled, warbled, warbled thro' the Glade

Melodious Songſtreſs, cry'd the Swain,
To Shades leſs happy go;
Or, if with Us thou wilt remain,
Forbear, forbear, thy tuneful Woe:
Forbear, forbear, forbear, thy tuneful Woe.

While in *Zelinda*'s Arms I lie,
To Song I am not free;
On her ſoft Boſom while I ſigh,
I Diſcord, Diſcord, find in thee.
I Diſcord, Diſcord, Diſcord, find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect Joy:
Then ceaſe thy fond Intruſion.
Be ſilent; Muſick now is Noiſe,
Variety, Variety, Confuſion;
Varie——ty, Confuſion.

SONG CVII. *Ye Gods that round*, &c.

YE Gods that round fair Celia *wait,*
To bring from her bright Eyes our Fate?
Go tell the Nymph in ſofteſt Sighs,
And tell her, her Adorer dies.

But if that won't her Pity move,
And ſhe proud Thing diſdain my Love;
Then let her know; 'tis all a Lye,
For haughty Strephon *ſcorns to die.*

SONG CVIII. *Fooliſh Prater*, &c.

FOoliſh Prater, what doſt thou
So early at thy Window do
With thy tuneleſs Serenade?
Well't had been, had Tereus *made*
Thee dumb as Philomel,
There his Knife had done but well.

In thy undiſcover'd Neſt
Thou doſt all the Winter reſt,
And dreameſt on thy Summer Joys,
Free from the ſtormy Seaſon's Noiſe,
Free from the ill thou'ſt done to me;
Who diſturbs or ſeeks out thee?

Hadſt thou all the charming Notes
Of the Woods poetick Throats,
All thy Art could never pay
What thouſt ta'en from me away.

Cruel Bird, thou'ſt ta'en away
A Dream out of my Arms, to Day;
A Dream that ne'er muſt equall'd be,
By all that naked Eyes may ſee.

Thou, this Damage to repair,
Nothing half ſo ſweet or fair,
Nothing half ſo good can'ſt bring,
Tho' Men ſay thou bring'ſt the Spring.

SONG CIX. *Gently touch*, &c.

YOU I love, by all that's true,
More than all Things here below;
With a Pleaſure far more great
Than e'er a Creature loved yet;
And yet ſtill you cry, Forbear,
Love no more, or love not here.

Bid the Miſer leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched ſigh no more;
Bid the Old be Young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Sylvia, when thou this can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a Thing of Choice, but Fate;
What makes me love, makes you to hate,
Sylvia, then do what you will,
Eaſe, or cure, torment, or kill;
Be kind, or cruel, falſe or true,
Love I muſt, and none but you.

SONG CX. Stella, *Darling of*, &c.

STella, Darling of the Muſes,
Fairer than the blooming Spring,
Sweeteſt Theme the Poet chuſes
When of thee he ſtrives to ſing;

While my Soul with Wonder traces,
All thy Charms of Face and Mind,
All the Beauties, all the Graces
Of thy Sex in thee I find.

Love and Joy and Admiration,
In my Breaſt alternate riſe,
Words no more can paint my Paſſion,
Than the Pencil can thy Eyes.

Laviſh Nature, thee adorning,
O'er thy Lips and Cheeks hath ſpread
Colours, that can ſhame the Morning,
Smiling with Celeſtial Red.

Could the Gods, in bleſt Condition,
Aught on Earth with Envy view,
Lovely *Stella*, their Ambition
Would be to reſemble you.

SONG CXI. *Fair* Iris *I love*, &c.

FAIR Iris *I love, and I hourly die,*
But not for a Lip, nor a languiſhing Eye;
She's fickle and falſe, and there we agree,
For I am as falſe, and as fickle as ſhe;
We neither believe what either can ſay,
And neither believing, we neither betray.

'Tis civil to hear, and ſay Things of courſe,
We mean not the taking for better for worſe;
When preſent we love, when abſent agree,
I think not of Iris, *nor* Iris *of me;*
The Legend of Love no Couple can find,
So eaſy to part, or ſo equally join'd.

SONG CXII. *To all you Ladies*, &c.

IN Vain's the Force of Female Arms,
In vain their offer'd Love,
Their Smiles, their Airs, not all their Charms,
My Paſſion can remove;
For all that's fair and good I find
In *Chloe*'s Form, in *Chloe*'s Mind.

Let *Celia* all her Wit display,
That glitters while it kills,
My Heart disdains the feeble Ray,
Nor Light nor Heat it feels;
For all that's bright and gay I find,
In *Chloe's* Form, in *Chloe's* Mind.

Fair *Flavia* shines in Gems of Gold,
And uses all her Arts;
Not richest Chains my Heart can hold,
Unpierc'd by Diamond Darts:
For all that's rich and fair I find
In *Chloe's* Form, in *Chloe's* Mind.

These Notes, sweet *Myra*, now give o'er,
They once had Pow'r to wound;
When *Chloe* speaks, they are no more,
But mix with common Sound;
All Grace, all Harmony I find
In *Chloe's* Form, in *Chloe's* Mind.

SONG CXIII. *Would Fate to me*, &c.

YOU meaner Beauties of the Night,
Who poorly satisfy our Eyes,
More with your Number than your Light,
Like common People of the Skies,
What are you when the Moon doth rise?

You Violets, that first appear,
By your fine purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the Year,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown?

You warbling Chanters of the Wood,
Who fill your Ears with Nature's Lays,
Thinking your Passion's understood
By meaner Accents; what's your Praise,
When *Philomel* her Voice doth raise?

You glorious Trifles of the East,
Whose Estimations Fancies raise,
Pearls, Rubies, Saphires, and the rest
Of glitt'ring Gems; what is your Praise,
When the bright Di'mond shews his Rays?

So when my Princeſs ſhall be ſeen,
In Beauty of her Face and Mind,
By Virtue firſt, then Choice, a Queen;
Tell me, if ſhe were not deſign'd
Th' Eclipſe and Glory of her kind.

The Roſe, the Violet, and the whole Spring,
Unto her Breath for Sweetneſs run;
The Di'mond's darken'd in the Ring,
If ſhe appear, the Moon's undone,
As in the Preſence of the Sun.

SONG CXIV. *My Goddeſs* Celia.

BElinda, ſee from yonder Flowers
The Bee flies loaded to its Cell;
Can you perceive what it devours.
Are they impair'd in Shew or Smell?

So tho' I robb'd you of a Kiſs,
Sweeter than their Ambroſial Dew,
Why are you angry at my Bliſs,
Has it at all impoveriſh'd you?

'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,
In ſpite of your unkind Reſerve,
To keep my famiſh'd Love alive,
Which you inhumanly wou'd ſtarve.

SONG CXV. *Dear* Colin, &c.

DEar *Colin*, prevent my warm Bluſhes,
Since how can I ſpeak without Pain,
My Eyes have oft told you my Wiſhes,
Oh! can't you their Meaning explain:
My Paſſion would loſe by Expreſſion,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a Confeſſion
Of what is too tender to name:

Since yours is the Province of Speaking,
Why ſhould you expect it from me?
Our Wiſhes ſhould be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they ſhould be:

Then quickly why don't you discover,
Did your Heart feel such Tortures as mine?
I need not tell over and over,
What I in my Bosom confine.

SONG CXVI. *Dear* Colin, &c.

DEar Madam, when Ladies are willing,
A Man must needs look like a Fool,
For me, I would not give a Shilling,
For one that can love out of Rule:
At least you should wait for our Offers,
Nor snatch like old Maids in Despair,
If you've liv'd to these Years without Proffers,
Your sighs are now lost in the Air.

You should leave us to guess at your Meaning,
And not speak the Matter too plain;
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
And yours to affect a Disdain:
That you're in a terrible Taking,
By all your fond Oglings I see:
The Fruit that will fall without shaking,
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

SONG CXVII. When *Delia* on, &c.

WHEN Delia *on the Plain appears,*
Aw'd by a Thousand tender Fears,
I would approach, but dare not move,
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear,
No other Voice but her's can bear,
No other Wit but her's approve, Tell me, &c.

If she some other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest Friend,
That Instant, Enemy I prove, Tell me, &c.

When she is absent, I no more,
Delight in all, that pleas'd before:
The clearest Spring, or shady Grove, Tell me, &c.

When arm'd with insolent Disdain,
She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain;
I strove to hate, but vainly strove, Tell me, &c.

SONG CXVIII. *Charming* Chloe, &c.

Charming *Chloe*, look with Pity
On your faithful Love-ſick Swain:
Hear, oh hear this doleful Ditty,
And relieve his mighty Pain:

Find you Muſick in his ſighing,
Can you ſee him in Diſtreſs,
Wiſhing, trembling, panting, dying,
Yet afford no kind Redreſs?

Strephon, mov'd by lawful Paſſion,
For no Favours rudely ſues:
All his Flame is out of Faſhion,
Ancient Honour for him woes,

Love for Love's the Swain's Ambition,
But if that is doom'd too great,
Pity, Pity his Condition,
Say at leaſt you do not hate.

Shou'd you, fonder of a Rover,
Practis'd in the Art of Guile,
Slight ſo true and kind a Lover,
Chloe, might not *Strephon* ſmile?

Yes: well-pleas'd at thy undoing,
Vulgar Lovers might upbraid;
Strephon, conſcious of thy Ruin,
Soon wou'd be a ſilent Shade.

SONG CXIX. *Gently touch the*, &c.

Strephon, when you ſee me fly,
Why ſhould that your Fear create?
Maids may be as often ſhy,
Out of Love, as out of Hate:
When from you I fly away,
'Tis becauſe I fear to ſtay.

Did I out of Hatred run,
Leſs would be my Pain and Care;
But the Youth I love, to ſhun!
Who could ſuch a Trial bear?
Who, that ſuch a Swain did ſee,
Who could love, and fly like me?

Cruel Duty bids me go;
Gentle Love commands my ſtay;
Duty's ſtill to Love a Foe;
Shall I this or that obey?
Duty frowns and *Cupid* ſmiles,
That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever, by this Chryſtal Stream,
I could ſit and ſee thee ſigh,
Raviſh'd with this pleaſing Dream.
Oh! 'tis worſe than Death to fly?
But the Danger is ſo great,
Fear gives Wings inſtead of Feet.

If you love me, *Strephon*, leave me,
If you ſtay, I am undone:
Oh! you may with Eaſe deceive me;
Prithee, charming Boy, begone:
The Gods decree, that we muſt part;
They have my Vow, but you my Heart.

SONG CXX. *See! from the*, &c.

SEE! from the ſilent Grove *Alexis* flies,
And ſeeks with ev'ry pleaſing Art,
To eaſe the Pain which lovely Eyes
Created in his Heart,
To ſhining Theatres he now repairs,
To learn *Camilla*'s moving Airs,
Where thus to Muſick's Pow'r the Swain addreſs'd his Pray'rs.

'Charming Sounds that ſweetly languiſh!
'Muſick, Oh! compoſe my Anguiſh!
'Ev'ry Paſſion yeilds to thee,
'*Phœbus*, quickly then relieve me;
'*Cupid* ſhall no more deceive me,
'I'll to ſprightlier Joys be free.

Apollo heard the fooliſh Swain,
He knew when *Daphne* once he lov'd,
How weak t'aſſwage an am'rous Pain,
His own harmonious Art had prov'd,
And all his healing Herbs how vain:

Then thus he ſtrikes the pleaſing Strings,
Preluding to his Voice and ſings.

'Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee,
'Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee,
'Muſick is the Voice of Love:
'If the tender Maid believe thee,
'Soft relenting, kind conſenting,
'Will alone thy Pain remove.

SONG CXXI. *God of Sleep*, &c.

GOD of Sleep, for whom I languiſh,
God of pleaſing Dreams and Peace,
Gently ſooth a Lover's Anguiſh,
Help to make his Tortures ceaſe.

Spread thy ſacred Pinions o'er me,
Lull the buſy Soul to reſt,
Then bring her I love before me,
She that's painted in my Breaſt.

If kind as fair, my Bliſs I'll keep,
And great as *Jove*, the World forſake:
Let me, thus bleſs'd, for ever ſleep,
And lie, and dream and never wake;

But ſhou'd the Fair, divinely Bright,
Reject my Vows, and ſcorn my Flame,
Fly, fly, kind Sleep, reſtore the Light,
Let *Strephon* know 'twas all a Dream.

SONG CXXII. *Why will*, &c.

FROM native Stalk the *Provence* Roſe,
I pluck'd with green Attire;
But oh! upon its Graces hung
A *Fultus* to deſire.

A vile, deſtroying, preying Worm,
Who ſhelter'd in the Leaf,
Had robb'd me of the priſtine Joy,
And prov'd the lucky Thief.

So beauteous Nymphs too oft are found
The vileſt Men to truſt,
While conſtant Lovers plead in vain,
And die for being juſt.

SONG CXXIII. Tweed-*Side.*

WHAT Torment, ye Powr's, I ſuſtain,
How my Boſom is tortur'd with Care?
In pity relieve my ſoſt Pain,
Or give me more Courage to b'ar;
Let me ſwim in an Ocean of Bliſs,
Or ſink in a Torrent of Grief:
An Heaven of delight they poſſeſs,
Who from Hell of Deſpair have Relief.

SONG CXXIV. *Twas on a,* &c.

THE Night was ſtill, the Air ſerene,
Fann'd by a ſouthern Breeze;
The glimm'ring Moon might juſt be ſeen,
Reflecting thro' the Trees.

The bubbling Water's conſtant Courſe,
From off th' adjacent Hill,
Was mournful Eccho's laſt Reſource,
All Nature was ſo ſtill.

The conſtant Shepherd ſought this Shade,
By Sorrow ſore oppreſs'd,
Cloſe by a Fountain's Margin laid,
His Pain he thus expreſs'd.

Ah, wretched Youth! why didſt thou love,
Or hope to meet Succeſs;
Or think the Fair would conſtant prove,
Thy blooming Hopes to bleſs?

Find me the Roſe, on barren Sands;
The Lilly 'midſt the Rocks;
The Grape in wide deſerted Lands;
A Wolf to guard the Flocks.

Thoſe you, alas! will ſooner gain,
And will more eaſy find,
Than meet with aught but cold Diſdain,
In faithleſs Womankind.

Riches alone now win the Fair.
Merit they quite deſpiſe;
The conſtant Lover, thro' Deſpair,
Becauſe not wealthy, dies

SONG CXXV. *Sweet are the*, &c.

IT is not, *Celia*, in our Pow'r,
To ſay how long our Love will laſt;
It may be, we, within this Hour,
May loſe the Joys we now do taſte;
The bleſſed, that immortal be,
From Change in Love are only free,

Then ſince we mortal Lovers are,
Ask not how long our Loves will laſt,
But while it does, let us take Care
Each Minute be with Pleaſure paſt:
Were it not Madneſs to deny
To live, becauſe we are ſure to die?

Fear not, tho' Love and Beauty fail,
My Reaſon ſhall my Heart direct;
Your Kindneſs now ſhall then prevail,
And Paſſion turn into Reſpect:
Celia, at worſt, you'll in the End,
But change a Lover for a Friend.

SONG CXXVI. *Greenwood-Tree.*

FArewel the World, and mortal Cares,
The raviſh'd *Strephon* cry'd,
As full of Joy and tender Tears
He lay by *Phillis'* Side:
Let others toil for Wealth and Fame
Whilſt not one Thought of mine
At any other Bliſs ſhall aim,
But thoſe dear Arms of thine!

Still let me gaze on thoſe bright Eyes,
And heat thy charming Tongue,
I nothing ask to ſwell my Joys,
But thus to feel 'em long.
In cloſe Embraces let us lie,
And ſpend our Lives to come,
Then let us both together die,
And be each other's Tomb.

SONG CXXVII. Chloe, *be wiſe*, &c.

SHE, that wou'd gain a conſtant Lover,
Muſt at a Diſtance keep the Slave;
Not by a Look her Heart diſcover,
Men ſhould but gueſs the Thoughts we have.

Whilſt they're in doubt, their Flame increaſes,
And all Attendance they will pay:
When we're poſſeſs'd their Tranſport ceaſes,
And Vows, like Vapours, fleet away.

SONG CXXVIII. *Had I the*, &c.

GO tell Amyntas, *gentle Swain,*
I cannot die, nor dare complain;
Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
Thy Words will more prevail than mine.

To Souls oppreſs'd, and dumb with Grief,
The Gods ordain this kind Relief,
That Muſick ſhou'd in Sound convey
What dying Lovers dare not ſay.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps we'd give,
But Love on Pity cannot live;
Tell her, that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid.

Tell her my Pains ſo faſt increaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt Redreſs!
For ah! the Wretch that ſpeechleſs lies,
Attends but Death to cloſe his Eyes.

SONG CXXIX. *Jolly Mortals*, &c.

LOve's a Dream of mighty Treaſure,
Which in Fancy we poſſeſs;
In the Folly lies the Pleaſure,
Wiſdom always makes it leſs.

When we think, by Paſſion heated,
We a Goddeſs have in Chace,
Like *Ixion* we are cheated,
And a gaudy Cloud embrace.

Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Miſtreſs well deceives;
Seeking nothing to diſcover,
He contented lives at eaſe.

But the Wretch, that would be knowing
What the fair-one would diſguiſe,
Labours for his own Undoing,
Changing happy to be wiſe.

SONG CXXX. *Bleſs'd as the*, &c.

OThers falſe Tongues can you believe,
Yet not my truer ſpeaking Eyes?
Mens Tongues Love teaches to deceive,
But with his Looks no Lover lies.

The leſs I boaſt my real Flame,
The more my Paſſion Truth beſpeaks;
Not what the Tongue, but Eyes proclaim,
Love's Infidel a Convert makes.

For Lovers, like profeſſing Friends,
Are more believ'd, the leſs they ſay;
Who more our artful Speeches minds,
Than Looks, does her own Faith betray.

Believe not my loud Rivals then,
Whilſt they to thee ſuch Love profeſs;
True Love is, like true Courage, ſeen,
But more as we pretend t'it leſs.

SONG CXXXI. Ianthe *the*, &c.

THE Charms of bright Beauty ſo powerful are,
'Tis for that we make Peace, and for that we make War:
Then tell me no more of Religion and Laws,
Your Cant of Injuſtice, your good and bad Cauſe;
Your Conqueſts and Triumphs, your Captives and Spoils,
Shall never incite me to hazardous Toils.

To be great, wiſe, and wealthy, I never would chuſe,
Shou'd the Nymph I adore her Favours refuſe;

Then let my Eugenia *be faithful and kind,*
I'll weary the Winter, I'll weather the Wind;
I'd ravage the Seas, the Earth and the Air,
And combat, for her, even Death and Deſpair.

SONG CXXXII. *Stay, Shepherd,* &c.

O Why did e'er my Thoughts aſpire
To wiſh for that no Crown can buy,
'Tis Sacrilege, but to deſire
What ſhe in Honour will deny.

As *Indians* do the Eaſtern Skies,
I at a Diſtance muſt adore.
The brighter Glories of her Eyes,
And never dare pretend to more.

SONG CXXXIII. Colin's *Complaint.*

DEAR *Chloe*, whilſt thus beyond Meaſure,
You treat me with Doubts and Diſdain;
You rob all your Youth of its Pleaſure,
And hoard up an old Age of Pain:
Your Maxim, that Love is ſtill founded
On Charms that will quickly decay,
You'll find to be very ill grounded,
When once you its Dictates obey.

The Paſſion, from Beauty firſt drawn,
Your Kindneſs will vaſtly improve,
Soft Smiles and gay Looks are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun-ſhine of Love.
And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
Should be clouded that now are ſo gay,
And Darkneſs poſſeſs all the Skies,
We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old *Darby*, with *Joan* by his Side,
You've often regarded with Wonder;
He's Dropſical, She is ſore Ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneaſy aſunder.
Together, they totter about,
Or ſit in the Sun at the Door,
And at Night when old *Darby*'s Pots out,
His *Joan* will not Smoak a Whiff more.

No Beauty or Wit they poſſeſs,
Their ſeveral Failings to ſmother;
Then what are the Charms, can you gueſs,
That make 'em ſo fond of each other?
'Tis the pleaſing Remembrance of Youth,
The Endearments that Love did beſtow,
The Thoughts of paſt Pleaſure and Truth,
The beſt of all Bleſſings below.

Thoſe Traces for ever will laſt,
Which Sickneſs nor Time can remove,
For when Youth and Beauty are paſt,
An Age brings the Winter of Love.
A Friendſhip inſenſibly grows,
By Reviews of ſuch Raptures as theſe,
The Current of Fondneſs ſtill flows,
Which decrepid old Age cannot freeze

SONG CXXXIV. *Dear* Chloe, &c.

DEAR *Chloe* attend
To th' Advice of a Friend,
And for once be admoniſh'd by me:
Before you engage
To wed with old Age,
Think how Summer and Winter agree,
Think how Summer and Winter agree.

So ancient a Fruit,
For want of a Root,
Is doom'd to a ſpeedy Decay;
Youth might ripen your Charms,
But old Age in young Arms,
Is like froſty Weather in *May*.

Believe me, dear Maid,
When the beſt Cards are play'd,
You ſeldom can meet with a Trump;
And to help the Jeſt on,
When the Sucker is gone,
What a Plague would you do with a Pump?

Let Men of Threeſcore
Think of Wedlock no more,

They need not be fond of that Nooſe;
The Cripple that begs,
Without any Legs,
Can have no great Occaſion for Shoes.

A Clock out of Repair
Doth but badly declare
The Hour of the Day or the Night;
For, unleſs, my dear Love,
The *Pendulum* move,
'Twou'd be ſtrange if the Clock ſhou'd go right.

SONG CXXXV. *My Goddeſs* Celia, &c.

IT is not that I love you leſs
Than when before your Feet I lay;
But to prevent the ſad Encreaſe,
Of hopeleſs Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas!) for every Thing,
Which I have known belong to you,
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old Wounds bleed anew.

Who, in the Spring from the new Sun,
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins thoſe Shafts to ſhun,
Which *Phœbus* thro' his Veins has ſhot.

Too late he would the Pain aſſwage,
And to thick Shadows does retire;
About with him he bears the Rage,
And in his tainted Blood the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſh'd Servant trouble you;
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The Vow I made to love you too.

SONG CXXXVI. Bacchus *one*, &c.

LOVE is like the raging Ocean,
When the ſwelling Surges riſe,
Winds, which guide its troubled Motion,
Women's Temper well ſupplies.

Man's the eaſy Bark, and playing
On the Surface of the Sea,
To the worſt of Ills betraying,
Cupid muſt the Pilot be.

SONG CXXXVII. *Born with the*, &c.

BORN with the Vices of my Kind,
I were inconſtant too,
Dear *Cynthia*, could I roving find
More Beauty than in you.

The rolling Surges of my Blood,
By Virtue now ebb'd low;
Should a new Shower encreaſe the Flood,
Too ſoon 'twould overflow.

But Frailty, when thy Face I ſee,
Does modeſtly retire;
Uncommon muſt her Graces be,
Whoſe Look can bound Deſire.

Nor to my Virtue, but thy Power,
This Conſtancy is due;
When Change itſelf can give no more,
'Tis eaſy to be true.

SONG CXXXVIII. *Power of Love.*

AT Dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep,
The peaceful Cottage lay;
Paſtora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and uſeleſs Scrip:
Love led the Nymph aſtray.

Looſe, and undreſs'd, ſhe takes her Flight,
To a near Myrtle Shade;
The conſcious Moon gave all her Light,
To bleſs her raviſh'd Lover's Sight,
And guide the charming Maid.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And to aſſwage his Pain,
His reſtleſs Paſſion he obeys,
At ſuch an Hour, in ſuch a Place,
What Lover could contain?

In vain ſhe call'd the conſcious Moon,
The Moon no Succour gave;
The cruel Stars, unmov'd, look on,
And ſeem'd to ſmile at what was done,
Nor would her Honour ſave.

Vanquiſh'd at laſt by pow'rful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay;
No more ſhe ſigh'd, no more ſhe ſtrove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She bluſh'd, and dy'd away.

Yet bleſs'd the Grove, her conſcious Flight
And Youth that did betray;
And panting, dying, with Delight,
She bleſs'd the kind tranſporting Night,
And curs'd approaching Day.

SONG CXXXIX. *Ten Years, like, &c.*

TEN Years, like *Troy*, my ſtubborn Heart
Withſtood th' Aſſault of fond Deſire:
But now, alas! I feel a Smart,
Poor I, like *Troy*, am ſet on Fire.

With Care we may a Pile ſecure,
And from all common Sparks defend;
But oh! who can a Houſe ſecure,
When the celeſtial Flames deſcend!

Thus was I ſafe, 'till from your Eyes
Deſtructive Fires are brightly giv'n:
Ah! who can ſhun the warm Surprize,
When lo! the Light'ning comes from Heav'n.

SONG CXL. *Grim King of, &c.*

CAN Love be controul'd by Advice?
Will *Cupid* our Mothers obey?
Tho' my Heart were as frozen as Ice,
At his Flame it would have melted away.

When he kiſs'd me, ſo cloſely he preſt,
'Twas ſo ſweet I muſt have complyd:
So I thought it both ſafeſt and beſt
To marry, for fear you ſhould chide.

SONG CXLI. *Wanton* Chloe, &c.

SAY, lovely Dream, where could'ſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that Face;
Colours of this glorious Kind
Come not from any mortal Place.

In Heaven itſelf, thou, ſure, wert dreſt
With that Angel-like Diſguiſe;
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my Joy with cloſed Eyes,

But, ah! this Image is too kind,
To be other than a Dream;
Cruel *Sachariſſa*'s Mind
Never put on that ſweet Extream.

Fair Dream, if thou intend'ſt me Grace,
Change that heavenly Face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd Love in thy Face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a Pity-moving Shape,
Such as wander by the Brook
Of *Lethe*, or from Graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe Shape thou ſhineſt ſo,
Softly in her ſleeping Ear
With humble Words expreſs my Woe.

Perhaps from Greatneſs, State, or Pride,
Thus ſurprized ſhe may fall:
Sleep does Diſproportion hide,
And Death reſembling equals all.

SONG CXLII. *What ſhall I do*, &c.

VIrgins are like the fair Flow'r in its Luſtre,
Which, in the Garden, enamels the Ground;
Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluſter,
And gaudy Butterflies frolick around;

But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
To *Covent-Garden* 'tis ſent (as yet ſweet.)
There fades and ſhrinks, and grows paſt all enduring
Rots, ſtinks, and dies, and is trod under Feet.

SONG CXLIII. *Dying Swan.*

WHEN *Cynthia* ſaw *Bathſheba's* Charms
In wanton Colours dreſt,
Thoſe Lips, thoſe killing Eyes, thoſe Arms,
I dare not name the reſt!

The bluſhing, envious, angry Maid
Obſerv'd with various Paſſions toſt,
To ev'ry vulgar Eye betray'd
The Beauties ſhe alone could boaſt.

A fatal Weapon forth ſhe drew,
To check the curious Painter's Pride,
To veil thoſe Charms ſhe only knew,
Thoſe Beauties only ſhe could hide.

'Tis well, enamour'd *Lamon* cry'd,
E'en let the paultry Copy fall,
By you the Loſs is well ſupply'd,
In you we find th' Original.

SONG CXLIV. *Stay, Shepherd,* &c.

WHEN Molly *ſmiles beneath her Cow,*
I feel my Heart I can't tell how;
When Molly *is on* Sunday *dreſt,*
On Sundays *I can take no Reſt.*

What can I do on Working-Days?
I leave my Work on her to gaze:
What ſhall I ſay? At Sermons I
Forget the Text when Molly's *by.*

Good Maſter Curate, teach me how
To mind your Preaching and my Plough;
And if for this you'll raiſe a Spell,
A good fat Gooſe ſhall thank you well.

SONG CXLV. Damon, *if you,* &c.

DAmon, if you will believe me,
'Tis not ſighing round the Plain,
Song nor Sonnet can relieve ye;
Faint Attempts in Love are vain.

Urge but Home the fair Occaſion,
And be Maſter of the Field;
To a powerful kind Invaſion,
'Twere a Madneſs not to yield.

Tho' ſhe vows ſhe'll ne'er permit ye,
Cries, you're rude, and much to blame,
And with Tears implores your Pity;
Be not merciful for Shame.

When the fierce Aſſault is over,
Cloris Time enough will find,
This her cruel furious Lover,
Much more gentle, not ſo kind.

SONG CXLVI. *Can then a*, &c.

CAN then a Look create a Thought,
Which Time can ne'er remove?
Yes, fooliſh Heart, again thou'rt caught,
Again thou bleed'ſt for Love.

She ſees the Conqueſt of her Eyes,
Nor heals the Wound ſhe gave;
She ſmiles, where'e'er his Bluſhes riſe;
And, Sighing, ſhuns her Slave.

Then, Swain, be bold, and ſtill adore her,
Still her flying Charms purſue;
Love and Intereſt both implore her,
Pleading Night and Day for you!

SONG CXLVII. *As* Celia *near a*, &c.

WHenever, *Chloe*, I begin
Your Heart, like mine, to move,
You tell me of the crying Sin
Of unchaſte lawleſs Love.

How can that Paſſion be a Sin,
Which gave to *Chloe* Birth?
How can thoſe Joys but be divine,
Which make a Heav'n on Earth.

To wed, Mankind the Prieſts trapann'd,
By ſome ſly Fallacy,
And diſobey'd God's great Command,
Increaſe and multiply.

You ſay that Love's a Crime, content!
Yet this allow you muſt,
More Joy's in Heav'n when one repent,
Than over ninety juſt.

Sin then, dear Girl, for Heav'n's Sake,
Repent, and be forgiven;
Bleſs me, then by Repentance make
A Holiday in Heav'n.

SONG CXLVIII. *Ye Shepherds and, &c.*

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, from the Groves and the Plains,
Attend my Complaints, and give Ear to my Strains;
No Lover in Story, or antient or new,
Has ſuffered ſo much for a Paſſion ſo true.

The Nymph I adore's neither cruel, nor kind,
To Love ſeems averſe, to my Friendſhip inclin'd.
She ſmiles when I'm gay, when I ſigh ſhe looks grave,
She admits me her Friend, but denies me her Slave.

I tell her I'm dying, ſhe asks what I ail:
I fall at her Feet, but alas 'twon't avail.
She wonders, why trembling I ſigh, and complain,
And pities my Caſe, though ſhe laughs at my Pain.

A Boſom ſo frozen, what Lover can bear?
Or ſay, O ye Powers, ſhall I hope or deſpair?
Or fly to a warmer, or kinder than ſhe,
Who'll as ſoon give me Pain, and as ſoon ſet me free.

SONG CXLIX. *I am poor Shepherd, &c.*

I Am a poor Shepherd undone,
And can't be cur'd by Art,
For a Nymph as bright as the Sun
Has ſtole away my Heart;

And how to get it again,
There's none but ſhe can tell,
To cure me of my Pain,
By ſaying ſhe loves me well;
And alas! poor Shepherd, alack, a well-a day,
Before I was in Love, oh! every Month was May.

If to Love ſhe cou'd not incline,
I told her I'd die in an Hour;
To die, ſays ſhe, 'tis thine,
But to love 'tis not in my Pow'r:
I ask'd her the Reaſon why
She cou'd not of me approve?
She ſaid, 'twas a Taſk too hard,
To give any Reaſon for Love; *And alas!* &c

She asked of me my Eſtate;
I told her a Flock of Sheep,
The Graſs whereon they graze,
Where ſhe and I might ſleep,
Beſides a good t n Pound,
In old King *Harry's* Groats;
With Hooks and Crooks abound,
And Birds of ſundry Notes; *And alas! poor,* &c

SONG CL. *How, court* Dorinda, &c.

HOW, court *Dorinda*! who the Devil
Wou'd ever prove ſo tame a Sot?
If you're kind, then ſhe's uncivil,
When you would love, then ſhe will not.

To contradict is all her Pleaſure,
Her utmoſt Virtue to deny,
Her Modeſty, that boaſted Treaſure,
Is to give herſelf the Lie.

Then ne'er, miſtaken Youth, ſtand doating
On Woman for her Beauty's Sake,
Not for a ſilly Prize lie plotting,
Which ſhe'll not give, but you may take.

Summon out all the Pow'r within her,
Then boldly puſh, ſhe can't withſtand:
You'll find the ſureſt Way, to win her,
Is to engage with Sword in Hand.

SONG CLI. *Blow, Blow.*

BLow, blow, thou Winter Wind,
Thou art not ſo unkind
As Man's Ingratitude;
Thy Truth is not ſo keen,
Becauſe thou art not ſeen,
Altho' thy Breath be rude,
Altho' thy Breath be rude.

Freeze, Freeze, thou bitter Sky,
Thou canſt not bite ſo nigh
As Benefits forgot;
Tho' through the watery Warp,
Thy Sting is not ſo ſharp,
As Friend remembred not.

SONG CLII. *As Fidlers and, &c.*

THE Laſs that would know how to manage a Man,
Let her liſten and learn it from me,
His Courage to quell, or his Heart to trepan,
As the Time and Occaſion agree.

The Girl that has Beauty, tho' ſmall be her Wit,
May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau,
The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,
By the Uſe of that pretty Word, *No.*

When powder'd Toupees around are in chat,
Each ſtriving his Paſſion to ſhow,
With kiſs me, and love me, my Dear, and all that,
Let her anſwer to all be, *O No.*

When a Doſe is contriv'd to lay Virtue aſleep,
A Preſent, a Treat, or a Ball,
She ſtill muſt refuſe, if her Empire ſhe'll keep,
And *No* be her Anſwer to all.

But when Mr *Dapperwit* offers his Hand,
Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
A Horſe, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land,
She's an Idiot, if then ſhe ſays *No.*

But if ſhe's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,
Whoſe Courtſhip proclaims him a Man;
When preſs'd to his Boſom, and claſp'd in his Arms,
Then let her ſay *No*, if ſhe can.

SONG CLIII. *You little blind*, &c.

TO charming *Celia's* Arms I flew,
And there all Night I feaſted;
No God ſuch Tranſports ever knew,
Nor Mortal ever taſted.

Loſt in the ſweet tumultuous Joy,
And pleas'd beyond expreſſing;
How can your Slave, my Fair, ſaid I,
Reward ſo great a Bleſſing?

The whole Creation's Wealth ſurvey;
Thro' both the *Indies* wander:
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs ſquander.

The richeſt Spoils of Earth and Air;
The rifled Ocean's Treaſure;
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far,
To purchaſe ſo much Pleaſure.

She bluſhing cry'd — my Life, my Dear,
Since *Celia* thus you fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nantzy*.

SONG CLIV. *The wanton God*, &c.

THE wanton God, that pierces Hearts,
Dips in Gall his pointed Darts,
But the Nymph diſdains to pine,
Who bathes the Wound with roſy Wine.

Farewel Lovers, when they're cloy'd;
If I am ſcorn'd becauſe enjoy'd,
Sure the ſqueamiſh Fops are free
To rid me of dull Company.

They have Charms, whilſt mine can pleaſe,
I love them much, but more my Eaſe;

Nor jealous Fears my Love moleſt,
Nor faithleſs Vows ſhall break my Reſt.
Why ſhould they e'er give me Pain,
Who to give me Joy diſdain?
All I hope of mortal Man.
Is to love me——whilſt he can.

SONG CLV. *What tho' I am,* &c.

WHAT tho' I am a Country Laſs,
A lofty Mind I bear-a,
And think myſelf as good as thoſe,
Who gay Apparel wear-a.
What tho' my Clothes are Home-ſpun Grey,
My Skin it is as ſoft-a,
As thoſe that in their Cypreſs Veils,
Carry their Heads aloft-a

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
It is what muſt be done-a:
A Garland of the ſweeteſt Flow'rs
Shall ſhade me from the Sun-a.
And when I ſee they feeding be,
Where Graſs and Flow'rs do ſpring-a:
Beſide a purling chryſtal Stream
I'll ſet me down, and ſing-a.

My Leathern-Bottle, ſtuft with Sage,
Is Drink that's very thin-a:
No Wine did e'er my Brains enrage,
Or tempt me for to ſin-a.
My Country Curds, and Wooden Spoon,
Methinks are very fine-a:
When on a ſhady Bank at Noon
I ſet me down and dine-a.

What tho' my Portion won't allow
Of Bags of ſhining Gold-a;
Our Farmers Daughters now-a-days,
Like Swine, are bought and ſold-a.
My Body's fair, I'll keep it ſound,
And an honeſt Mind within-a;
But for an hundred thouſand Pound,
I value not a Pin-a.

No Jewels wear I, in my Ears,
Or Pearls about my Neck-a;
No coſtly Rings do I e'er uſe,
My Fingers for to deck-a.
But for the Man, whoe'er he be,
Whom I ſhall chance to wed-a;
I'll keep a Jewel worth them all,
I mean my Maidenhead-a.

SONG CLVI. *Since you will, &c.*

SINCE you will needs my Heart poſſeſs,
'Tis juſt to you I firſt confeſs
The Faults to which 'tis given:
It is to change much more inclin'd
Than Woman, or the Sea, or Wind,
Or aught that's under Heaven.

Nor will I hide from you this Truth,
It has been, from its very Youth,
A moſt egregious Ranger:
And ſince from me 't has often fled,
With whom it was both born and bred,
'Twill ſcarce ſtay with a Stranger.

The black, the fair, the gay, the ſad,
(which often made me fear 'twas mad)
With one kind Look could win it;
So nat'rally it loves to range,
That it has left Succeſs for Change,
And, what's worſe, glories in it.

Oft, when I have been laid to reſt,
'Twould make me act like one poſſeſt,
For ſtill 'twill keep a Pother;
And tho' you only I eſteem,
Yet it will make me, in a Dream,
Court and enjoy another.

And now, if you are not afraid,
After theſe Truths that I have ſaid,
To take this arrant Rover,
Be not diſpleas'd if I proteſt,
I think the Heart within your Breaſt
Will prove juſt ſuch another.

SONG CLVII. *O* Beſſy Bell, &c.

A Curſe attends that Woman's Love,
Who always would be pleaſing,
The Pertneſs of the billing Dove,
Like tickling, is but teazing.

What then in Love can Woman do?
If we grow fond they ſhun us,
And when we fly them, they purſue;
But leave us when they've won us.

SONG CLVIII. *Sure ne'er was*, &c.

SURE ne'er was Dog ſo wretched as I,
Whoſe Reſt is for ever prevented;
I'am neither at Peace when *Aurelia* looks coy,
Nor when ſhe looks kind and contented.

Her Frowns give a Pain I'm unable to bear,
The Thought of them ſet me a trembling:
Her Smiles give no Joy, ſince I plaguily fear
They can be no more than diſſembling.

Then prithee, my deareſt, conſent and be kind,
Put an End to this troubleſome Wooing;
For I ſee I ſhall ne'er be at Peace in my Mind,
'Till once you and I have been doing.

Let your poor Dog no longer with Juſtice complain
Of Uſuage that's hard above Meaſure;
But ſince he has taſted ſo much of Love's Pain,
Prithee fling him a Bit of his Pleaſure.

SONG CLIX. *The Sailor's Complaint.*

COME and liſten to my Ditty,
All ye jolly Hearts of Gold;
Lend a Brother Tar your Pity,
Who was once ſo ſtout and bold:
But the Arrows of God *Cupid*,
Alas! have made me rue;
Sure true Love was ne'er ſo treated,
As I am by ſcornful *Sue!*

When I landed firſt at *Dover*,
She appear'd a Goddeſs bright;
From foreign Parts but juſt come over,
I was ſtruck with ſo fair a Sight:
On the Shore pretty *Sukie* walked,
Near to where our Frigate lay,
And altho' ſo near the Landing,
I alas! was caſt away!

When firſt I hail'd my pretty Creature,
The Delight of Land and Sea;
No Man ever ſaw a Sweeter,
I'd have kept her Company:
I'd have fain made her my true Love,
For better, or for worſe;
But alas! I cou'd not compaſs her,
For to ſteer the Marriage Courſe.

Once, no greater Joy and Pleaſure
Cou'd have come into my Mind,
Than to ſee the bold *Defiance*
Sailing right before the Wind:
O'er the white Waves as ſhe danced,
And her Colours gayly flew;
But what was not half ſo charming,
As the Trim of our lovely *Sue*.

On a rocky Coaſt I've driven,
Where the ſtormy Winds do riſe;
Where the rolling Mountain Billows
Lift a Veſſel to the Skies:
But from Land, or from the Ocean,
Little Dread I ever knew,
When compared to the Dangers,
In the Frowns of ſcornful *Sue*.

Long I wonder'd why my Jewel
Had the Heart to uſe me ſo;
'Till I found by often Sounding,
She'd another Love in Tow:
So farewel, hard-hearted *Sukie*,
I'll my Fortune ſeek at Sea,
And try in a more friendly Latitude,
Since in yours I cannot be.

SONG CLX. *I love thee,* &c.

I Love thee, by Heavens, I cannot ſay more;
Then ſet not my Paſſion a cooling;
If thou yield'ſt not at once, I muſt e'en give thee o'er,
For I'm but a Novice at fooling.

What my Love wants in Words, it ſhall make up in Deeds;
Then why ſhould we waſte Time in Snuff, Child?
A Performance, you wot well, a Promiſe exceeds,
And a Word to the Wiſe is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love known,
But I hate all proteſting and arguing:
Had a Goddeſs my Heart, ſhe ſhou'd e'en lie alone,
If ſhe made many Words to a Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm,
Whate'er my fond Eyes have been ſaying:
Prithee, be thou ſo too; ſeek for no better Term,
But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a Chancery Suit,
The Age of a Patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it, one Way or other, an Ending.

Long Courtſhip's the Vice of phlegmatick Fools,
Like the Grace of fanatical Sinners,
Where the Stomachs are loſt, and the Victuals grow cool
Before Men ſit down to their Dinners.

SONG CLXI. *Fair* Iris *and,* &c.

FAIR *Iris* and her Swain
Were in a ſhady Bower,
Where *Thirſis* long in vain
Had ſought the happy Hour;
At length his Hand advancing
Upon her ſnowy Breaſt,
He ſaid, O! kiſs me longer,
Longer yet and longer,
If you would make me bleſt.

Iris. An easy yielding Maid
By trusting is undone,
Our Sex is oft betray'd
By granting Love too soon;
If you desire to gain me,
Your suffering to redress,
Prepare to love me longer,
Longer yet and longer,
Before you shall possess.

Thirsis. The little Care you show
Of all my Sorrows past,
Makes Death appear too slow,
And Life too long to last;
Oh *Iris!* kiss me kindly,
In Pity of my Fate,
Fair *Iris*, kiss me kindly,
Kindly still and kindly,
Before it be too late.

Iris. You fondly court your Bliss,
And no Advances make;
'Tis not for Maids to kiss,
But 'tis for Men to take:
So you may kiss me kindly,
And I will not rebel,
Thirsis may kiss me kindly,
Kindly still and kindly;
But never kiss and tell.
Then you may kiss me kindly.

He. And you will not rebel.

Both. And kindly still and kindly,
But kiss and do not tell.

SONG CLXII. *Tell me no*, &c.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
That *Chloe*'s false and common;
By Heaven, I all along believ'd
She was a very Woman:
As such I lik'd, as such caress'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
She cou'd do more for no Man.

But, oh! her Thoughts on others ran;
And that you think a hard Thing:
Perhaps ſhe fancy'd you the Man;
Why, what care I one Farthing?
You think ſhe's falſe, I'm ſure ſhe's kind,
I'll take her Body, you her Mind;
Who has the better Bargain?

SONG CLXIII. *Ye Commons*, &c.

THAT Man, who for Life
Is bleſs'd in a Wife,
Is ſure in a happy Condition;
Go Things how they will,
She ſticks by him ſtill,
She's Comforter, Friend, and Phyſician. *She's* &c.

Pray where is the Joy,
To trifle and toy,
Yet dread ſome Diſaſter from Beauty?
But ſweet is the Bliſs
Of a conjugal Kiſs,
Where Love mingles Pleaſure with Duty. *Where*, &c.

One extravagant Whore
Shall coſt a Man more,
Than twenty good Wives that are ſaving;
For Wives they will ſpare,
That their Children may ſhare,
But Whores are eternally craving.

SONG CLXIV. *Ye Commons*, &c.

THE Man who for Life
Is plagu'd with a Wife,
Is ſure in a wicked Condition;
Go Things how they will,
She ſticks by him ſtill,
And Death is his only Phyſician. *Poor Man*, &c.

To trifle and toy
May give a Man Joy,
When ſummon'd by Love or by Beauty;

But where is the Bliſs
Of a conjugal Kiſs,
When Paſſion is prompted by Duty? *Poor Man*, &c.

The Dog when poſſeſs'd
Of Mutton the beſt,
A Bone he may leave at his Pleaſure;
But if to his Tail,
'Tis ty'd, without fail
He is harraſs'd and plagu'd beyond Meaſure.
Poor Cur, &c.

SONG CLXV. *As Archers*, &c.

AS Archers and Fidlers, who cunningly know
The Way to procure themſelves Merit,
Will always provide 'em two Strings to their Bow,
And follow their Bus'neſs with Spirit.

So likewiſe the provident Damſel ſhould do,
Who'd make the beſt Uſe of her Beauty.
If the Mark ſhe would hit, or her Leſſon paſs thro'
Two Lovers muſt ſtill be on Duty.

Thus arm'd againſt Chance, and ſecure of Supply,
So far our Revenge we may carry;
One Spark for our Sport we may jilt and ſet by,
And t'other, poor Soul! we may marry.

SONG CLXVI. *Sweet are the*, &c.

ASK not the Cauſe, why ſudden Spring
So long delays her Flowers to bear?
Why warbling Birds forget to ſing,
And Winter Storms invert the Year?
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it Spring where ſhe reſides.

Chloris is gone, the cruel Fair;
She caſts not back her pitying Eye:
But left her Lover in Deſpair,
To ſigh, to languiſh, and to die:
Ah! how can thoſe fair Eyes endure,
To give the Wounds they will not cure?

Great God of Love, why haſt thou made,
A Face that can all Hearts command,
That all Religions can invade,
And change the Laws of every Land?
Where thou had'ſt plac'd ſuch Pow'r before,
Thou ſhould'ſt have made her Mercy more.

When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,
Adoring Crowds before her fall;
She can reſtore the Dead from Tombs,
And ev'ry Life but mine recall:
I only am by Love deſign'd,
To be the Victim for Mankind.

SONG CLXVII. *The Spring's a-coming.*

YOung Virgins love Pleaſure,
As Miſers do Treaſure,
And both alike ſtudy to heighten the Meaſure;
Their Hearts they will rifle,
For ev'ry new Trifle,
And when in their Teens fall in love for a Song:
But ſoon as they marry,
And find Things miſcarry,
Oh! how they ſigh, that they were not more wary:
Inſtead of ſoft Wooing,
They run to their Ruin,
And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

SONG CLXVIII. Polwarth *on*, &c.

Streph. HAVE you not ſeen the Morning Sun,
Peep over yonder Hill,
Then you have ſeen my *Chloe*'s Charms,
At beſt, but painted ill.

Col. Have you not ſeen a Butterfly,
With Colours bright and gay,
Then you have ſeen a Thing leſs fine
Than *Molly* cloath'd in grey.

Streph. The Roſe, you'll ſay, of all the Field,
Can boaſt the loveliеſt Hue,
But to compare with *Chloe*'s Cheeks,
It wants the Lilly too.

As I ſat by her on the Plain,
And talk'd the Hours away,
She breath'd ſo ſweet, I thought myſelf
In Fields of new mow'd Hay.

Col. Not the ſweet Breath that breath'd from Cows
With *Molly*'s can compare,
And when ſhe ſings, the liſtening Swains,
Stand ſilent round to hear.
She ſaid, as we were walking once,
Along the ſhady Grove,
There's none but *Colin Molly* loves,
And will for ever love.

Streph. Believe not, Friend, a Woman's Word,
Or you are much to blame;
For t'other Night behind the Elms,
She ſwore to me the ſame.

Col. Yet I'll believe your *Chloe*'s Word,
As on my Breaſt ſhe laid,
'This *Strephon* is ſo dull a Clown,
'He'll think me ſtill a Maid.

SONG CLXIX. *O gentle*, &c.

O Gentle Sleep! to thee alone,
Is owing all our Peace!
In thee our Joys are heighten'd ſhown,
In thee our Sorrows ceaſe.
The Nymph whoſe Hand by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has poſſeſs'd;
From the obtaining a Divorce,
In her own Choice is bleſs'd.

O ſtay! *Arpaſia* bids thee ſtay!
The ſadly weeping Fair,
Conjures thee not to loſe a Day,
The Object of her Care!
To graſp whoſe pleaſing Form ſhe ſought
That Moment chas'd her Sleep;
Thus by ourſelves are oftest wrought
The Griefs for which we weep.

SONG CLXX. *On a Bank*, &c.

ON a Bank beſide a Willow,
Heaven her Covering, Earth her Pillow,
Sad *Aminta* ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs Dawn of Morning,
'Till the Dews of Night returning,
Singing thus ſhe made her Moan:
Hope is baniſh'd,
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd, is gone.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a Youth, and ſuch a Lover:
Oh! ſo true, ſo kind was he!
Damon was the Pride of Nature,
Charming in his ev'ry Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting Kiſſes,
Murm'ring Bliſſes,
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never ſhall we curſe the Morning,
Never bleſs the Night returning,
Sweet Embraces to reſtore;
Never ſhall we both lie dying,
Nature failing, Love ſupplying
All the Joys he drain'd before:
To befriend me,
Death come end me;
Love and *Damon* are no more.

SONG CLXXI. *When Love*, &c.

WHEN Love is lodg'd within the Heart,
Poor Virtue to the Outworks flies,
The Tongue, in Thunder, takes her Part,
She darts in Lightning from the Eyes.
From Lips and Eyes with gifted Grace,
In vain we keep our charming Sin;
For Love will find ſome weaker Place,
To let thi dear Invader in.

SONG CLXXII. *As* Celia *near*, &c.

FOR many unſucceſsful Years,
At *Cynthia's* Feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my Tears, –
I ſigh'd, but durſt not pray.

No proſtrate Wretch, before the Shrine
Of ſome lov'd Saint above,
E'er thought his Goddeſs more divine,
Or paid more awful Love.

Still the diſdainful Nymph look'd down,
With coy inſulting Pride,
Receiv'd my Paſſion with a Frown,
Or turn'd her Head aſide.

Then *Cupid* whiſper'd in my Ear;
'Uſe more prevailing Charms;
'You modeſt whining Fool, draw near,
'And claſp her in your Arms.

'With eager Kiſſes tempt the Maid,
'From *Cynthia's* Feet depart;
'The Lips he briskly muſt invade,
'That wou'd poſſeſs the Heart.

With that I ſhook off all the Slave,
My better Fortunes try'd,
When *Cynthia* in a Moment gave
What ſhe for many Years deny'd.

SONG CLXXIII. *As* Celia, &c.

THO' *Flavia* to my warm Deſire
You mean no kind Return,
Yet ſtill with undiminiſh'd Fire,
You wiſh to ſee me burn.

Averſe my Anguiſh to remove,
You think it wond'rous right,
That I love on, for ever love,
And you for ever ſlight.

But you and I ſhall ne'er agree,
So, gentle Nymph, adieu;
Since you no Pleaſure have for me,
I'll have no Pain for you.

SONG CLXXIV. *Believe my*, &c.

I Smile at Love, and all his Arts,
The charming *Cynthia* cries:
Take heed, for Love has fatal Darts,
A wounded Swain replies:
Once free and bleſs'd as you are now,
I dally'd with his Charms,
I ſported with his little Bow
And pointed at his Arms.

'Till urg'd too far, Revenge he cries,
A fatal Shaft he drew;
It took its Paſſage thro' your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew;
To tear it thence, I ſtrove in vain,
For I too quickly found
'Twas only to increaſe the Pain,
And to inlarge the Wound.

SONG CLXXV. *Roſy Bowers.*

(Sullenly Mad.)

FRom roſy Bowers where ſleeps the God of Love,
Hither ye little waiting *Cupids* fly;
Teach me in ſoft melodious Strains to move,
With tender Paſſion my Heart's darling Joy;
Ah! let the Soul of Muſick tune my Voice,
To win dear *Strephon*, who my Soul enjoys.

(Mirthfully Mad.)

Or if more influencing
Is to be brisk and airy,
With a Step and a Bound,
And a Friſk from the Ground,
I'll trip like any Fairy,
As once on *Ida* dancing
Were three celeſtial Bodies;
With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape and a Grace,
I'll charm like Beauty's Goddeſs.

(Melancholy Mad.)

Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,
Death and Deſpair muſt end the fatal Pain:
Cold, cold Deſpair, diſguis'd like Snow and Rain,
Falls on my Breaſt; bleak Winds in Tempeſts blow:
My Veins all ſhiver, and my Fingers glow:
My Pulſe beats a dead March for loſt Repoſe,
And to a Lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is froze.

(Fantaſtically Mad.)

Or ſay ye Powers my Peace to crown,
Shall I thaw myſelf, or drown
Among the foaming Billows?
Increaſing all with Tears I ſhed,
On Beds of Ooze, and cryſtal Pillows,
Lay down my Love-ſick Head.

(Stark Mad.)

No, no, no, no, I'll ſtraight run mad,
That ſoon my Heart will warm;
When once the Senſe is fled,
Love has no Power to charm.
Wild through the Woods I'll fly,
Robes, Locks ſhall thus be tore:
A thouſand Deaths I'll die,
E'er thus in vain adore.

SONG CLXXVI. *There liv'd, &c.*

NO more think me falſe,
For the Flame never dies,
Which *Silvia* has rais'd
By ſuch powerful Eyes;
Ah! view but thyſelf,
Thence meaſure my Love,
And think what a Paſſion
Such Beauty muſt move.

Tho' firſt it was Beauty
Which raviſh'd my Sight,
Yet now I regard it
As only the Light,

Which kindly betray'd
The rich Charms of thy Mind,
Where Senſe and good Nature
So ſtrongly are join'd.

Then think me not falſe,
For the Knot will e'er laſt,
Which my Fancy has ty'd,
And my Reaſon made faſt;
So faſt, that tho' Time
Thy Eyes may diſarm;
Yet no Time ſhall my Faith
Or my Love ever harm.

The Paſſion I have
Can never grow leſs,
Not tho' thy fair ſelf
Shou'd that Paſſion oppreſs;
For while I thy Face
Or thy Mind have in View,
Still, ſtill I muſt love,
And in loving be true.

SONG CLXXVII. *A Nymph*, &c.

A Nymph and a Swain to Apollo *once pray'd,*
The Swain had been jilted, the Nymph been betray'd;
Their Intent was to try if his Oracle knew
E'er a Nymph that was chaſte, or a Swain that was true?

Apollo *was mute, and had like t' have been pos'd,*
But ſagely at Length he this Secret diſclos'd:
He alone won't betray in whom none will confide,
And the Nymph may be chaſte who has never been try'd.

SONG CLXXVIII. *Pretty Parrot*, &c.

PRetty Parrot, ſay, when I was away,
And in dull Abſence paſs'd the Day,
What at Home was doing?
With Chat and Play,
We are gay,
Night and Day,
Good Cheer and Mirth renewing;
Singing, laughing all, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Was no Fop ſo rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a ſaucy Lover wou'd
Court, and teaze my Lady?
A Thing you know,
Made for Show,
Call'd a Beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever, ever at her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

Tell me, with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,
And how ſhe could with Patience bear
All he did and utter'd?
He ſtill addreſs'd,
Still careſs'd,
Kiſs'd and preſs'd;
Sung, prattled, laugh'd, and flutter'd:
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty Poll.

Did he go away at the Cloſe of Day,
Or did he ever uſe to ſtay,
In a Corner dodging?
The want of Light,
When 'twas Night,
Spoil'd my Sight;
But I believe his Lodging
Was within her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

SONG CLXXIX. *When* Chloe, &c.

WHen *Chloe* we ply,
We ſwear we ſhall die,
Her Eyes do our Heart ſo enthrall;
But 'tis for her Pelf,
And not for herſelf;
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Maidens are coy,
They'll piſh! and they'll fie!
And ſwear, if you're rude, they will call;
But whiſper ſo low,
By which you may know,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear, the Wives cry,
If ever you die,
To marry again I ne'er ſhall;
But in leſs than a Year,
Will make it appear,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

In Matters of State,
And Party Debate,
For Church and for Juſtice we bawl;
But if you'll attend,
You'll find in the End,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Non-Cons will rant,
In their Pulpits and cant,
And the honeſt Conformiſts will maul;
In holy Diguiſe,
They liſt up their Eyes,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Lawyers you know,
To *Weſtminſter* go,
And plead for their Fees in the Hall;
For their Clients they'll wrangle,
And make ſuch a Jangle,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Wretch that attends,
And on Courtiers depends,
His Fortune he'll find to be ſmall;
For their Actions declare,
Their Words are but Air,
'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

SONG CLXXX. *Prithee*, &c.

PRithee, *Billy*, be'nt ſo ſilly,
Thus to waſte thy Days in Grief:
You ſay, *Betty* will not let ye:
But can Sorrow bring Relief?

Leave repining, ceaſe your whining;
Pox on Torment, Tears and Woe:
If ſhe's tender, ſhe'll ſurrender;
If ſhe's tough,——e'en let her go.

SONG CLXXXI. *Stay, Shepherd,* &c.

WHY, *Celia*, ſhou'd you ſo much ſtrive
Your kindling Paſſion to conceal?
Your Lips, tho' they Denial give,
Yet all your Actions Love reveal.

In vain you ſtrive, in vain, alas!
The charming Paſſion to diſguiſe;
It glows, it bluſhes on your Face,
And ſparkles in your ſwimming Eyes.

Your Eyes, thoſe Emblems of the Heart,
Still contradict whate'er you ſay,
And tho' your Lips deny the Smart,
Your Eyes are more believ'd than they.

SONG CLXXXII. Chloe, *be wiſe,* &c.

SHE, that wou'd gain a conſtant Lover,
Muſt at a Diſtance keep the Slave;
Not by a Look her Heart diſcover,
Men ſhou'd but gueſs the Thoughts we have.

Whilſt they're in doubt, their Flame increaſes,
And all Attendance they will pay:
When we're poſſeſs'd their Tranſport ceaſes,
And Vows, like Vapours, fleet away.

SONG CLXXXIII. *Gentle Zephyrs,* &c.

GEntle Zephyrs, ſilent Glades,
Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,
Senſes pleaſing,
Pains appeaſing,
Love each tender Breaſt invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,
Here the warbling Choriſts ſing,
Love inſpiring,
All deſiring,
To adorn the Infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,
Free from Anguiſh, free from Pains,
Venus ſmiling,
Cares beguiling,
Nymphs complying, glads the Plains,

Let not us, too charming Fair,
Be the only hapleſs Pair;
Oh relieve me,
Ceaſe to grieve me,
Eaſe your anxious Lover's Care!

Kindly here indulge my Love,
This is, my Dear, no Tell-tale Grove;
Not revealing,
But concealing,
All in Love propitious prove.

In thy Air and charming Face,
Dwells an irreſiſtleſs Grace,
Ever charming,
Love alarming,
To purſue the bliſsful Chace,

Let me touch this panting Breaſt,
Here for ever let me reſt,
Bliſs enjoying,
Never cloying,
Ever loving, ever bleſt.

SONG CLXXXIV. *One* April *Morn*, &c.

ONE *April* Morn, when from the Sea
Phœbus was juſt appearing,
Damon and *Celia* young and gay,
Long ſettled Love endearing,
Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen
On Parents unrelenting;
He bred of *Tory*-Race had been,
She of the Tribe diſſenting.

Celia, whoſe Eyes outſhone the God
Newly the Hills adorning,
Told him, Mamma would be ſtark mad,
She miſſing Prayers that Morning;

Damon, his Arms about her Waiſt,
Swore, that nought ſhould them ſunder.
Shou'd my rough Dad know how I'm bleſt,
'Twou'd make him roar like Thunder.

Great ones, made by Ambition blind,
By Faction ſtill ſupport it,
Or where vile Money taints the Mind,
They for Convenience court it:
But mighty Love, that ſcorns to ſhew
Party ſhould raiſe his Glory,
Swears he'll exalt a Vaſſal true,
Let it be *Whig* or *Tory*.

SONG CLXXXV. *Oh! lead me*, &c.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful Room,
Where none but ſighing Lovers come,
Where the ſhrill Trumpets never ſound,
But one eternal Health goes round.

There let me ſooth my pleaſing Pain,
And never think of War again;
What Glory can a Lover have
To Conquer, yet be ſtill a Slave?

SONG CLXXXVI. *Pious* Selinda, &c.

PIOUS *Selinda* goes to Prayers,
If I but aſk the Favour:
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When ſhe believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Reſtraint,
Or elſe had Hopes to win her;
Would ſhe could make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

SONG CLXXXVII. *Miſtaken Fair*, &c.

MIſtaken Fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
His Doctrine is deceiving,
For whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our Living.

To die's a Leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon, without a Maſter;
Then let us only ſtudy now
How we may live the faſter.

To live's to love, to bleſs, be bleſt
With mutual Inclination;
Share then my Ardour in your Breaſt,
And kindly meet my Paſſion.

But if thus bleſs'd I may not live,
And Pity you deny,
To me at leaſt your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

SONG CLXXXVIII. *Help me each*, &c.

HELP me, each harmonious Grove,
Gently whiſper, all ye Trees,
Tune each warbling Throat to love,
And cool each Mead with ſofteſt Breeze;
Breathe ſweet Odours, ev'ry Flower,
All your various Paintings ſhow;
Pleaſing Verdure grace each Bower,
Around let ev'ry Bleſſing flow.

Glide, ye limpid Brooks, along:
Phœbus, glance thy mildeſt Ray,
Murm'ring Floods, repeat my Song,
And tell what *Colin* dare not ſay.
Celia comes! whoſe charming Air
Fires with Love the rural Swains;
Tell, ah! tell the blooming Fair,
That *Colin* dies if ſhe diſdains.

SONG CLXXXIX. *Maidens, beware ye.*

MAidens, beware ye,
Love will enſnare ye,
If you but look or lend an Ear.
Words will detain ye,
Sighs will trepan ye,
Tears will draw you into the Snare.

Daily you'll find it,
If you'll but mind it,
How many Maids falſe Men betray:
Let this concern ye,
Let their Fall learn ye,
From the Danger to run away.

Let Virtue guard ye,
Praiſe will reward ye,
And you will ſhine in brighteſt Fame,
When the poor Creature,
That yields up her Charter,
Lives abandon'd, and dies with Shame.

SONG CXC. *The Sun was ſunk, &c.*

ALAS! when charming Silvia's *gone,*
I ſigh, and think myſelf undone,
But when the lovely Nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear:
Thoughtleſs of all but her, I rove,
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd Love?

Ah me! what Power can move me ſo?
I die with Grief when ſhe muſt go;
But I revive at her Return;
I ſmile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:
Tranſports ſo ſweet, ſo ſtrong, ſo new,
Say, can they be to Friendſhip due?

Ah no! 'tis Love, 'tis now too plain,
I feel, I feel the pleaſing Pain;
For who e'er ſaw bright Silvia's *Eyes,*
But wiſh'd, and long'd, and was her Prize:
Gods, if the trueſt muſt be bleſs'd,
O let her be by me poſſeſs'd.

SONG CXCI. *The loſt Shepherd.*

ONE Night when all the Village ſlept,
Myrtilla's ſad Deſpair,
The wretched Shepherd waking kept
To tell the Woods his Care;

'Be gone *(said he)* fond Thoughts, be gone,
'Eyes, give your Sorrows o'er!
'Why ſhou'd you waſte your Tears for one,
'Who thinks on you no more?
'Yet, oh ye Birds, ye Flocks, ye Pow'rs!
'That dwell within this Grove!
'Can tell how many tender Hours
'We have here paſs'd in Love!
'Yon Stars above! my cruel Foes!
'Can tell how ſhe has ſworn,
'A thouſand Times, that like, to thoſe,
'Her Flame ſhould ever burn!
'But ſince ſhe's loſt ——— oh! let me have
'My Wiſh, and quickly die;
'In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,
'And there for ever lie:
'Sad Nightingales the Watch ſhall keep,
'And kindly here complain.
Then down the Shepherd lay to ſleep,
But never roſe again.

SONG CXCII. *Love will find out*, &c.

OVER the Mountains,
And over the Waves,
Over the Fountains,
And under the Graves;
Over Floods that are deepeſt,
Which do *Neptune* obey;
Over Rocks that are ſteepeſt,
Love will find out the Way.

Where there is no Place
For the Glow-Worm to lie;
Where there is no Space
For Receipt of a Fly;
Where the Midge dare not venture,
Leſt herſelf faſt ſhe lay:
But if Love come, he will enter,
And ſoon find out his Way.

You may eſteem him
A Child in his Force;
Or you may deem him
A Coward, which is worſe:
But if ſhe, whom Love doth honour,
Be conceal'd from the Day,
Set a thouſand Guards upon her,
Love will find out the Way.

Some think to loſe him,
Which is too unkind;
And ſome do ſuppoſe him,
Poor Thing, to be blind:
But if ne'er ſo cloſe ye wall him,
Do the beſt that ye may,
Blind Love, if ſo ye call him,
He will find out the Way.

You may train the Eagle,
To ſtoop to your Fiſt;
Or you may inveigle
The Phœnix of the Eaſt;
The Lioneſs you may move her
To give o'er her Prey:
But you'll never ſtop a Lover,
Love will find out his Way.

SONG CXCIII. *Still he's the Man.*

WHat Woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free;
Yet do what I can,
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
Still, ſtill he's the Man.

They tell me at once, he to Twenty will ſwear,
When Vows are ſo ſweet, who the Falſhood can fear?
So, when you have ſaid all you can,
Still, —— ſtill he's the Man.

I caught him once making Love to a Maid,
When to him I ran,
He turn'd, and he kiſs'd me, then who cou'd upbraid
So civil a Man?

The next Day I found to a Third he was kind,
I rated him ſoundly, he ſwore I was blind;
So let me do what I can,
Still, ——— ſtill he's the Man.

All the World bids me beware of his Art;
I do what I can;
But he has taken ſuch hold of my Heart,
I doubt he's the Man!

So ſweet are his Kiſſes, his Looks are ſo kind,
He may have his Faults, but if none I can find,
Who can do more than they can;
He, ——— ſtill is the Man.

SONG CXCIV. Handel's *Minuet.*

AWAY with Suſpicion,
That Bane to Deſire;
The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies;
The Rules of Diſcretion
But ſtifle the Fire;
On its Merit alone, true Beauty relies.
What a Folly to tremble,
Leſt the Lover diſſemble
His Fire?
Turtles that woo,
Bill and coo,
While we enjoy
We muſt be true!
And to repeat it is all,
All! we can deſire.

SONG CXCV. *The Beaus of Pleaſure.*

THE Men of Pleaſure,
Who count the Seizure
Of Virgin's Treaſure,
A pleaſing Taſk;
No ſooner gain it,
But they refrain it,
Nay, oft diſdain it,
For t'other Flask.

SONG CXCVI. *How hard is, &c.*

HOW hard is the Fate of all Womankind,
For ever ſubjected, for ever confin'd,
Our Parents controul us until we are Wives,
Our Husbands enſlave us the reſt of our Lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But ſecretly languiſh, compell'd to conceal;
Deny'd ev'ry Freedom of Life to enjoy,
We're blam'd if we're kind, condemn'd if were coy.

SONG CXCVII. Stella *Darling of the Muſes.*

BRight as *Phœbe* in her Glory,
Is my Charmer's glittering Eyes,
Far excelling Goddeſs *Flora*,
When in Spring ſhe does ariſe.

Fairer than the faireſt Lillies,
Bright as Silver is her Hair,
Such Delights in charming *Phillis*,
Never, never could appear.

Her ſweet Cheeks do cauſe the Roſes
To bow down to the Stalk,
Shameful makes the bluſhing Poſies,
When ſhe does in Gardens walk.

I will build my Dear a Bower,
She ſhall have a fragrant Couch,
Made of all the ſweeteſt Flowers,
Where no Dangers ſhall her touch.

Should I make a Crown of Roſes,
When her Hands the ſame receives,
Then 'twould be like fading Poſies,
Or a Heap of wither'd Leaves.

Thus ſhe does ſurpaſs all Nature,
She is prudent, chaſte, and wiſe;
Sure ſhe's not a mortal Creature,
But a Goddeſs in Diſguſe.

SONG CXCVIII. *You little blind*, &c.

YOU little blind Deceiver go,
And tell thy beauteous Mother,
A ſtrong Reſentment I will ſhow,
Since ſhe does love another.

What tho' her Air and Shape's divine,
Yet ſtill I can withſtand her,
I'll make the ſporting Youth repine,
And ſhew him I'm Commander

But if true Love hath no Effect,
On that delightful Treaſure,
The Power I have I'll not neglect,
But ſeize her at my Pleaſure,

SONG CXCIX. *Come from the Groves*, &c.

COme from the Groves, each Goddeſs,
Tune up your ſweet Hautboys,
And to the Voice of Muſick,
Make an harmonious Noiſe:

Sing her for whom I languiſh,
The charming Song approve;
Sing on till Jove grow jealous,
And envy me my Love,

Flora, thou charming Goddeſs,
In all thy Bloom appear,
Put on again freſh Garlands,
Begin once more the Year.

Join thyſelf to *Pomona*,
With Flowers adorn the Ground;
Let Spring remain for ever,
With Youth and Beauty crown'd.

Let little Birds thro' Meadows,
All tune their warbling Throats,
While bubling Water echo's
The Muſick of their Notes.

Sing her for whom I languiſh,
The charming Song approve;
Sing on till Jove grow jealous,
And envy me my Love.

SONG CC. Nancy. *A two Part Song.*

She. AND canſt thou leave thy *Nancy*,
And quit thy native Shore?
It comes into my Fancy
I ne'er ſhall ſee thee more.

He. Yes, I muſt leave my *Nancy*,
To humble haughty *Spain*,
Let Fears ne'er fill thy Fancy,
For we ſhall meet again.

She. Amidſt the foaming Billows,
Where thundring Cannons roar,
You'll think on theſe green Willows,
And wiſh yourſelf on Shore.

He. I fear no Land or Water,
I fear no Sword or Fire,
For ſweet Revenge and Slaughter,
Are all that I deſire.

She. May guardian Gods protect thee
From Water, Fire, and Steel,
And may no Fears affect thee,
Like thoſe which now I feel.

He. I leave thee Heaven's Protection,
My Life, my only Dear,
You have my ſole Affection,
So ſtill conclude me here.

SONG CCI. *The Cuckow. By* Shakeſpear.

WHEN Dazies py'd, and Violets blue,
And Cuckow-Buds of yellow Hew,
And Lady-Smocks all Silver white,
Do paint the Meadows with Delight;
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mocks married Men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow, O! Word of Fear,
Unpleaſing to a married Ear.

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten-Straws,
And merry Larks are Plowmen's Clocks,
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks;
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mocks married Men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow, Cuckow O! Word of Fear,
Unpleaſing to a married Ear.

SONG CCII. *Over the Hills, &c.*

WEre I laid on *Greenland*'s Coaſt,
And in my Arms embrac'd my Laſs,
Warm amidſt eternal Froſt,
Too ſoon the half Year's Night would paſs.

Were I ſold on *Indian* Soil,
Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,
I would mock the ſultry Toil,
When on my Charmer's Breaſt repos'd.

I would love you all the Day,
Ev'ry Night we'd kiſs and play,
If with me you'd fondly ſtray
Over the Hills and far away.

SONG CCIII. *Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no Harm.*

MAN may eſcape from Rope and Gun.
Nay, ſome have out-liv'd the Doctor's Pill;
Who takes a Woman muſt be undone,
That Baſilisk is ſure to kill:
The Fly that ſips Treacle is loſt in the Sweets,
So he that taſtes Woman, Woman, Woman,
So he that taſtes Woman Ruin meets.

SONG CCIV. *Young* Phileret *and* Celia *met.*

THE Youth whom I, to ſave would die,
Surpaſſes all Deſire;
Love's fatal Dart, enflames my Heart,
And ſets it all on Fire.

The plaintive Dove, without her Love,
Thus mourns like me oppreſt;
But when her Mate arrives, tho' late,
Joy triumphs in her Breaſt.

SONG CCV. *Youth's the Seaſon, &c.*

YOuth's the Seaſon made for Joy,
Love is then our Duty,
She alone who that employs,
Well deſerves her Beauty,
Let's be gay,
While we may,
Beauty's a Flow'r deſpis'd in Decay.
Youth's the Seaſon, &c.

Let us drink and ſport To-day,
Ours is not To-morrow,
Love with Youth flies ſwift away,
Age is nought but Sorrow;
Dance and ſing,
Time's on the Wing,
Life never knows the returning Spring.
Let us drink, &c.

SONG CCVI. *'Twas when the Seas were roaring.*

HOW cruel are the Traitors,
Who lie and ſwear in Jeſt,
To cheat unguarded Creatures
Of Virtue, Fame, and Reſt!

Whoever ſteals a Shilling,
Through Shame the Guilt conceals,
In Love the perjur'd Villain
With Boaſts the Theft reveals.

SONG CCVII. *I, who once was great.*

CUſtom prevailing ſo long 'mongſt the Great,
Makes Oaths eaſy Potions to ſleep on,
Which many, on gaining good Places repeat,
Without e'er deſigning to keep one:

For an Oath's seldom kept, as a Virgin's fair Fame;
A Lover's fond Vows; or a Prelate's good Name;
A Lawyer to Truth; a Statesman from Blame;
Or a Patriot Heart in a Courtier.

SONG CCVIII. *Coal-black Jock.*

OF all the Girls in our Town,
Or black, or yellow, or fair or brown,
With their soft Eyes, and Faces so bright;
Give me the Girl that's blyth and gay,
As warm as *June* and as sweet as *May*,
With her Heart free and faithful as Light;
What lovely Couple then could be
So happy and so blest as we?
On whom eternal Joys would smile,
And all the Hours of Life beguile,
Entranc'd in Bliss each rapturous Night.

SONG CCIX. *Why is your faithful Slave.*

IF Love the Virgin's Heart invade,
How, like a Moth, the simple Maid
Still plays about the Flame;
If soon she be not made a Wife,
Her Honour's sing'd, and then for Life,
She's what I dare not name.

SONG CCX. *Ye Nymphs, &c.*

YE Minutes swiftly move,
That bear me to my Love;
When *Phœbus* near,
I'm debonair,
And happier far than Jove:
Her every Charm
Has Power to warm
The coldest Cynick's Breast;
In each fond Sigh,
My Wishes fly,
To tell how I
In Absence die,
'Till of my Dear possess'd.

SONGS
FOR THE
BOTTLE, &c.

SONG I. *Come, chear up*, &c.

COME, chear up your Hearts,
And call for your Quarts,
And let there no Liquor be lacking;
We have Money in Store,
And intend for to roar,
Until we have ſent it all packing.
Then, Drawer, make haſte,
And let no Time waſte,
But give ev'ry Man his due;
To avoid all Trouble,
Let each Man have double,
Since he, that made one, made two,
Since he, that made one, made two.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
And call for your Wine,
'Tis that makes a Man to ſpeak truly;
What Sot can refrain,
Or daily complain,
That he, in his Drink, is unruly?
Then drink and be civil,
Intending no Evil,

If that you'll be ruled by me;
For Claret and Sack,
We never will lack.
Since he, that made two, made three,
Since he, &c.

The old Curmudgeon,
Sits all the Day drudging
At home, with brown Bread and small Beer;
With scraping damn'd Pelf,
He starveth himself,
Scarce eats a good Meal in the Year:
But we'll not do so,
Howe'er the World go,
Since that we have Money in Store;
For Claret and Sack,
We never will lack,
Since he, that made three, made four,
Since he, &c.

Come drink, my Hearts, drink,
And Call for your Wine;
D'ye think I'll leave you i'th'Lurch?
My Reck'ning I'll pay
E'er I go away,
Or hang me as high as *Paul's* Church.
Tho' some Men will say,
This is not the Way
For us in this World to thrive
'Tis no matter for that,
Let us have t'other Quart,
Since he, that made four, made five.
Since he, &c.

A Pox of old *Charon*,
His Brains are all barren,
His Liquor (like Coffee) is dry;
But we are for Wine,
'Tis a Drink more divine,
Without it we perish and die.
Then troll it about,
Until 'tis all out,

We'll affront him in ſpite of his Sty;
If he grudges his Ferry,
We'll drink and be merry,
Since he, that made five, made ſix,
Since he, &c.

But now the Time's come,
That we all muſt go Home,
Our Liquor's all gone, that's for certain;
Which makes me repine,
That a God ſo divine
Won't give us one Cup at our parting.
But ſince all is paid,
Let's not be diſmay'd,
But fly to great *Bacchus* in H———;
And chide him, becauſe
He made no better Laws,
Since he, that made ſix, made ſeven,
Since he, &c.

SONG II. *Down among the,* &c.

HEre's a Health to the King, and a laſting Peace;
May Faction be dumb, and Diſcord ceaſe:
Come, let us drink it while we've Breath,
For there's no drinking after Death;
And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead Men,
Down among the dead Men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead Men let him lie.

Now a Health to the Queen, and may ſhe long
B'our firſt fair Toaſt to grace our Song;
Off w'your Hats, w'your Knee on the Ground,
Take off your Bumpers all around;
And he that will not drink his dry,
Down among, &c.

Let charming Beauty's Health go round,
In whom celeſtial Joys are found;

And may Confuſion ſtill purſue
The ſenſeleſs woman-hating Crew;
And he that will this Health deny,
Down among, &c.

Here's thriving to Trade, and the Common-weal,
And Patriots to their Country leil;
But who for Bribes gives *Satan* his Soul,
May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing Bowl;
And all that with ſuch Rogues comply,
Down among, &c.

In ſmiling *Bacchus'* Joys I'll roll,
Deny no Pleaſure to my Soul;
Let *Bacchus'* Health round ſwiftly move,
For *Bacchus* is a Friend to Love;
And he that does this Health deny,
Down among, &c.

SONG III. *Gay* Bacchus, &c.

GAY *Bacchus* liking *Eſtcourt's* Wine,
A noble Meal beſpoke;
And, for the Gueſts that were to dine,
Brought *Comus*, *Love* and *Joke*.

The God near *Cupid* drew his Chair,
And *Joke* near *Comus* plac'd;
Thus Wine makes Love forget its Care,
And Mirth exalts a Feaſt.

The more to pleaſe each ſprightly God,
Each ſweet engaging Grace,
Put on ſome Cloaths to come abroad,
And took a Waiter's Place.

Then *Cupid* nam'd at ev'ry Glaſs
A Lady of the Sky,
While *Bacchus* ſwore he'd drink the Laſs,
And had it Bumper high.

Fat *Comus* toſt his Brimmer o'er,
And always got the moſt;
For *Joke* took Care to fill him more,
Whene'er he miſt the Toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at every Touch,
Then fill'd and drank again;
And if the Gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid, they did ſo then,

Free Jeſts run all the Table round,
And with the Wine conſpire
(While they by ſly Reflection wound)
To ſet their Heads on Fire.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* flung
By reck'ning his Deceits;
And *Cupid* mock'd his ſtamm'ring Tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring Gaits.

Joke droll'd on *Comus'* greedy Ways,
And Tales without a Jeſt,
While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays
But Waggeries at beſt.

Such Talk ſoon ſet them all at odds,
And had I *Homer's* Pen,
I'd ſing ye how they drank like Gods,
And how they fought like Men.

To part the Fray, the Graces fly,
Who made them ſoon agree;
And had the Furies ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appear'd, raiſ'd *Cupid* up,
And gave him back his Bow,
But kept ſome Dart to ſtir the Cup
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Joke, taking *Comus'* roſy Crown,
In Triumph wore the Prize
And thrice in Mirth he puſh'd him down.
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then *Cupid* ſought the Myrtle Grove,
Where *Venus* did recline,
And Beauty, cloſe embracing Love,
They join'd to rail at Wine.

And *Comus*, loudly curſing Wit,
Roll'd off to ſome Retreat,
Where boon Companions gravely ſit
In fat unweildy State.

Bacchus and *Joke*, who ſtay behind,
For one freſh Glaſs prepare;
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in Time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive Song:
For tho' ſuch Friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

SONG VI. Diogenes *ſurly and proud.*

Diogenes ſurly and proud,
VVho ſnarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
Delighted in VVine that was good,
Becauſe in good VVine there was Truth;
But growing as poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchaſe a Flask,
He choſe for his Manſion a Tub,
And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
A Bumper to cheriſh his Heart;
And when he was maudlin would cry,
Becauſe he had empty'd his Quart:
Tho' ſome are ſo fooliſh to think,
He wept at Men's Follies and Vice,
'Twas only his Cuſtom to drink,
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cheriſh his Soul;
VVould laugh like a Man that was mad,
VVhen over a good flowing Bowl;
As long as his Cellar was ſtor'd,
The Liquor he'd merrily quaff;
And when he was drunk as a Lord,
At them that were ſober he'd laugh.

Wiſe *Solon*, who carefully gave
Good Laws unto *Athens* of Old,
And thought the rich *Craſus* a Slave
(Tho' a King) to his Coffers of Gold;
He delighted in plentiful Bowls;
But Drinking, much Talk would decline,
Becauſe 'twas the Cuſtom of Fools,
To prattle much over their Wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
'Till a Bottle had heighten'd his Joys,
Who in's Cups to the Oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted ſo Wiſe:
Late Hours he moſt certainly lov'd,
Made Wine the Delight of his Life,
Or *Xanteppe* would never have prov'd
Such a damnable Scold of a Wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his Parts,
Who tutor'd the Bully of *Rome*,
Grew wiſe o'er his Cups and his Quarts,
Which he drank like a Miſer at Home;
And, to ſhew he lov'd Wine that was good
To the laſt, (we may truly aver it)
He tinctur'd his Bath with his Blood,
So fancy'd he dy'd in his Claret.

Pythagoras did Silence enjoin,
On his Pupils who Wiſdom would ſeek;
Becauſe he tippled good Wine,
'Till himſelf was unable to ſpeak;
And when he was whimſical grown,
With ſipping his plentiful Bowls,
By the Strength of the Juice in his Crown,
He conceiv'd Tranſmigration of Souls.

Copernicus too, like the reſt,
Believ'd there was Wiſdom in Wine,
And thought that a Cup of the beſt,
Made Reaſon the brighter to ſhine;

With Wine he repleniſh'd his Veins,
And made his Philoſophy Reel;
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
Turn'd round like a Chariot-Wheel.

Ariſtotle, that Maſter of Arts,
Had been but a Dunce without Wine,
And what we aſcribe to his Parts,
Is due to the Juice of the Vine:
His Belly, moſt Writers agree,
Was as big as a watering Trough;
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
Becauſe he'd have Liquor enough.

When *Pyrrho* had taken a Glaſs,
He ſaw that no Object appear'd,
Exactly the ſame as it was,
Before he had liquor'd his Beard:
For Things running round in his Drink,
Which ſober he motionleſs found,
Occaſion'd the Sceptick to think
There was nothing of Truth to be ſound.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd Divine,
He fondly to Wiſdom was prone;
But had it not been for good Wine,
His Merits had never been known.
By Wine we are generous made,
It furniſhes Fancy with Wings,
Without it we ne'er ſhould have had
Philoſophers, Poets, or Kings.

SONG V. *Young* Bacchus, &c.

YOung *Bacchus*, when merry beſtriding his Tun,
Proclaim'd a neighbourly Feaſt;
The firſt that appear'd was a Man of the Gown,
A jolly parochial Prieſt;
He fill'd up his Bowl, drank a Health to the Church,
Preferring it to the King,
Altho' he long ſince had left both in the Lurch,
Yet he canted like any Thing.

The next was a talkative Blade (whom we call
A Doctor of the Civil Law)
He guzzl'd and drank up the Devil and all,
As fast as the Drawer could draw;
But a Health to all Nobles he ſtifly deny'd,
Tho' luſtily he could ſwill,
Becauſe, ſtill the faſter the Quality dy'd,
It brought the more Grift to his Mill.

The next a Phyſician to Ladies and Lords,
Who eaſes all Sickneſs and Pain,
And conjures Diſtempers away with hard Words,
Which he knows is the Head of his Gain;
He ſtep'd from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to the Brim,
And quaffing, did freely agree,
That *Bacchus*, who gave us ſuch Cordial to drink,
Was a better Phyſician than he.

The next was a Juſtice who never read Law,
With twenty Informers behind,
On Free-coſt he tippl'd, and ſtill bid them draw,
'Till his Worſhip had drank himſelf blind;
Then reeling away, they rambl'd in queſt
Of Drunkards and Jilts of the Town,
That they might be puniſh'd, to frighten the reſt,
Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,
By Tallymen chiefly employ'd,
Who lengthen'd his Bill with *co by* and *mawdraw*,
And a thouſand ſuch Items beſide;
The Healths, that he drank, were to *Weſtminſter-Hall*,
And to all the grave Dons of the Gown;
Rependum in *Petro*, *durendum* in *Paul*,
Such *Latin* ſure never was known.

The laſt that appear'd was a Soldier in red,
With his Hair doubl'd under his Hat,
Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,
Tho' as hungry and poor as a Rat;
He ſwore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,
Or the Help of ſome impudent Punk,
That he would not depart, till he made the Butt ſing,
And himſelf moſt confoundedly drunk.

SONG VI. *Ring, ring the Bar-Bell, &c.*

Vulcan, contrive me such a Cup,
As *Nestor* us'd of old;
Shew all thy Skill to trim it up,
Damask it round with Gold.

Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack
Up to the swelling Brim,
Vast Toasts, on the delicious Lake,
Like Ships at Sea, may swim.

Engrave not Battle on his Cheek,
With War I've nought to do;
I'm none of those that took *Maestricht*,
Nor *Tarmouth* Leaguer knew.

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
Fix'd Stars or Constellations;
For I am no Sir *Sidrophel*,
Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine;
Then add two lovely Boys;
Their Limbs in am'rous Folds intwine,
The Type of future Joys.

Cupid and *Bacchus* my Saints are,
May Drink and Love still reign;
With Wine I wash away my Care,
And then to Love again.

SONG VII. *The Jolly Topers.*

OF all the Occupations
A Toper is the best;
For when the World's Affairs runs cross,
Good Liquor gives him rest.
And a Toping, and a Toping we will go, &c.

Here's to thee, honest toping *Jack*,
Here's Wine will chear thy Heart;
And if the Bottle's almost out,
We'll have the other Quart.
And a Toping, &c.

What tho' your ſober Sneakers
Call jolly Topers Swine;
Becauſe they wallow in the Dirt,
And we do ſwim in Wine,
Tet a Toping, &c.

The Muſick that delights us moſt,
Is when the Bar-Bell rings;
For when the Wine's got in our Heads,
We fancy that we're Kings.
And a Toping, &c.

Good Liquor drives away all Cares,
Which ſo perplex Mens Lives;
For when we've drank our Courage up,
We fear no ſcolding Wives.
And a Toping, &c.

We'll drink at Morn, at Noon, and Night,
The Glaſs ſtill going round;
And when we cannot ſit upright,
We'll drink upon the Ground.
And a Toping, &c.

See how the ſhining Sparkles riſe,
Then fill your Glaſſes high;
Tho' gouty Pains attack our Limbs,
We'll drink until we die.
And a Toping, &c.

The Lover lives on *Celia*'s Smiles,
And if ſhe frowns, he dies;
But what are Female Smiles, or Frowns,
To jolly drinking Boys?
And a Toping, &c.

Let Miſers heap up ſtore of Gold,
To pleaſe their greedy Souls;
The greateſt Bliſs we Topers find,
Is in full flowing Bowls.
And a Toping, &c.

Let *Whigs* and *Tories* plague their Heads,
To ſettle State Affairs;
We'll drink, and all our Time carouſe,
If we live a thouſand Years.
And a Toping, &c.

SONG VIII. *If any ſo wiſe is,*

IF any ſo wiſe is,
That Sack he deſpiſes,
Let him drink his Small-Beer, and be ſober;
Whilſt we drink Wine and ſing,
As if it were Spring,
He ſhall droop like the Trees in *October.*

But be ſure, over Night
If this Dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a Warning;
Soon as out of your Bed,
To ſettle your Head,
Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning

And be not ſo ſilly,
To follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Wine that can tune us.
Let his *Ne Aſſueſcas*
Be put in his Cap-Caſe,
And ſing *Bibito vinum jejunus.*

SONG IX. *We'll drink, &c.*

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, Boys,
Put the Glaſs then around with the Sun, Boys;
Let *Appollo*'s Example invite us,
For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
That makes him ſo bright,
That he's able next Morning to light us.

Drinking's a Chriſtian Diverſion,
Unknown to the *Turk*, and the *Perſian*;
Let *Mahometan* Fools
Live by heatheniſh Rules,
And dream o'er their Tea-Pots and Coffee;
While the brave *Britons* ſing,
And drink Healths to the King,
And a Fig for their *Sultan* and *Sophy.*

SONG X. Diogenes, *ſurly*, &c.

OLD *Saturn*, that Drone of a God,
And Father of all the Divine,
Still govern'd the VVorld with a Nod,
Yet fancied briſk VVomen and VVine;
And when he was whimſical grown,
By ſipping his plentiful Bowl,
Then frankly the Truth he would own,
That a VVench was the Joy of his Soul.

Great *Jupiter*, like his old Dad,
To Love and a Bottle inclin'd,
VVhen mellow, was conſtantly glad
To find a plump Girl to his Mind;
And then, as the Story is told,
He'd conjure himſelf in her Arms,
As once in a Shower of Gold
He rifled fair *Danae's* Charms.

Stern *Mars* the great God of the Field,
All Day tho' delighting in Blood,
At Night his fierce Godſhip would yield
To Beauty and VVine that was good:
VVith *Nectar* he'd cheriſh his Heart,
And raiſe up his wanton Deſires,
Then to *Venus*, his Darling, impart
The VVarmth of his amorous Fires.

Apollo, the Patron of Bays,
Full Goblets would merrily drain,
And ſing forth poetical Lays,
VVhen the Fumes had got into his Brain:
But ſtill as he whimſical grew,
By toping the Juice of the Vine,
To *Parnaſſus* daily he flew,
To kiſs all the muſical Nine.

Sly *Mercury* too, like the reſt,
Made Wenching and VVine his Delight,
And thought himſelf perfectly bleſt
VVith a Bottle and Miſtreſs at Night:

No VVonder Debauches he lov'd,
And Cheating his Pleaſure he made,
For the Gods have ev'ry one prov'd
That Pimping was always his Trade.

Plump *Bacchus*, that tun-belly'd Sot,
His Thirſt could but ſeldom allay,
Till aſtride o'er a Hogſhead he got,
And drank all the Liquor away:
As long as upright he could ſit,
He'd ſtrenuous bellow for more;
When drunk, then the Veſſel would quit,
And reel to ſome *Bacchanal* Whore.

SONG XI. *Here's to thee*, &c.

AS tippling *John* was jogging on,
Upon a Riot-Night;
With tott'ring Pace, and fiery Face,
Suſpicious of high Flight:
The Guards, who took him by his Look,
For ſome chief Fire-brand,
Ask'd, whence he came? what was his Name?
Who are you? ſtand, Friend, ſtand.

I am going home; from Meeting come.
Ay, ſays one, that's the Caſe:
Some Meeting he has burnt, you ſee
The Flame's ſtill in his Face.
John thought 'twas Time to purge the Crime,
And ſaid, 'twas his Intent,
For to aſſwage his thirſty Rage;
That Meeting 'twas he meant.

Come, Friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,
Says one, pray let us know;
That we may find, how you're inclin'd,
Are you High-Church or Low?
John ſaid to that, I'll tell you what,
To end Debates and Strife;
All I can ſay, this is my Way
I ſteer my Courſe of Life.

I never to *Bow*, nor *Burgeſs* go,
To Steeple-houſe, nor Hall;
The brisk Bar-bell beſt ſuits my Zeal,
With, Gentlemen, d'ye call?
Now judge, am I Low-church, or High?
From Tavern, or the Steeple,
Whoſe merry Toll exalts the Soul,
And makes us high flown People.

The Guards came on, and look'd at *John*,
With Countenance moſt pleaſant:
By Whiſper round, they all ſoon found,
He was no dang'rous Peaſant:
So while *John* ſtood, the beſt he cou'd,
Expecting their Deciſion;
Pox on't, ſays one, let him be gone,
He's of our own Religion.

SONG XII. *Here's to thee, my Boy*, &c.

Here's to thee, my Boy,
My Darling, my Joy.
For a Toper I love as my Life.
I love as my Life;
Who ne'er baulks his Glaſs,
Nor cries like an Aſs,
To go home to his Miſtreſs or Wife,
To go home to his Miſtreſs or Wife.

But heartily quaffs,
Sings Catches, and laughs;
All the Night he looks jovial and gay,
Looks jovial and gay;
When Morning appears,
Then homeward he ſteers,
To ſnore out the reſt of the Day,
To ſnore out the reſt of the Day.

He feels not the Cares,
The Griefs or the Fears,
That the Sober too often attend,
Too often attend;

Nor knows he a Loſs,
Diſturbance, or Croſs
Save the Want of his Bottle and Friend,
Save the Want of his Bottle and Friend.

SONG XIII. *When ſhe came, &c.*

COme fill me a Bumper, my jolly brave Boys,
Let's have no more Female Impert'nence and Noiſe;
For I've try'd the Endearments and Pleaſures of Love,
And I find they're but Nonſenſe and Whimſies, by Jove.

When firſt of all Betty *and I were acquaint,*
I whin'd like a Fool, and ſhe ſigh'd like a Saint:
But I found her Religion, her Face, and her Love,
Were Hypocriſy, Paint, and Self-Intereſt, by Jove.

Sweet Cecil *came next, with her languiſhing Air.*
Her Out-ſide was orderly, modeſt, and fair;
But her Soul was ſophoſticate, ſo was her Love,
For I found ſhe was only a Strumpet, by Jove.

Little double-gilt Jenney's *Gold charm'd me at laſt,*
(You know Marriage and Money together does beſt)
But the Baggage, forgetting her Vows and her Love,
Gave her Gold to a ſniv'ling, dull Cuxcomb, by Jove.

Come fill me a Bumper then, jolly brave Boys,
Here's a Farewel to Female Impert'nence and Noiſe;
I know few of their Sex, that are worthy my Love,
And for Strumpets and Jilts, I abhor them, by Jove.

SONG XIV. *Let Soldiers fight, &c.*

LET Soldiers fight for Prey or Praiſe,
And Money be the Miſer's Wiſh;
Poor Scholars ſtudy all their Days,
And Gluttons glory in their Diſh:
'Tis Wine, *pure Wine revives ſad Souls,*
Therefore fill us the chearing Bowls.

Let Minions marſhal ev'ry Hair.
And in a Lover's Lock delight,
And artificial Colours wear;
Pure Wine is native red and white:
'Tis Wine *&c.*

The backward Spirit it makes brave,
That lively which before was dull;
Opens the Heart that loves to ſave,
And Kindneſs flows from Cups brim-full:
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some Men want Youth, and others Health,
Some want a Wife, and ſome a Punk,
Some Men want Wit and others Wealth;
But they want nothing that are drunk:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives ſad Souls,
Therefore give us the chearing Bowls.

SONG XV. *An hundred Years hence.*

LET us drink and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry,
Theorbo, and Voice:
The changeable World
To our Joy is unjuſt,
All Treaſure's uncertain,
Then down with your Duſt.
In Frolicks diſpoſe
Your Pounds, Shillings and Pence,
For we ſhall be nothing,
An hundred Years hence.

We'll kiſs, and be free,
With *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,
Have Oyſters and Lobſters,
And Maids by the B——y.
Fiſh-dinners will make
A Laſs ſpring like a Flea;
Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddeſs)
Was born of the Sea:
With *Bacchus*, and her,
We'll tickle the Senſe,
For we ſhall be paſt it
An hundred Years hence.

Your moſt beautiful Bit,
That hath all Eyes upon her,
That her Honeſty ſells
For a *Hautgouſt* of Honour,
Whoſe Lightneſs, and Brightneſs,
Doth ſhine in ſuch Splendor,
That none but the Stars
Are thought fit to attend her:
Though now ſhe be pleaſant,
And ſweet to the Senſe,
Will be damnably mouldy
An hundred Years hence.

The Uſurer, that
In the hundred takes twenty,
Who wants in his wealth,
And pines in his Plenty;
Lays up for a Seaſon
Which he ſhall ne'er ſee,
The Year One Thouſand
Eight hundred and three:
His Wit and his Wealth,
His Learning and Senſe,
Shall be turn'd to nothing
An hundred Years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyers,
Whoſe Subtlely thrives,
In ſpinning out Suits
To the Length of three Lives;
Such Suits which the Clients
Do wear out in Slav'ry,
Whilſt Pleader make Conſcience
A Cloak for his Knav'ry;
May boaſt of Subtlety,
In the preſent Tenſe,
ut *Non eſt inventus*
An hundred Years hence.

Then why ſhould we turmoil
In Cares, and in Fears,
Turn all our Tranquil'ty
To Sighs and Tears;

Let's eat, drink, and play,
'Till the Worms do corrupt us,
'Tis certain, *poſt mortem*,
Nulla voluptas,
Let's deal with our Damſels,
That we may, from thence,
Have Broods to ſucceed us
An hundred Years hence.

SNOG XVI. *On, on, my Dear*, &c.

HEre's to thee, my *Damon*, let's drink and be merry,
And drown all our Cares in full Bumpers of Sherry;
Commit ev'ry Care to the Guardians above,
And we'll live like Immortals in Pleaſure and Love.

Here's *Phillis*'s Health, lo! the Liquor flows higher,
'Tis *Phillis*'s Name that awakens the Fire:
Since the Liquor is clear, let our Eloquence ſhine,
And Fancy be brisk as the ſparkling Wine.

Ye Nymphs, and ye Graces, ye Cupids, ye Swains,
Go pluck the ſweet Roſes the Pride of the Plains;
Pluck only ſuch Roſes as worthy the Fair,
And weave her a Chaplet with diligent Care:

While to yon cool Poplar's kind Shade we retire,
To melt in Embraces, and mingle our Fire;
In languiſhing Bliſſes, we'll live, and we'll die,
She'll melt in the Flames that I catch at her Eye.

SONG XVII. *Jolly Mortals fill*, &c.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glaſſes,
Madneſs 'tis for us to think,
How the World is rul'd by Aſſes,
And the Wiſe are ſway'd by Chink.

Then never let vain Cares oppreſs us;
Riches are to them a Snare;
We're ev'ry one as rich as *Cræſus*,
While our Bottle drowns our Care.

Wine will make us red as Roſes,
And our Sorrows quite forget;
Come, let's fuddle all our Noſes,
Drink ourſelves quite out of Debt.

When grim Death comes looking for us,
We are toping off our Bowls;
Bacchus joining in the Chorus,
Death, be gone, here's none but Souls.

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,
Trembling Death away ſhall fly;
Ever after underſtanding,
Drinking Souls can never die.

SONG XVII. *Wine does*, &c.

WIne does Wonders ev'ry Day,
Makes the heavy light and gay;
Throws off all their Melancholy,
Makes the wiſeſt go aſtray,
And the Buſy toy and play,
And the Poor and Needy jolly.

Wine makes trembling Cowards bold,
Men in Years forget they're old;
Women leave their coy diſdaining,
Who till then were ſhy and cold;
Makes the Niggard ſlight his Gold,
And the Foppiſh entertaining.

SONG XIX. *If the Glaſſes*, &c.

IF the Glaſſes they are empty,
Fill again, my Soul's a-dry;
Sure ſuch VVine as this will tempt ye,
To carouſe in Sympathy.
Thirſty Souls, like Plants expiring,
Moiſture ever are deſiring;
Thus careſſing
Nature's Bleſſing,
VVe'll the ſober VVorld defy.

See, the Bottle, how its Beauty
Smiles in ev'ry Ruby Face;
VVe to *Bacchus* owe a Duty,
Drink, brave Heroes, drink a-pace.
Cou'd the Globe be fill'd with Claret,
Souls like mine wou'd never ſpare it;
Ever drinking,
Void of thinking,
VVe'd the happy Hours embrace.

SONG XX. *Ring, ring the Bar, &c.*

RIng, ring the Bar-Bell of the VVorld,
Great *Bacchus* calls for VVine:
Haſte, pierce the Globe, its Juices drain,
To whet him e'er he dine.

Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,
VVhen firſt you have poured forth;
The Globe ſhall cluck, as ſoon as tapp'd,
To brood ſuch Sons of VVorth.

When this VVorld's out, more VVorlds we'll have,
VVho dare oppoſe the Call?
If we had twice ten thouſand VVorlds,
E'er Night we'd drink them all.

See, ſee our Drawer *Atlas* comes,
His Cask upon his Back;
Haſte, drink and ſwill, let's booze amain,
'Till all our Girdles crack.

Apollo cry'd, let's drink amain,
Leſt Time ſhould go aſtray,
VVe'll make Time drunk, the reſt reply'd,
VVe Gods can make a Day.

Brave *Hercules*, who took the Hint,
Required Time to drink;
And made him gorge ſuch Potions down,
That Time forgot to think.

Unthinking Time thus overcome,
And nonplus'd in the vaſt;
Diſſolv'd in the æthereal VVorld,
Sigh'd, languiſh'd, groan'd his laſt.

Now Time's no more, let's drink away,
Hang flinching, make no VVords;
Like true-born *Bacchanalian* Souls,
VVe'll get as drunk as Lords.

SONG XXI. *When lovely* Phillis, &c.

WHen lovely Phillis, *thou art kind,*
Nought but Raptures fill my Mind;
'Tis then I think thee ſo divine,
T'excel the mighty Power of Wine:
But when thou inſult'ſt, and laughs at my Pain,
I waſh thee away with ſparkling Champaign;
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother.
And drive out one God by the Power of another.

When Pity in thy Looks I ſee,
I freely quit my Friends for thee;
Perſuaſive Love ſo charms me then,
My Freedom I'd not wiſh again:
But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my Care,
Then ſtraight with a Bumper I baniſh Deſpair;
So bravely condemn both the Boy and his Mother,
And drive out one God by the Power of another.

SONG XXII. *Buſy, curious,* &c.

BUSY, curious, thriſty Fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my Cup,
Couldſt thou ſip and ſip it up:
Make the moſt of Life you may,
Life is ſhort and wears away.
Life is ſhort, &c.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Haſten quick to their Decline;
Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,
Tho' repeated to threeſcore;
Threeſcore Summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as ſhort as one. VVill appear, &c.

SONG XXIII. *He that will not Merry, Merry be.*

HE that will not Merry, Merry be,
With a generous Bowl and a Toaſt,
May he in *Bridewell* be ſhut up,
And faſt bound to a Poſt:
Let him be Merry, Merry there,
And we'll be Merry, Merry here;
For who can know where we ſhall go
To be Merry another Year?

He that will not Merry, Merry be,
And take his Glaſs in Courſe,
May he b' oblig'd to drink Small-Beer,
Ne'er a Penny in his Purſe:
Let him be Merry, &c.

He that will not Merry, Merry be,
With a Comp'ny of Jolly Boys,
May he be plagu'd with a ſcolding Wife,
To confound him with her Noiſe:
Let him be Merry, &c.

He that will not Merry, Merry be,
With his Miſtreſs in his Bed;
Let him be bury'd in the Church-Yard,
And me be put in his Stead:
Let him be Merry, Merry there,
And we'll be Merry, Merry here;
For who can know where we ſhall go
To be Merry another Year?

SONG XXIV. *Hark, away, 'tis the,* &c.

JOLLY *Souls that are generous and free,*
And true Vot'ries to Bacchus *will be,*
To great Bacchus' *Shrine let's repair,*
And a Bott'e or two offer there.
Chor. Exempt from Exciſe, our Joys higher riſe,
Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
Our Bottle at Night, gives us Joy and Delight,
And drowns all the drowſy Fatigues of the Day.

Let the griping old Uſurer pine,
Let the Lover call Phillis *divine,*
Let each Man what he fancies commend,
My Delight's in my Bottle and Friend.
Exempt from, &c.

O what Joy from the Bottle there ſprings!
It can make us greater than Kings,
If our Spirits by Grief are oppreſs'd,
Wine alone can procure us ſome reſt.
Exempt from, &c.

Great Influence has Wine over Love,
And the Coy can make kinder to prove;
Tho' the Nymph very ſlighting denies,
It diſcovers the Truth in her Eyes.
Exempt from, &c.

It can make us all Heroes, in brief,
And the Wretched forget all his Grief;
It inſpires the Gallant and Brave,
And Freedom can give to the Slave.
Exempt from Exciſe, our Joys higher riſe,
Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
Our Bottle at Night, gives us Joy and Delight,
And drowns all the drowſy Fatigues of the Day.

SONG XXV. *Come let us prepare.*

THE Sages of old
In Prophecy told,
The cauſe of a Nation's undoing;
But our new *Engliſh* Breed
No Prophecies need,
For each one here ſeeks his own Ruin.

With Grumbling and Jars,
We promote Civil Wars,
And preach up falſe Tenets too many;
We ſnarl, and we bite,
We rail, and we fight
For Religion, yet no Man has any.

Then him let's commend,
That's true to his Friend,
And the Church and the Senate would ſettle;
Who delights not in Blood,
But draws when he ſhou'd,
And bravely ſtands brunt to the Battle.

Who rails not at Kings,
Nor politick Things,
Nor Treaſon will ſpeak when he's mellow;
But takes a full Glaſs,
To his Country's Succeſs;
This, this is an honeſt, brave Fellow.

SONG XXVI. *How bleſs'd*, &c.

LEave off this idle Prating
Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*;
But drink your Glaſs,
Round let it paſs,
The Bottle ſtands before ye.
Chorus. *Fill it up,*
To the Top,
Let the Night with Mirth be crown'd;
Drink about,
See it out,
Love and Friendſhip ſtill go round.

If Claret be a Bleſſing,
This Night devote to Pleaſure!
Let worldly Cares,
And State Affairs,
Be thought on at more Leiſure.
Fill it up, &c.

If any be ſo zealous,
To be a Party's Minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll ſoon agree,
And be of one Opinion.
Fill it up, &c.

SONG XXVII. Charles *of* Sweden.

COme, jolly *Bacchus*, God of Wine,
Crown this Night with Pleaſure:
Let none at Cares of Life repine,
To deſtroy our Pleaſure:
Fill up the mighty ſparkling Bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal Soul
May drink, and ſing, without Controul,
To ſupport our Pleaſure.

Thus, mighty *Bacchus*, ſhalt thou be,
Guardian to our Pleaſure;
That, under thy Protection, we
May enjoy new Pleaſure:
And, as the Hours glide away,
We'll in thy Name invoke their Stay,
And ſing thy Praiſes, that we may
Live and die with Pleaſure.

SONG XXVIII. *Wine's a Miſtreſs*, &c.

WINE's a Miſtreſs gay and eaſy,
Ever free to give Delight;
Let what may perplex and teaze ye,
'Tis the Bottle ſets all right.
Who would leave a laſting Pleaſure,
To embrace a childiſh Treaſure,
Which as ſoon as taſted takes its Flight?
Pierce the Cask of generous Claret,
Rouze your Hearts, e're 'tis too late;
Fill the Goblet, never ſpare it,
That's your Armour 'gainſt all Fate.

SONG XXIX. *If* Phillis, &c.

IF *Phillis* denies me Relief,
If ſhe's angry, I'll ſeek it in Wine:
Though ſhe laughs at my amorous Grief,
At my Mirth why ſhould ſhe repine?

Brisk ſparkling Champaign ſhall remove
All the Griefs my dull Soul has in Store:
My Reaſon I loſt when I lov'd,
By Drinking, what can I do more?

Would *Phillis* but pity my Pain,
Or my am'rous Vows would approve,
The Juice of the Grape I'd diſdain,
And be drunk with nothing but Love.

SONG XXX. *Come let us prepare.*

THE *Macedon* Youth
Left behind him this Truth,
That nothing is done with much Thinking;
He drunk, and he fought,
'Till he had what he ſought,
The World was his own by good Drinking.

He drench'd his brave Soul
In a plentiful Bowl,
And caſt away Trouble and Sorrow;
His Head never run
Of what was to be done,
For he car'd not to Day for to Morrow.

SONG XXXI. *There was a jovial,*

COME, all ye jolly *Bacchanals*,
That loves to tope good Wine,
Let us offer up a Hogſhead,
Unto our Maſter's Shrine.
And a Toping we will go, &c.

Then let us drink, and never ſhrink,
For I'll give a Reaſon why;
'Tis a great Sin to leave a Houſe,
'Till we've drank the Cellar dry.
And a Toping, &c.

In Times of Old I was a Fool,
I drank the Water clear;
But *Bacchus* took me from that Rule,
He thought 'twas too ſevere.
And a Toping, &c.

He fill'd a Goblet to the Brim,
And bad me take a Sup;
But had it been a Gallon-Pot,
By *Jove* I'd toft it up.
And a Toping, &c.

And ever ſince that happy Time,
Good Wine has been my Cheer;
Now nothing puts me in a Swoon,
But Water or Small-Beer.
And a Toping, &c.

Then let us tope about, my Boys,
And never flinch, nor fly;
But fill our Skins brim-full of Wine,
And drain the Bottles dry.
And a Toping, &c.

SONG XXXII. *Come fill us a*, &c.

COME fill me a Bumper of Red, my brave Boys,
Let us call for the Slave from below,
Wine alone 'tis inſpires the Mind with true Joys,
Since the Gods in their H———s drink ſo.

He, that troubles his Head with dull Cares, is an Aſs,
Having ſuch brisk Liquor before him;
Let's bury the World in the Grave of the Glaſs,
And for the brisk God let's adore him.

Let's laugh at the Wiſe, and their Morals deſpiſe,
The rich Juice 'tis that affords us Delight;
Let us drink a good Health to our Miſtreſs's Eyes,
'Till our own Eyes ſhall bid us good Night.

SONG XXXIII. *Some liken Man*, &c.

SOME liken Man to brittle Glaſs,
Some to a burning Taper;
To Garden Flow'rs, or Meadow Graſs,
Or to a riſing Vapour.

But, doubtleſs, Beer in Barrel tunn'd,
Or cloſe in Bottle pent,
Does human Life thro' all its Round,
Moſt clearly repreſent.

The Infant Drink will driv'ling doſe,
And cry like Child in Craddle;
You muſt let neither lie too looſe,
Nor yet too cloſely ſwaddle.

New Ale, we know, is full of Wind,
Wanting due Time to ſtale it;
The Dregs, not yet by Age refin'd,
Are nauſeous to the Palate.

Freſh Hops, ſometimes, our Art imploys,
To rectify the Liquor;
And who believes, but that the Boy's
Correction is a Bitter?

At length improv'd by rip'ning Age,
Both Man and Beer grow bright;
To Converſation they engage,
And ev'ry Friend delight.

But if the Cork be nought in one,
And weak the Head in t'other;
The Liquor's flat, a Dunce the Man,
And neither can recover.

SONG XXXIV. Bacchus, *God of*, &c.

Bacchus, God of mortal Pleaſure,
Ever give me thy dear Treaſure,
How I long for t'other Quart!
Drowſy Waiter, ſince 'tis no later,
Why ſhould good Companions part?

He that's willing, whip a Shilling,
Follow this Example round;
If you'd wear a liberal Spirit,
Put about the generous Claret,
After Death no Drinking's found.

SONG XXXV. *When I viſit*, &c.

WHEN I viſit proud Cælia *juſt come from my Glaſs,*
She tells me I'm fluſter'd, and look like an Aſs:
When I mean of my Paſſion to put her in Mind,
She bids me leave Drinking, or ſhe'll ne'er be kind:

That ſhe's charmingly handſome, I very well know,
And ſo is my Bottle, each Bumper ſo too;
And to leave my Soul's Joy, oh! 'tis Nonſenſe to ask,
Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil, bring the t'other half Flask.

Had ſhe tax'd me with Gaming, and bad me forbear,
'Tis a thouſand to one I had lent her an Ear,
Had ſhe found out my Chloris *up three Pair of Stairs,*
I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. James's *to Prayers,*
Had ſhe bid me read Homilies three Times a Day,
She perhaps had been humour'd with little to ſay,
But at Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red,
Let her go the Devil, there's no more to be ſaid.

SONG XXXVI. *A Pox on the Times.*

A Pox on the Times,
Let them go as they will,
Tho' the Taxes are grown ſo heavy;
Our Hearts are our own,
And ſhall be ſo ſtill,
Drink about, my Boys, and be merry.

Let no Man deſpair,
But drive away Care,
And drown all our Sorrows with Claret:
We'll never repine,
So they give us good Wine,
Let 'em take all our Droſs, we can ſpare it.

We value not Chink,
Unleſs to buy Drink,
Or purchaſe us innocent Pleaſure;
When 'tis gone, we ne'er fret,
So we Liquor can get,
For Mirth of itſelf is a Treaſure.

No Miſer can be,
So happy as we,
Tho' compaſs'd with Riches he wallow;
Day and Night he's in fear,
And ne'er without Care,
While nothing diſturbs the Good Fellow.

Come fill up the Glaſs,
And round let it paſs,
For Nature doth *Vacuums* decline;
Drown the ſpruce formal Aſs,
That's afraid of his Face,
We'll drink 'till our Noſes does *Phœbus* out-ſhine.

While we've Plenty of this,
We can ne'er do amiſs,
'Tis an Antidote 'gainſt our Ruin;
And the Lad that drinks moſt,
With Honour may boaſt,
He fears neither Death nor Undoing.

SONG XXXVII. *While the Lover*, &c.

WHile the Lover is thinking,
With my Friend I'll be drinking,
And with Vigour purſue my Delight;
While the Fool is deſigning
His fatal confining,
With *Bacchus* I'll ſpend the whole Night.

With the God I'll be jolly,
Without Madneſs or Folly,
Fickle Women to marry implore;
Leave my Bottle and Friend,
For ſo fooliſh an End!
When I do, may I never drink more.

SONG XXXVIII. *Upbraid me not*, &c.

UPbraid me not, capricious Fair,
With drinking to Exceſs;
I ſhould not want to drown Deſpair,
Was your Indifference leſs.
Love me, my Dear, and you ſhall find,
When this Excuſe is gone,
That all my Joys, when *Chloe*'s kind,
Are fix'd on her alone.
The God of Wine to Beauty yields with Joy:
For *Bacchus* only drinks (like me, like me,
Like me) when *Ariadne*'s coy.

SONG XXXIX. *Ye Cats that, &c.*

YE Cats, that at Midnight ſpit Love at each other,
Who beſt feel the Pangs of a paſſionate Lover;
I appeal to your Scratches and tattered Fur,
If the Buſineſs of Love be no more than to purr.
Old Lady *Grimalkin*, with Gooſeberry Eyes,
When Kitten knows ſomething, for why? ſhe was wiſe:
You find by Experience the Love Fit's ſoon o'er,
Puſs, Puſs, laſts not long, but turns to Cat-whore.
Men ride many Miles,
Cats tread many Tiles,
Both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the Fray;
Only Cats, if they fall
From a Houſe or a Wall,
Keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails, and away.

SONG XL. *Old* Adam, *it is true.*

OLD *Adam*, it is true,
No Care in *Eden* knew,
Yet his Sons live more gay and airy;
For he tippl'd Water,
While we, who come after,
Drink Claret and racy Canary.

Then let each take his Glaſs,
And drink to his Laſs,
But ne'er be a Slave unto either,
For they are only wiſe,
Who both equally prize,
And join *Bacchus* and *Venus* together.

Whenever we thus meet,
All our Joys to compleat,
And our Jollity ne'er can expire;
They our Faculties warm,
And as mutually charm,
While each from the other takes Fire.

SONG XLI. *By the gaily*, &c.

BY the gaily circling Glaſs
We can ſee how Minutes paſs;
By the hollow Cask are told
How the waining Night grows old.

Soon, too ſoon, the buſy Day
Drives us from our Sport and Play.
What have we with Day to do?
Sons of Care! 'twas made for you.

SONG XLII. Zeno, Plato, Ariſtotle,

ZEno, Plato, Ariſtotle,
All were Lovers of the Bottle;
Poets, Painters, and Muſicians,
Churchmen, Lawyers, and Phyſicians
All admire a pretty Laſs,
All require a chearful Glaſs:
Ev'ry Pleaſure has its Seaſon,
Love and Drinking are no Treaſon.

SONG XLIII. *Two Gods of*, &c.

TWO Gods of great Honour, *Bacchus* and *Apollo*,
The one fam'd in Muſick, the other in Wine,
In Heaven were raving, diſputing, and braving,
Whoſe Theme was the nobleſt and Trade moſt divine:
Your Muſick, ſays *Bacchus*, would ſtun us and rack [us,
Did Claret not ſoften the Diſcord you make:
Songs are not inviting, nor Verſes delighting,
Till Poets of my great Influence partake.

I'm young, plump and jolly, free from Melancholy,
Who e'er grew fat by the Sound of a String?
Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often contribute,
To purchaſe a Bottle before they do ſwing.

In Love I am noted, by old and young courted,
A Girl, when inſpired by me, is ſoon won;
So great are the Motions of one of my Potions,
The Muſes, tho' Maids, I could whore ev'ry one.

When Mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or indebted,
To me, as a Father, for Succour they cry;
In their ſad Condition, I hear their Petition,
A Bottle revives the oppreſs'd Votary.
Then leave off your Tooting, your Fidling, and Fluting,
Aſide lay your Harp and bow down to the Flask;
My Joys they are riper than Songs from a Piper,
What Muſick is ſweeter than ſounding a Cask?
Says *Phœbus*, this Fellow is drunk ſure, or mellow,
To prize Muſick leſs than Wine and October.
Since thoſe, who love Drinking, are void of all Thinking,
And want ſo much Senſe as to keep themſelves ſober.
Thus while they were wrangling, diſputing and jangling,
Came buxom bright *Venus* to end the Diſpute:
Says ſhe, now to eaſe ye, *Mars* beſt of all pleas'd me,
When arm'd with a Bottle, and charm'd with a alarm'd me,
Flute.
Your Muſick has charm'd me, your Wine has
When I have ſeem'd coy and hard to be won;
When both have been moving, I could not help loving,
And Wine has compleated what Muſick begun.
The Gods ſtruck with Wonder, declar'd by *Jove's*
Thunder,
They'd mutually join in ſupplying Love's Flame;
So each, in their Function, mov'd on in Conjunction,
To melt with ſoft Pleaſure the amorous Dame.

SONG XLIV. *My Goddeſs*, &c.

AS ſwift as Time put round the Glaſs
And hurry well Life's little Space;
Perhaps your Sun that ſhines ſo bright
May ſet in everlaſting Night.

Or if the Sun again ſhould riſe,
Death, e'er the Morn, may cloſe your Eyes;
Then drink before it be too late,
And ſnatch the preſent Hour from Fate.

Come fill a Bumper, fill it round,
Let Mirth, and Wit, and Wine abound;
In these alone true Wisdom lies,
For to be merry's to be wise.

SONG XLV. *As soon as the Chaos*, &c.

AS soon as the Chaos was turn'd into Form,
And the first Race of Men knew a Good from a Harm;
They quickly did join
In a Knowledge divine,
That the World's chiefest Blessings were Women and Wine:
Since when by Example, improving Delights,
Wine governs our Days, Love and Beauty our Nights:
Love on then, and drink,
'Tis a Folly to think
On a Mystery out of our Reaches;
Be moral in Thought,
To be merry's no Fault,
Tho' an Elder the contrary preaches:
For never my Friends,
Never, never, my Friends,
Never, never, my Friends, was an Age of more Vice,
Than when Knaves would seem pious, and Fools would seem wise.

SONG XLVI. *I wish my Love*, &c.

THE thirsty Earth sucks up the Rain,
And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
The Plants suck in the Earth and Air,
With constant drinking, fresh and fair.
The Sea itself, which one would think,
Should have but little Need for Drink
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.
The busy Sun (and one should guess,
By's drunken fiery Face, no less,)

Drinks up the Sea; and when he's done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun;
They drink and dance by their own Light,
They drink and revel all the Night:
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal Health goes round.
Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the Glasses there; for why
Shou'd ev'ry Creature drink but I,
Why, Men of Morals, tell me why?

SONG XLVII. Bacchus *must now*, &c.

BAcchus must now his Power resign,
I am the only God of Wine;
It is not fit that the Wretch should be
In Competition set with me,
Who can drink ten Times more than he.

Make a new World, ye Powers divine,
Stock'd with nothing else but Wine;
Let Wine its only Product be,
Let Wine be Earth, be Air, and Sea,
And let that Wine be all for me.

Let other Mortals vainly wear
A tedious Life in anxious Care:
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let States or Empires swim or sink,
My sole Ambition is to drink.

SONG LXVIII. *Of all Comforts*, &c.

He. *OF all Comforts I miscarried,*
When I play'd the Sot and married,
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't.
Those, that are in, would fain get out on't.

She. *Fie! my Dear, pray come to Bed,*
That Napkin take, and bind your Head,
Too much Drink your Brains have dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. *'Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down,*
For as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone.

She. *'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,*
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone!

He. *From your Arms myself divorcing,*
I this Morn muſt ride a Courſing,
A Sport that far excels a Madam,
Or all the Wives have been ſince Adam.

She. *I, when thus I've loſt my Dear,*
Muſt hug my Pillow wanting you;
And, whilſt you tope it all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmleſs Tea.

He. *Pox! what care I? drink your Slops till you die;*
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from Home.

She. *If thus parted, I'm broken-hearted;*
When I, when I ſend for you, my Dear, pray come.

He. *E'er I be from rambling hindred,*
I'll renounce my Spouſe and Kindred;
To be ſober I've no Leiſure,
What's a Man without his Pleaſure?

She. *To my Grief then I muſt ſee,*
Strong Wine and Nantz my Rivals be;
Whilſt you carouſe it with your Blades,
Poor I ſit ſtitching with my Maids.

He. *'Oons! you may go to your Goſſips you know,*
And there, if you meet with a Friend, pray do.

She. *Go, ye Joker, go, Provoker,*
Never, never ſhall I meet a Man like you.

SONG XLIX. *Let's be jovial,* &c.

JOlly Mortals, fill your Glaſſes,
Noble Deeds are done by Wine;
Scorn the Nymph and all her Graces,
Who'd for Love or Beauty pine?

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand Charms you'll find,
More than *Phillis*, tho' juſt going
In the Moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about at Council-board;
He ſubdu'd the World by Drinking
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

SONG L. *Give me but*, &c.

GIve me but a Friend and a Glaſs, Boys,
I'll ſhew ye what 'tis to be gay;
I'll not care a Fig for a Laſs, Boys,
Nor love my briſk Youth away:
Give me but an honeſt Fellow,
That's pleaſanter when he is mellow,
We'll live twenty four Hours a Day.

'Tis Woman in Chains does bind, Boys,
But 'tis Wine that makes us free;
'Tis Women that makes us blind, Boys,
But Wine makes us doubly ſee.
The Female is true to no Man,
Deceit is inherent to Women,
But none in a Brimmer can be.

SONG LI. *Come fill me a Glaſs*, &c.

COME, fill me a Glaſs, fill it high,
A Bumper, a Bumper I'll have:
He's a Fool that will flinch, I'll not bate an Inch,
Tho' I drink myſelf into my Grave.

Here's a Health to all thoſe jolly Souls,
Who like me will never give o'er,
Whom no Danger controuls, but will take off their [Bowls,
And merrily ſtickle for more.

Drown Reaſon and all ſuch weak Foes,
I ſcorn to obey her Command;
Cou'd ſhe ever ſuppoſe I'd be led by the Noſe,
And let my Glaſs idly ſtand?

Reputation's a Bugbear to Fools,
A Foe to the Joys of dear Drinking,
Made Uſe of by Tools, who'd ſet us new Rules,
And bring us to politick Thinking.

Fill 'em all, I'll have ſix in Hand,
For I've trifled an Age away:
'Tis in vain to command, the fleeting Sand
Rowls on, and cannot ſtay.
Come, my Lads, move the Glaſs, drink about,
We'll drink the Univerſe dry;
We'll ſet Foot to Foot, and drink it all out,
If once we grow ſober, we die.

SONG LII. *Briſk Claret*, &c.

BRisk Claret and Sherry
Will make us all merry;
Then fill the Glaſs, fill the Glaſs readily round;
Put it o'er the left Thumb,
Tho' the Company's dumb,
'Twill open their Pipes with a muſical Sound,
'Twill open, &c.

Then ſol, la, me, fa,
With a Note on ela,
Then higher, then higher perhaps it may riſe.
Fill a Bumper about,
For without any doubt
Jolly *Bacchus*, jolly *Bacchus* is prais'd to the Skies,
Is prais'd to the Skies, &c.

SONG LIII. *The Man, that is*, &c.

THE Man that is drunk is void of all Care;
He needs neither Parthian *Quiver nor Spear:*
The Moor's *poiſon'd Dart he ſcorns for to weild,*
His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.

Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
Demoliſhes Windows, and breaks open Doors;
He revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,
And boldly defies both Proctor and Devil.

As late I rode out with my Skin full of Wine,
Encumber'd neither with Care nor with Coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible Dun,
Affrighted, as ſoon as he ſaw me, he run.

No Monſter could put you to half ſo much Fear,
Should he in Apulia's *Foreſt appear;*
In Africa's *Deſart there never was ſeen*
A Monſter ſo hated by Gods and by Men.

Come place me, ye Deities, under the Line,
Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine;
O'er hot-burning Sands I'll ſwelter and ſweat,
Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

Or place me where Sun-ſhine is ne'er to be found,
Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound;
Ev'n there I would nought but my Bottle require,
My Bottle ſhould warm me, and fill me with Fire.

My Tutor may job me, and lay me down Rules,
Who minds them but damn'd philoſophical Fools?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis Time enough then for to ſit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander *was tutor'd in vain,*
For he thought Ariſtotle *an Aſs for his Pain;*
His Sorrows he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the World was his own.

This World is a Tavern with Liquor well ſtor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a Lord;
My Life is the Reck'ning, which freely I pay,
And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll ſtagger away.

SONG LIV. *If Love's a ſweet Paſſion.*

A Pox on this fooling and plotting of late,
What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the State!
Let the Rabble run mad with Suſpicions and Fears,
Let them ſcuffle and jar, till they go by the Ears;
Their Grievances never ſhall trouble my Pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle in State.

What Coxcombs were thoſe, who would barter their Eaſe,
And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and Maſs!
At old Tyburn *they never had needed to ſwing,*
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink and their King;
A Friend and a Bottle is all my Deſign;
He has no Room for Treaſon, that's top full of Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws;
Let them ſit or prorogue, as his Majeſty pleaſe:
Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when dead, ſo alive I have Wine:
Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear,
To curſe them for making my Claret ſo dear.

SONG LV. *With an honeſt old,* &c.

With an honeſt old Friend, and a merry old Song,
And a Flask of old Port, let me ſit the Night long,
And laugh at the Malice of thoſe who repine,
That they muſt ſwig Porter, whilſt I can drink Wine.

I envy no Mortal, tho' ever ſo great,
Nor ſcorn I a Wretch for his lowly Eſtate;
But what I abhor and eſteem as a Curſe,
Is Poorneſs of Spirit, not Poorneſs in Purſe.

Then dare to be gen'rous, dauntleſs and gay,
Let's merrily paſs Life's Remainder away;
Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may deſpiſe,
For the more we are envy'd, the higher we riſe.

SONG LVI. *Ye Commons and Peers,* &c.

COme let us prepare,
We Brothers that are
Met together on merry Occaſion;
Let us drink, laugh and ſing
Our Wine has a Spring,
Here's a Health to an accepted Maſon.

The World is in Pain,
Our Secret to gain,
But ſtill let them wonder and gaze on
Till they're ſhewn the Light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word, or Sign of an accepted Maſon.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what;
Why ſo many great Men in the Nation

Should Aprons put on,
To make themſelves one
With a free and an accepted Maſon.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,
Have laid by their Swords,
This our Myſt'ry to put a good Grace on;
And ne'er been aſham'd
To hear themſelves nam'd
With a free and an accepted Maſon.

Antiquities Pride
We have on our Side,
It makes each Man juſt in his Station;
There's nought but what's good,
To be underſtood
By a free and an accepted Maſon.

We're true and ſincere,
We're juſt to the Fair,
They'll truſt us on ev'ry Occaſion;
No Mortals can more
The Ladies adore,
Than a free and an accepted Maſon.

Then join Hand in Hand,
To each other firm ſtand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright Face on:
What Mortal can boaſt
So noble a Toaſt,
As a free and an accepted Maſon?

SONG LVII. *Wine, Wine,* &c.

WIne, Wine in a Morning,
Makes us frolick and gay,
That like Eagles we ſoar,
In the Pride of the Day;
Gouty Sots of the Night
Only find a Decay.
'Tis the Sun ripes the Grape,
And to Drinking gives Light;
We imitate him,
— When by Noon we're at Height;
They ſteal Wine, who take it
When he's out of Sight.

SONG LVIII. *Come, let's be, &c.*

COme let's be merry,
While we've good Sherry;
Come let's be airy,
Sprightly and gay:
Good Wine's a Pleaſure,
The only Treaſure,
That makes us joyful
By Night or Day.

Wine makes us jolly,
Cures Melancholy,
Drowns all our Folly,
Makes our Heart glad;
While we're poſſeſſing
That glorious Bleſſing,
Good Wine careſſing,
Let's not be ſad.

SONG LIX. *Come let us drink.*

COme, let us drink,
'Tis vain to think,
Like Fools, on Grief and Sadneſs;
Let our Money fly
And our Sorrow die,
All worldly Care is Madneſs.

But Wine and good Chear,
Will, in ſpite of our Fear,
Inſpire our Hearts with Mirth, Boys:
The Time we live,
To Wine let us give,
Since all muſt turn to Earth, Boys.

Hand about the Bowl,
The Delight of my Soul,
And to my Hand commend it:
A Fig for Chink,
'Twas made to buy Drink,
And before we go hence we'll ſpend it.

SONG LX. *Prithee, Friend, &c.*

PRithee, Friend, leave off thy Thinking,
Caſt thy Cares and Love away;
Troubles ſtill are drown'd in Drinking,
Do not, do not then delay:
Bacchus cares not for thy Will,
But will have us drinking ſtill.

Do but view this Glaſs of Claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Drink it quickly, or you'll mar it,
Pox on ſighing or on Books:
Let us have good Store of Wine,
Hang him then that does repine.

Call the Drawer, bid him fill it,
As full as ever it can hold:
O take heed you do not ſpill it,
'Tis more precious far than Gold;
Let us drink, and then 'twill prove
Drink is better Sport than Love.

SONG LXI. *Hark away, &c.*

HARK! away! 'tis the merry tun'd Horn,
Calls the Hunters all up with the Morn:
To the Hills and the Woodlands they ſteer
To unharbour the out-lying Deer.

Chor. *All the Day long,*
This, this is our Song;
Still hollowing,
And following,
So frolick and free;
Our Joys know no Bounds,
While we're after the Hounds,
No Mortals on Earth are ſo jolly as we.

Round the Woods when we beat how we glow!
While the Hills they all echo hollo!
With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
Then our Shouts they reſound to the Skies.
And all the Day long, &c.

When we ſweep o'er the Valleys, or climb
Up the Health-breathing Mountain ſublime,
What a Joy from our Labours we feel;
Which alone they who taſte can reveal.
And all the Day long, &c.

SONG LXII. *A Cuckold it is thought*, &c.

A Cuckold it is thought
A moſt reproachful Name;
Since Wives commit the Fault,
Whilſt Husbands bear the Blame.
'Tis natural for Women,
Such little Slips to make;
And if they were not common,
How many Heads would ake?

I'll give my Wife her Humour,
If ſhe'll but give me mine;
And though I hear bad Rumour,
I never will repine.
If ſhe a Cuckold make me,
I'll ſerve her in her Kind;
And may the Devil take me,
If e'er I lag behind.

SONG LXIII. *Should I die*, &c.

SHould I die by the Force of good Wine,
'Tis my Will that a Tun be my Shrine,
And for the Age to come,
Engrave this on my Tomb:
Here lies a Body once ſo brave,
Who with Drinking made his Grave.

Since thus to die's to purchaſe Fame,
And raiſe an everlaſting Name;
Drink, drink away; drink, drink away;
And there lets be nobly interr'd:
Let Miſers and Slaves pop into their Graves,
And rot in a dirty Church-Yard.

SONG LXIV. *Fill all the Glaſſes.*

FILL all the Glaſſes, fill 'em high,
Drink, drink, and defy all Power but Love;
Wine gives the Slave his Liberty;
But Love makes a Slave of thundering *Jove*.

Drink, drink, away,
Make a Night of the Day,
'Tis Nectar, 'tis Liquor divine;
The Pleaſures of Life,
Free from Anguiſh and Strife,
Are owing to Love and good Wine.

SONG LXV. *Dainty* Davy.

BY Drinking drive dull Care away,
Be briſk and airy,
Never vary
In your Tempers, but be gay.
Let Mirth know no Ceſſation;
We all were born (Mankind agree)
From dull Reflection to be free,
But he that drinks not, cannot be:
Then anſwer your Creation.

When *Cupid* wounds, grave *Hymen* heals.
Then all our whining,
Wiſhing, ſtriving,
To embrace what Beauty yields,
Is loſt when in Poſſeſſion;
But *Bacchus* ſends ſuch Treaſure forth,
Poſſeſſion never palls its Worth,
We always wiſh'd for't from our Birth,
And ſhall for ever wiſh on.

All Malice here is flung aſide,
Each takes his Glaſs,
No Healths do paſs,
Nor Party-Feuds here e'er abide,
They nought but Ill occaſion;
We only meet to celebrate
The Day which brought us to this State,
But not to curſe, nor yet to hate,
The Hour of our Creation.

SONG LXVI. *To you Fair*, &c.

WHEN firſt to *Cambridge* we do come,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
From Mamma's dear beloved home,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Firſt, we muſt have a Cap and a Gown,
And next the prettieſt Girl in Town.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then next a Tutor we muſt have,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
'Tis ten to one he proves a Knave,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Who minds not what we do all Day,
So we come home at Night and pray.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then ſtraight he buys us *Ariſtotle*,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Which we pawn often for a Bottle;
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
And *Euclid's Elements* muſt pack,
For a better Element, good Sack.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then he writes home unto our Friends,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
For Money to ſerve his own Ends,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Which he keeps ſafe lock'd up in Trunk,
Whilſt we abroad are getting drunk.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

There's *item* for *Homer*, that blind Poet.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Be ſure your Tutor does not know it:
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
We'll ſmoak and drink, and merry be,
Until we are as blind as he.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then hang all ſtudying to no End,
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
Enjoy your Bottle and your Friend.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.
We'll drink and ſmoak, and take our fill:
We may be Parſons when we will.
Tol, lol, deral, &c.

SONG LXVII. *This great World,* &c.

THis great World is all Trouble,
Where all muſt their Fortunes bear;
Make the moſt of the Bubble,
You'l have but a Neighbour's Fare.
Let not Jealouſy teaze ye,
Think of nought but to pleaſe ye;
What's paſt, is but in vain
For Mortals to wiſh again,
When dull Caſes do attack ye,
Drinking will thoſe Clouds repel;
Four good Bottles will make you
Happy, they ſeldom fail.
If a fifth ſhould be wanted,
Ask the Gods, 'twill be granted;
Thus, with Eaſe, you'll obtain
A remedy for all Pain.

SONG LXVIII. *The Sea-Song.*

BLow *Boreas* blow! and let your ſurly Winds,
Make the billows foam and roar,
Thou ne're canſt Terror breed in valiant Minds;
But in ſpite of thee we'll live, and find the Shore,
Then cheer up your Hearts, and be not diſmay'd,
But make your Gun-room clear;
Tho'Hell's broke looſe, and the Devil roves abroad,
While we have Sea-room here,
Boys! let us never fear.

Ha! ſee how ſhe riſes up afar,
Her mounting Top-maſt touch'd a Star;
The Meteor blaz'd as through the Clouds we came
And, Salamander-like, we live and die in Flame,

Ha! where are we now? who can tell,
Sure 'tis the loweſt Room in Hell;
Or where, or where the Sea Gods dwell,
With them we'll live and reign,
With them we'll laugh and ſing;
With them we'll drink amain,
But ſee! how ſhe riſes again.

Thro' Flaſhes of Light'ning, and Tempeſts of Rain,
Thus, we boldly contend, who ſhall conquer the Main?
The Chaplain does ſwear
Inſtead of a Prayer,
And the Seas are all on Fire,
With the Dæmons of the Air,

Yet we'll drink and deſy,
The bold Spirits that fly,
From the deep to the Sky.
And carouſe while the Ocean does bellow;
For the Fates will ſtill have,
A kind Chance for the Brave,
And will ne'er make his Grave,
In a Salt-water Wave,
To drown, drown, no never to drown;
No never to drown a good Fellow.

SONG LXIX. Engliſh *Roaſt Beef*, &c.

When mighty Roaſt Beef was the Engliſhman's *Food,*
It enobled our Veins and enriched our Blood,
Our Soldiers were brave and our Courtiers were good.
Oh the roaſt Beef of *Old England!*
And *Old Engliſh* Roaſt Beef.

But ſince we have learn'd from all-conquering France,
To eat their Ragouts as well as to dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaiſance.
Oh the roaſt Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of old were robuſt, ſtout, and ſtrong,
And kept open Houſe with good Chear all Day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song,
Oh the roaſt Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what ſhall I name?
A ſneaking poor Race, half begotten——and tame,
Who ſully thoſe Honours that once ſhone in Fame.
Oh the roaſt Beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth *ſat on the Throne,*
E're Coffee, or Tea, and ſuch Slip Slops were known,
The World was in Terror, if e'er ſhe did frown.
Oh the roaſt Beef, &c.

In thoſe Days, if Fleets did preſume on the Main,
They ſeldom or never return'd back again,
As Witneſs the vaunting Armada *of* Spain.
Oh the roaſt Beef, &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when Wrongs were a cooking to do themſelves right!
But now we're a——I con'd——but good Night.
Oh the roaſt Beef, &c.

SONG LXX. To the Tune of, Engliſh *Roaſt Beef.*

When humming brown Beer was the Engliſhman's *Taſte,*
Our Wives they were merry, our Daughters were chaſte;
Their Breath ſmelt like Roſes whenever embrac'd.
Oh the brown Beer of *Old England!*
And *Old Engliſh* brown Beer.

E'er Coffee and Tea found its Way to the Town,
Our Anceſtors they by their Fires ſat down,
Their Bread it was white, and their Beer it was brown.
Oh the brown Beer, &c.

Our Heroes of old, of whoſe Conqueſts we boaſt,
Could make a good Meal of a Pot and a Toaſt;
Oh did we ſo now, we ſhould ſoon rule the Roaſt!
Oh the brown Beer, &c.

When the great Spaniſh *Fleet on our Coaſt did appear,*
Our Sailors each one drank a Forum of Beer,
And ſent them away with a Flea in their Ear.
Oh the brown Beer, &c.

Our Clergymen then took a Cup of good Beer,
E'er they mounted the Roſtrum, their Spirits to chear,
Then preach'd againſt Vices, tho' Courtiers were near.
Oh the brown Beer, &c.

Their Doctrines then were authentick and bold,
Well grounded on Scripture and Fathers of old,
But now they preach nothing but what they are told,
Oh the brown Beer, &c.

But ſince the Geneva and ſtrong Rattafea,
They are dwindled to nothing, but ſtay——let me ſee——
Faith, nothing at all, but meer fiddle dee dee.
Oh the brown Beer, &c.

SONG LXXI. *Come let us,* &c.

LET Matters of State,
Diſquiet the Great,
The Cobler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his Wife,
To ruffle his Life,
And her he can ſtrap if ſhe vex him.
He's out of the Power
Of Fortune, that Whore,
Since, low as he can be, ſhe's thruſt him:
From Duns he's ſecure,
For being ſo poor,
There's none to be found that will truſt him.

SONG LXXII. London *Ladies.*

FOR Gold and not Freedom thoſe Generals fight,
Who clip from their Veterans Pay, Sir,
For Gold and not Freedom thoſe Journaliſts write,
Who rave about deſpotick Sway, Sir;

Would Fate to their Wiſhes propitiouſly deign,
And fill but their Coffers with Gold, Sir,
The Pope then might fight and the Devil might reign,
For Fighter and Writer are ſold, Sir.

SONG LXXIII. *Of all States*, &c.

OF all States in Life ſo various,
Marriage ſure is moſt precarious!
'Tis a Maze ſo ſtrangely winding,
Still we are new Mazes finding;
'Tis an Action ſo ſevere,
That nought but Death can ſet us clear.
Happy's the Man from Wedlock free,
Who knows how to prize his Liberty;
Were Men wary
How they marry,
We ſhould not be by half ſo full of Miſery.

SONG LXXIV. *With early Horn.*

WIth early Horn,
Salute the Morn
That gilds this charming Place;
With chearful Cries,
Bid Eccho riſe,
And join the jovial Chace,
And join, &c.

The vocal Hills around,
The waving Woods,
The Chryſtal Floods,
All return their 'livening Sounds.
The vocal &c.

SONG LXXV. *The Hounds*, &c.

THE Hounds are all out,
And the Morning does peep,
Why how now, you ſluggerly Sot,
How can you, how can you
Lie ſnoaring aſleep,
Whilſt we all on Horſeback are got,
Brave Boys, whilſt, &c.

I cannot get up,
For my over Night's Cup
So terribly lies in my Head,
Beſides my Wife cries,
My Dear do not riſe,
But cuddle me longer in Bed,
My dear Boy, but cuddle, &c.

Come, on with your Boots,
And ſaddle your Mare,
Nor tire us with longer Delay;
The Cry of the Hounds,
And the Sight of the Hare,
Will chaſe all your Vapours away,
Brave Boys, And chaſe, &c.

Hark! hark! now the Huntſman
Has ſtarted poor Puſs,
He has her now full in his View;
We'll never forſake her,
Till we overtake her,
So eagerly let us purſue,
Brave Boys, &c.

No Pleaſure like Hunting
To paſs the long Day,
We ſcour the Hills and the Dales;
At Night for Supper
We feaſt on our Prey,
When o'er a Pot of good Ale,
Brave Boys, when, &c.

SONG LXXVI. *Hark, hark*, &c.

Hark, hark, the Huntſman ſounds his Horn,
Let's tipple away the roſy Morn, Ton, ton, &c.
We'll hunt the Bottle from Sun to Sun,
And hollow the Glaſſes the Courſe to run.
Ton, ton, &c.

Each merry young Toper a Huntſman ſhall be,
And inſtead of a green, wear a red Livery, ton, &c.

We'll ſcorn their Bows, their Arrows, and Guns,
We'll hunt with long Pipes, and ride upon Tuns.
Ton, ton, &c.

We'll charge with Tobacco, and follow the Cry,
'Till failing of Speed, the Bottle ſhall die, ton, &c.
And then for a Horn make Uſe of the Bell
Whoſe Clangour ſhall rouſe him, and make him run well.
Ton, ton, &c.

When thus reviv'd, we'll merrily ſing,
And joining in Chorus make the Wood ring, ton, &c.
Our Game we'll eagerly purſue,
Our Glaſſes filling, our Cauſe renew.
Ton, ton, &c.

Our Song ſhall reach the diſtant Plain,
And Eccho ſhall ſummon the weary Swain, ton, &c.
The welcome Sports he gladly hears,
His Toil and Labours no more fears.
Ton, ton, &c.

A Pipe he takes, and charges high,
And after the Bottle does nimbly fly, ton, &c.
At length with equal Force and Speed,
He makes the generous Victim bleed.
Ton, ton, &c.

As through the Wound the Blood does paſs,
He boldly ventures to fill his Glaſs, ton, &c.
Nor fears to taſte the flowing Gore,
But hunting and drinking, ſtill hunts for more.
Ton, ton, &c.

Then fill your Glaſſes merrily round,
Since thus ſupply'd with Hare and Hound, ton, &c.
While chearful Bacchus *leads us on.*
We'll follow in Chorus with ſprightly ton, ton,
Ton, ton, ton, &c.

SONG LXXVII. *Old Sir* Simon, &c.

COme, come, my Hearts of Gold,
Let us be merry and wiſe,
It is a Proverb of old,
Suſpicion has double Eyes:

What ever we ſay or do,
Let's not drink to diſturb the Brain,
Let's laugh for an Hour or two,
And ne'er be drunk again.

A Cup of old Sack is good,
To drive the cold Winter away;
'Twill cheriſh, and comfort the Blood
Moſt when a Man's Spirits decay:
But he that drinks too much,
Of his Head he will complain,
Then let's have a gentle Touch,
And ne'er be drunk again.

Good Claret was made for Man,
But Man was not made for it;
Let's be merry as we can,
So we drink not away our Wit:
Good Fellowſhip is abus'd,
And Wine will infect the Brain;
But we'll have it better us'd,
And ne'er be drunk again.

When with good Fellows we meet,
A Quart among three or four,
'Twill make us ſtand on our Feet.
While others lie drunk on the Floor.
Then Drawer go fill us a Quart,
And let it be Claret in Grain;
'Twill cheriſh and comfort the Heart,
But we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Here's a Health to our noble King,
And to the Queen of his Heart;
Let's laugh and merrily ſing,
And he's a Coward that will ſtart:
Here's a Health to our General,
And to thoſe that were in *Spain*,
And to our Colonel,
And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Enough's as good as a Feaſt,
If a Man did but Meaſure know;
A Drunkard's worſe than a Beaſt,
For he'll drink till he cannot go.

If a Man could Time recal,
In a Tavern that's ſpent in vain,
We'd learn to be ſober all,
And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

SONG LXXVIII. *From good Liquor*, &c.

FROM good Liquor ne'er ſhrink,
In Friendſhip we'll drink,
And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow;
Let us husband to-day,
Time flies ſwift away,
And no one's aſſur'd, no,
No one's aſſur'd of To-morrow.
Of all the grave Sages
That grac'd the paſt Ages,
Dad *Noah* the moſt did excel,
He firſt planted the Vine,
Firſt taſted the Wine,
And got nobly drunk,
And got nobly drunk as they tell.
Say why ſhould not we
Get as bosky as he,
Since here's Liquor as well will inſpire?
Thus I fill up my Glaſs,
I'll ſee that it paſs
To the Manes, to the Manes,
To the Manes of that good Old Sire.

SONG LXXIX. *In Spite of Love*, &c.

IN Spite of Love, at length I find
A Miſtreſs that can pleaſe me;
Her Humour free and unconfin'd;
Both Night and Day ſhe'll eaſe me:
No jealous Thoughts diſturb'd my Mind,
Tho' ſhe's enjoy'd by all Mankind;
Then drink, and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret,
Chor. *Then drink*, &c

If you through all her naked Charms,
Her little Mouth diſcover,
Then take her bluſhing to your Arms,
And uſe her like a Lover;
Such Liquor ſhe'll diſtill from thence,
As will tranſport your raviſh'd Senſe,
Then kiſs and never ſpare it.
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret,
Then kiſs &c.

But beſt of all ſhe has no Tongue,
Submiſſive ſhe obeys me;
She's fully better Old than Young,
And ſtill to ſmiling ſways me,
Her Skin is ſmooth Complexion black,
And has a moſt delicious Smack;
Then kiſs and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret,
Then kiſs, &c.

If you her Excellence would taſte,
Be ſure you uſe her kind, Sir,
Claſp your Hand about her Waiſt,
And raiſe her up behind, Sir;
As for her Bottom, never doubt,
Puſh but home, and you'll find it out;
Then drink, and never ſpare it,
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.
Then drink, &c.

SONG LXXX. Bacchus *One Day*, &c.

BAcchus one Day gayly ſtriding
On his never-failing Ton,
Sneaking empty Flasks deriding,
Thus addreſs'd each toping Son:
Praiſe the Joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid Shrine;
All Things noble, gay, and airy,
Are perform'd by generous Wine.

Priſtine Heroes, crown'd with Glory,
Owe their noble Riſe to me;
Homer wrote the flaming Story,
Fir'd with my Divinity:
If my Influence be wanting,
Muſick's Charms but ſlowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the Swains with Love.

If you crave a laſting Pleaſure,
Mortals this way bend your Eyes;
From my ever-flowing Treaſure
Charming Scenes of Bliſs ariſe:
Here's the ſoothing balmy Bleſſing,
Sole Diſpeller of your Pain;
Gloomy Souls from Care releaſing;
He who drinks not lives in vain.

SONG LXXXI. *If Love's a ſweet*, &c.

SAY, good Maſter Bacchus *aſtride on your But,*
Since our Champagne's all gone, and our Claret's run out;
Which of all the brisk Wines in your Empire that grow,
Will ſerve to delight your poor Drunkards below?
Reſolve us, great Sir, and ſoon ſend it over,
Leſt we die, leſt we die of the Sin of being ſober.

SONG LXXXII. *When* Orpheus, &c.

WHen *Orpheus* went down to the Regions below,
Which Men are forbidden to ſee,
He tun'd up his Lyre as Hiſtories ſhow,
To ſet his *Eurydice* free,
To ſet, &c.

All Hell was aſtoniſh'd a Perſon ſo wiſe
Should raſhly endanger his Life,
And venture ſo far, but how vaſt their Surpriſe
When they found that he came for his Wife.
How vaſt, &c.

To find out a Puniſhment due to the Fault,
Old *Pluto* long puzzl'd his Brain,
But Hell had no Torment ſufficient he thought,
So he gave him his Wife back again,
So he, &c.

But Pity ſucceeding ſoon vanquiſh'd his Heart,
And pleas'd with his playing ſo well,
He took her again in Reward of his Art,
Such Pow'r had Muſick in Hell,
Such Pow'r, &c.

SONG LXXXIII. *Save Women*, &c.

SAVE Women and Wine, there is nothing in Life
That can bribe honeſt Souls to endure it:
When the Heart is perplex'd, and ſurrounded with Care,
Dear Women and Wine only cure it.
Dear Women, &c.

Come on, then, my Boys, we'll have Women and Wine,
And wiſely to Purpoſe employ them:
He's a Fool that refuſes ſuch Bleſſings divine,
Whilſt Vigour and Health can enjoy them.
As Women and Wine, dear Women and Wine,
Whilſt Vigour, &c.

Our Wine ſhall be old, bright and ſound, my dear *Jack*,
To heighten our amorous Fires;
Our Girls young and ſound, and ſhall kiſs with a Smack,
And ſhall gratify all our Deſires;
The Bottles we'll crack, and the Girls we'll ſmack,
And gratify, &c.

SONG LXXXIV. *What care I*, &c.

WHat care I for *Affairs of State*?
Or who is rich, or who is great,
How far abroad the ambitious roam,
To bring our Gold or Silver home?

What is't to me, if France *or* Spain
Consent to Peace, or Wars maintain.
I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
And wish all well at Gibraltar:
But mind the Cardinal no more,
Than any other scarlet Whore:
Grant me, ye Powers, but Health and Rest,
And let who will the World contest.

Near some smooth Stream, oh! let me keep
My Liberty, and feed my Sheep;
A shady Walk well lin'd with Trees,
A Garden with a Range of Bees;
An Orchard which good Apples bears,
Where Spring a long green Mantle wears.

Where Winters never are severe,
Good Barley-lands to make good Beer;
With Entertainment for a Friend,
To spend in Peace my latter End;
In Honesty and home-spun grey,
And let the Evening crown the Day.

SONG LXXXV. *Tune of* Black Joke.

NO sooner comes up a Country Clown,
With his Leather Breeches to *London* Town,
But he cocks his Hat, and strives to look big;
He swaps his Acres for gandy fine Cloaths,
And flaunts it about 'mong Belles and Beaux,
In a lac'd Coat, and a Pig-Tail Wig.
He makes his Country Relations his Sport,
He rattles and tattles of Places at Court;
He battles with Bailiffs, Watchmen and Whores,
He runs in the Surgeon and Tallyman's Scores,
And proves a downright modish Prig.

At length his Purse and Pockets grew low,
His Habit all shabby. — Good-Bye to the Beau;
Fate frowns, and Friends forsake:
He bids his Honour and Conscience Good-night,
And the Country-Bubble becomes a Town-Bite,
Some other Course does take.

He ſcours the Roads, and borrows a Purſe,
Or cheats at my Lord's, which is twenty times worſe;
He rogues it ſo faſt, that they ſtop him at laſt,
For his Tricks in a String he's deſtin'd to ſwing;
And there's an End of a Country Rake.

SONG LXXXVI. *While* Phillis *is*, &c.

While Phillis *is drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance,*
With Forces united, bid reſiſtleſs Defiance;
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine ſparkles higher,
And her Eyes from her drinking redouble, redouble their Fire.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by ſprinkling, revive with freſh Odour;
His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame, makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and Deſiring;
Relieving each other, the Pleaſure is laſting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet ever, are ever a taſting.

Then Phillis *begin, let our Raptures abound,*
And a Kiſs and a Glaſs, be ſtill going round;
Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove,
From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle, the Bottle to Love.

SONG LXXXVII. *The Gods and the Goddeſſes*, &c.

THE *Gods and the Goddeſſes lately did feaſt,*
Where Ambroſia *with exquiſite Sauces were dreſt,*
Their Eatables did with their Deities ſuit,
But what they ſhould drink did occaſion Diſpute.
'Twas Time that old Nectar *was grown out of Faſhion,*
Being what they did drink long before the Creation:
When the Sky-coloured Cloth was mov'd from the Board,
For making the Bowl, great Jove *gave the Word.*

The Bowl it was large, of a Heavenly Size,
Wherein they did use infant Gods to baptize.

Quoth Jove, *I'm inform'd they drink Punch upon Earth,*
Whereby the mortal Wits far exceed us in Mirth;
Therefore our wise Godheads together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.
'Twas spoke like a God, fill the Bowl up to the Top,
He is cashier'd from the Heavens that leaves the last Drop.
Then Apollo *sent away two of his Lasses,*
With Pitchers to fill at the Well of Parnassus;
To Poets new born this Liquor it was brought,
And they suck'd it in for their Morning's first Draught.

Juno *for Lemons step'd into her Closet,*
Which when she was sick she infus'd into Posset.
For Goddesses may be as squeamish as Gypsies,
The Sun and the Moon you know have their Eclipses:
These Lemons were call'd the Hesperian *Fruit,*
Where a vigilant Dragon was said to look to it.
Twelve Dozen of these were well squeez'd in Water,
The rest of Ingredients in Order come after;
Venus, *Admirer of all Things that were sweet,*
(Without her Infusion there had been no Treat)
Commanded her Sugar Loaves white as her Doves,
To be brought to the Table by a Pair of young Loves,
So wonderful curious these Deities were,
The Sugar it was strain'd thro' a Piece of fine Air.
Jolly Bacchus *gave Notice by dangling his Bunch,*
That without his Assistance there cou'd be no good Punch,
What he meant by the Sequel is very well known,
They threw in ten Gallons of trusty Langoon.
Mars, *tho' a blunt God, and Chief of the Biskers,*
Was set at a Table a curling his Whiskers.

Quoth he, fel'ow Gods, and Celestial Gallants,
I won'd not give a Fig for the Punch without Nantz.
Therefore, my Ganemede, *I do command ye*
To throw in ten Gallons of the best Nantz *Brandy.*
Saturn, *of all the Gods there he was the oldest,*
And we may imagine his Stomach was the coldest;

He out of his Pouch did ſome Nutmegs produce,
Which being well grated were put in the Juice;
Neptune *this Ocean of good Liquor did crown,*
With a Sea Biſket bak'd hard in the Sun.

The Bowl being finiſh'd a Health then began,
Quoth Jove, *let it be to that Creature call'd Man;*
'Tis to him alone our great Pleaſure we owe,
For Heaven it was never true Heaven till now.
The Gods being pleas'd the Health it went about,
'Till Gorrel-belly'd Bacchus's *great Guts nigh burſt out.*
The other brave Gods did Oceans of Punch ſwallow,
Actæon *with Hounds and with Huntſman did hollow;*
The Punch was delightful, they Plenty did bring,
And all the World over their Fame it did ring.

SONG LXXXVIII. *Some ſay Women,* &c.

SOme ſay Women are like the Seas,
Some the Waves and ſome the Rocks:
Some the Roſe that ſoon decays;
Some the Weather, and ſome the Cocks:
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd ſo well,
As Wine, Wine, Women and Wine;
They run in a Parallel, they run in a Parallel.

Women are Witches, when they will,
So is Wine, ſo is Wine;
They make the Stateſman looſe his Skill,
The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine;
They put a Jig in the graveſt Skull,
And ſend their Wits to gather Wool:
'Tis Wine, &c.

What is't makes your Viſage ſo pale?
What is't that makes your Looks divine?
What is't that makes your Courage fail?
Is it not Women? Is it not Wine?
'Tis Wine will make you ſick when you're well;
'Tis Women that makes your Forehead to ſwell:
'Tis Wine, &c.

SONG LXXXIX. *If Love's a*, &c.

IF Wine be a Cordial, why does it torment?
If Poiſon, oh tell me, whence comes my Content?
Since I drink it with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or repent every Morn, when I know 'tis in vain?
Tet ſo charming the Glaſs is, ſo deep is the Quart,
That at once it both drowns, and enlivens my Heart.

I take it off briſkly, and when it is down,
By my jolly Complection I make my Joy known:
But oh! I'm bleſt! when ſo ſtrong it does prove,
By its ſovereign Heat to expel that of Love!
When in quenching the old, I create a new Flame,
And am wrapt in ſuch Pleaſures that ſtill want a Name.

SONG XC. *As I went over*, &c.

YOU have heard, no doubt, how all the Globe,
Was ſoak'd of old with *Noah*'s Flood.
See! here's a Globe that holds a Sea!
A Sea of Liquors twice as good!
Tol dol de rol.

Had *Noah*'s been a Flood like this,
And *Anak*'s Sons ſuch Souls as I;
They'd drank the Deluge as it roſe,
And left the Ark, like *Noah*, dry.
Tol dol de rol.

SONG XCI. Bacchus *aſſiſt*, &c.

BACCHUS aſſiſt us to ſing thy great Glory,
Chief of the Gods, we exult in thy Story;
Wine's firſt Projector,
Mankind's Protector,
Patron to Topers,
How we do adore thee.
Wines firſt Projector, &c.

Friend to the Muſes, and Whetſtone to *Venus*,
Herald to Pleaſure, when Wine wou'd conveen us:

Sorrows Phyſician,
When our Condition
In wordly Cares wants a Cordial to ſkreen us.
Nature ſhe ſmil'd, when thy Birth it was blazed,
Mankind rejoic'd when thy Altars were raiſed:
Mirth will be flowing,
Whilſt the Vine's growing,
And ſober Souls at our Joys be amazed.

SONG XCII. *Ye Commons, &c.*

IF all Things ſucceed,
As already decreed
By immutable Powers that rule us;
To repine, and to pray,
Is but Time thrown away,
And our Teachers, in ſhort, do but fool us.

Then let's prove our Free-Will,
By our drinking about,
And by quitting the Glaſs, when its Time to give out:
But if Man has no Pow'r
To chuſe, or to ſhun,
'Tis no Sin to drink boldly, or Virtue to run.

If we're driven by Fate
Either this Way or that,
As a Carrier whips on his Horſes,
No Mortal can ſtray,
But muſt go the right Way,
Like the Stars that are bound to their Courſes.

But if we've Free-Will
To go on, or ſtand ſtill,
As may beſt ſerve each preſent Occaſion:
Then pray fill the Glaſs,
And confirm him an Aſs,
That depends upon Predeſtination.

SONG XCIII. *And as they raiſe*, &c.

LIFE is chequer'd—Toil and Pleaſure
Fill up all the various Meaſure.
See the Crew in Flannel Jerkins;
Drinking, toping Flip by Firkins;
And as they raiſe the Tip
To their happy Lip,
On the Deck is heard no other Sound,
But prithee *Jack*, prithee *Dick*,
Prithee *Sam*, prithee *Tom*,
Let the Cann go round.

CHORUS.

Then hark to the Boatſwain's Whiſtle, Whiſtle,
Then hark to the Boatſwain's Whiſtle, Whiſtle,
Buſtle, buſtle:
My Boy, let us ſtir, let us toil,
But let us drink all the While,
For Labour's the Price of our Joys,
For Labour, &c.

Life is checquer'd—Toil and Pleaſure
Fill up all the various Meaſure:
Hark the Crew in Sun-burnt Faces,
Chanting Black-ey'd *Suſan*'s Graces;
And as they raiſe their Notes,
Thro' their ruſty Throats.
On the Deck, &c. *With the* Chorus *as before.*

Life is chequer'd—Toil and Pleaſure
Fill up all the various Meaſure:
Hark the Crew their Cares diſcarding,
With Huſſle-cap, or with Chuck-farthing;
Still in merry Pin,
Let 'em loſe or win.
On the Deck, &c. *with the* Chorus *as before.*

ENGLISH

Miſcellaneous SONGS.

SONG I. *Admiral* Hoſier's *Ghoſt.*

AS, near *Porto Bello* lying,
On the gently ſwelling Flood,
At Midnight with Streamers flying,
Our triumphant Navy rode:
There, while *Vernon* ſat all glorious
From the *Spaniards* late Defeat,
And his Crews with Shouts victorious,
Drank Succeſs to *England's* Fleet:

On a ſudden, ſhrilly-ſounding,
Hideous Yells and Shrieks were heard;
Then, each Heart with Fear confounding,
A ſad Troop of Ghoſts appear'd;
All in dreary Hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for Winding-ſheets they wore;
And with Looks by Sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hoſtile Shore.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan Luſtre,
When the Shade of *Hoſier* brave
His pale Bands was ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from their wat'ry Grave:
O'er the glimm'ring Waves he hy'd him,
Where the *Burford* rear'd her Sail,
With Three Thouſand Ghoſts beſide him,
And in Groans did *Vernon* hail.

'Heed, oh heed! our fatal Story,
'I am *Hosier's* injur'd Ghost;
'You who now have purchas'd Glory
'At this Place where I was lost,
'Tho' in *Porto Bello's* Ruin
'You now triumph free from Fears;
'When you think of our Undoing,
'You will mix your Joys with Tears.
'See these mournful Spectres sweeping
'Ghastly o'er this hated Wave,
'Whose wan Cheeks are stain'd with Weeping:
'These were *English* Captains brave.
'Mark those Numbers pale and horrid,
'Who were once my Sailors bold,
'Lo, each hangs his drooping Forehead,
'While his dismal Fate is told.
'I, by twenty Sail attended,
'Did this *Spanish* Town affright,
'Nothing then its Wealth defended,
'But my Orders *not to fight*;
'Oh! that in this rolling Ocean
'I had cast them with Disdain,
'And obey'd my Heart's warm Motion,
'To have quell'd the Pride of *Spain*.
'For Resistance I could fear none,
'But with Twenty Ships had done,
'What thou, brave and happy *Vernon*,
'Hast atchiev'd with Six alone.
'Then the *Bastimento's* never
'Had our foul Dishonour seen,
'Nor the Sea the sad Receiver
'Of this gallant Train had been!
'Thus, like thee, proud *Spain* dismaying,
'And her Galleons leading home,
'Tho' condemn'd for disobeying,
'I had met a Traytor's Doom;
'To have fallen, my Country crying,
'He has play'd an *English* Part.
'Had been better far than dying
'Of a griev'd and broken Heart.

'Unrepining at thy Glory,
'Thy ſucceſsful Arms we hail,
'But remember our ſad Story,
'And let *Hoſier's* Wrongs prevail:
'Sent on this foul Clime to languiſh,
'Think what Thouſands fell in vain,
'Waſted with Diſeaſe and Anguiſh,
'Not in glorious Battle ſlain.

'Hence with all my Train attending
'From their oozy Tombs below;
'Thro' the hoary Foam aſcending,
'Here I feed my conſtant Woe:
'Here the *Baſtimento's* viewing,
'We recall our ſhameful Doom,
'And our plaintive Cries renewing,
'Wander thro' the Midnight Gloom.

'O'er theſe Waves for ever mourning,
'Shall we roam depriv'd of Reſt;
'If, to *Britain's* Shores returning,
'You neglect my juſt Requeſt;
'After this proud Foe ſubduing,
'When your Patriot Friends you ſee,
'Think on Vengeance for my Ruin,
'And for *England* ſham'd in me.'

SONG II. Vernon's *Anſwer to* Hoſier's *Ghoſt*.

HOSIER! with indignant Sorrow,
I have heard thy mournful Tale;
And, if Heaven permit, To-morrow
Hence our warlike Fleet ſhall ſail,
O'er theſe hoſtile Waves wide roaming,
We will urge our bold Deſign,
With the Blood of Thouſands foaming,
For our Country's Wrongs and thine.

On that Day when each brave Fellow,
Who now triumphs here with me,
Storm'd and plunder'd *Porto Bello*,
All my Thoughts were full of thee.

Thy diſaſt'rous Fate alarm'd me;
Fierce thy Image glar'd on high,
And with gen'rous Ardour warm'd me.
To revenge thy Fall or die.

From their lofty Ships, deſcending,
Thro' the Flood, in firm Array,
To the deſtin'd City bending,
My lov'd Sailors work'd their Way.
Strait the Foe, with Horror trembling,
Quits in haſte his batter'd Walls;
And in Accents undiſſembling,
As he flies for Mercy calls.

Carthagena, tow'ring Wonder!
At the daring Deed diſmay'd,
Shall e'er long, by *Britain's* Thunder,
Smoaking in the Duſt be laid.
Thou, and theſe pale Spectres ſweeping
Reſtleſs o'er this wat'ry Round,
Whoſe wan Cheeks are ſtain'd with Weeping,
Pleas'd ſhall liſten to the Sound.

Still rememb'ring thy ſad Story,
To thy injur'd Ghoſt I ſwear,
By my Hopes of future Glory,
War ſhall be my conſtant Care:
And I ne'er will ceaſe Purſuing
Spain's proud Sons from Sea to Sea,
With juſt Vengeance for thy Ruin,
And for *England* ſham'd in thee.

SONG III. Vernon's *Glory, on the taking of* Porto Bello. *Tune*, The Sailor's Song.

COme, my Lads, with Souls befitting,
Let us never be diſmay'd;
Let's avenge the Wrongs of *Britain*,
And ſupport her injur'd Trade.

The true Spirit of the Nation
In our honeſt Hearts we bring,
True, tho' in an humble Station,
To our Country and our King.

Spain no longer ſhall aſſume, Boys,
The free Ocean, as her own;
For the Time, at laſt is come, Boys,
We'll their Topſails lower down.
Tho' in Politics conteſting,
Round and round they vere about,
All their Ships, and Manifeſting,
With our Broadſides we will rout.

Hark! the roaring Cannon thunders!
See, my Lads, Six Ships appear!
Ev'ry *Briton* acting Wonders,
Strikes the Southern World with Fear.
Porto Bello, fam'd in Story,
Now at laſt ſubmits to Fate;
Vernon's Courage gains us Glory!
And his Mercy proves us Great!

On our naval Strength depending,
Let us ſteer *Old England's* Courſe;
When affronted, Vengeance ſending,
Shew the World *Old England's* Force.
Then loud Peals of *Britiſh* Thunder,
Ratling on each hoſtile Shore,
Shall make haughty Dons knock under,
Nor ſhall dare inſult us more.

May all *Engliſh* Lads, like you, Boys,
Prove on Shore true Hearts of Gold:
To their King and Country true, Boys.
And be neither bought nor ſold.
Let the Landmen, without Party,
Act like Brethren of the Flood;
To one Cauſe alone be hearty,
And be that for *Britain's* Good.

Then thro' all the mighty Ocean
Th' *Engliſh* Croſs ſhall Honour find;
Far as Wave can feel a Motion,
Far as Flag can move with Wind.

Then inſulting Monarchs ſhewing
More Regard, ſhall humbler be,
This old Truth of *Britons* knowing,
As they're brave, they will be free.

SONG IV. On the ſame. Tune, *Ye Commons and Peers.*

COme attend, *Britiſh* Boys,
I'll make you rejoice,
I will tell you how *Vernon* did ſcare
Porto Bello the ſtrong,
Laid its Caſtles along,
And all this, with but Six Men of War.

When he firſt came in Sight,
Cries the Governor——'Shite!
'From this Fellow what have we to fear!
'Did not *Hoſier* the brave
'Hither ſail to his Grave,
'Tho' with more than thrice Six Men of War.
'Thirteen Captains outright,
'Subalterns, a damn'd Sight,
'And of Sailors each one a ſtout Fellow;
'Full Three Thouſand and odd
'Periſh'd, rotten by G——d,
'Without firing againſt *Porto Bello.*

'Hence our Queen did declare
'The blue-ſtring'd Cavalier
'Her good Friend, ſince he ſerv'd her ſo well;
'And did kindly incline
'His Convention to ſign,
'For his Care to preſerve *Porto-Bell.*

'Then, my Lads have no Dread
'Of this Hectoring Blade,
'For I'm certain, tho' ſent from ſo far,
'He Inſtructions has none,
'To let fly one poor Gun,
'Neither he nor his Six Men of War.

But ſoon *Vernon's* hot Fire
Prov'd the *Spaniard* a Liar,
To capitulate, ſoon is his Story;
And to ſave his Retreat,
Sees his Caſtles laid flat,
Both his Caſtles of *Iron* and *Glory*.

Whence theſe Fortreſſes came
Such high Titles to claim,
I forbear to recite in this Place,
Tho' our ſwaggering Foes,
One might fairly ſuppoſe,
Did aſſume them on *Heſter's* Diſgrace.

Now their Caſtle of *Glory*
You have levell'd before ye,
To its Title yourſelf may pretend;
It is made your own Prize,
And where'er your Sail flies,
Shall, on you, noble *Vernon*, attend.

Of this Victory rare
You ſecur'd the beſt Share;
For the *Spaniſh* King's Dollars and Pelf
You moſt gallantly gave
To your Mariners brave,
And with Glory rewarded yourſelf.

Now, *Old England*, tho' long
Thou haſt been but a Song
Of Reproach to the meaneſt of Nations;
Tho' thy Flag has been ſham'd,
And thy Strength has been maim'd
By our Debts and our Negotiations;

Be no more in the Dumps,
Thou may'ſt ſtill ſtir thy Stumps,
And recover; for, in this Contention,
I may venture to ſwear,
Thou haſt nothing to fear,
By St. *George*, but another Convention.

SONG V. *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*

TO you fine Folks at *Marlbro'* Houſe
From *Enfield* Chaſe I write,
And tho' ſcarce worth a ſingle Souſe,
Yet I'm in merry Plight:
For one who drinks, and laughs, and ſings,
What need he care for Sixteen Kings?
With a ſa, la.

We now are bleſs'd in *Old England*
With Camps no leſs than Three;
Brave *Norris*, with young *Cumberland*,
And *Haddock* beat the Sea;
Still, what's all this but Raree-ſhew!
'Tis *Vernon* only drubs the Foe!
With a ſa, la.

But *Bob*, they ſay to *Norfolk's* flown;
O! may he there remain;
And never more ſee *London* Town,
'Till we have humbled *Spain*:
Keep him at Home, we ne'er can fail,
Cathcart and *Anſon* both ſhall ſail!
With a ſa, la.

Then *Cuba* ſoon ſhall fall in Hand,
And likewiſe *Carthagene*;
And the proud Don ſhall underſtand
We've no more Work for *Keene*:
For, tho' by Fight we oft-times get,
We always loſe whene'er we treat.
With a ſa, la.

This Truth, Great *Marlbro'*, haſt thou ſhewn,
And found to *England's* Coſt,
That all thy Battles, nobly won,
In *Utrecht's* Peace were loſt:
But now let's fix this Maxim bold,
This gallant Maxim, *Take, and Hold!*
With a ſa, la.

Now drink Succeſs to this great Work,
And all the Patriot Crew;
Nor yet forget brave Col'nel *York*,
If all that's ſaid be true:
Fill then to *Vernon's* Health a Glaſs,
And let Sir *R*——*t* kiſs mine A——ſe.
With a ſa, la,

But if Four Millions all are ſpent
In nought but empty Shew,
God ſend us a good Parliament!
To ſtrike the proper Blow:
That done, we may ſecure our Trade,
And all our Debts will then be paid.
With a ſa, la.

SONG VI. The Freeholder. Tune, *King* John *and the Abbot*.

YOU gallant Freeholders, now lend us a Hand,
The Criſis draws nigh: At Stake is *England!*
On Placemen, or Penſioners, can you rely?
Chuſe ſuch Men your Members all Bribes will defy.
Derry down, down, &c.

How great were your Taxes? their Treaties how dark?
Think who voted th' Exciſe! on thoſe ſet a Mark.
The Place-bill they damn'd, the Convention approv'd;
They paſs'd Bills of Credit, and Jobb-Work they lov'd.
Derry down, &c.

New Places are coin'd; but no Man's put in Poſt,
Till *W*——*ng*——*n* tries if his Morals are loſt:
Theſe your Boroughs wou'd poiſon——reject all the Crew;
The Money they proffer they firſt ſtole from you.
Derry down, &c.

You're fool'd, they are fatted; the Juggle goes round,
For each Guinea they give, your tax'd Twenty Pound;
Think then on old Liberty left by your Sires,
Nor vote for the Tools by whom it expires.
Derry down, &c.

The wild *Arab*, that robs, his Hoord won't betray.
Nor a *Swiss* his own Home, tho' he murders for Pay:
Banditti's will kill you, if Gold they can view;
But none sell their Country, but *B—b* and his Crew.
Derry down, &c.

Remember whose Agents long shuffled in *Spain*,
Our Merchants insulted no Redress cou'd obtain:
Till from Clamours without, within Doors they grew;
Then a few Ships were sent. What with more might we do?
Derry down, &c.

Tho' an Hundred we had, all fit for the War,
From full Sixty Thousand no Soldiers they'd spare:
Then who cannot guess, why brave *Vernon* was sent;
But he has defeated whatever was meant.
Derry down, &c.

To *Vernon* then drink, the bold City also;
To *London* I mean. About let it go:
The Sheriff remember, he nobly behav'd,
And those Sturdy Beggars your Country have sav'd.
Derry down, &c.

Then a Fig for their *Keene*, fly *Fleury* and *Don*,
Your *hang-an-Arse Courtiers*; but Men that push'd on
This War must relieve you—huzza with full Glass,
All sad Dogs despise who bear Loads like an Ass.
Derry down, &c.

Then follow, brave Boys: to those Leaders be true,
They'll your Freedom retrieve—your lost Honour too.

Accounts, when they're call'd for, shall ne'er be refus'd,
And Committees shall shew you whene'er you're abus'd. *Derry down.*

SONG VII. *Tune, The Early Horn.*

HArk! hark from far,
The Voice of War
To Glory calls around;
Rise! *Britons* rise!
With chearful Cries,
And join the Martial Sound.

See! how your Foes
Their Dread disclose,
And dwindle to Disgrace,
Lead on, lead on,
'Till Victory's won,
And give their Squadrons Chase!

With trembling Fleets at *Cales*,
Let haughty *Spain*
Behold the Main,
Spread with your sweeping Sails.

Now Vengeance low'rs,
Those faithless Pow'rs,
Who late her Cause espous'd,
In Silence lye,
Or distant fly,
Before the Lion rous'd.

Brave *Vernon* comes,
With batt'ring Bombs,
See *India* look dismay'd!
And *Europe* waits
The Will of Fate,
In *British* Fleets convey'd.

SONG VIII. *Ye Commons and Peers.*

WHAT a Racket is here
About Six Men of War!

About Honour and Nonſenſe retrieved!
About Glory and Guns
Brought away from the Dons,
And our Factors from Priſon relieved?

To attack *Porto-Bell*,
Be ſo good as to tell,
Did I your mad Valour importune?
To deſert your poor Wife,
Riſk your Limbs and your Life,
Zounds! was this for a Man of your Fortune?

Then the Town left unplunder'd,
And the Dollars all ſquander'd,
What romantick ridiculous Force!
You're a Puppy, a *Spartan*,
Whom a Wiſeman would fart on,
But 'twas Virtue you ſay——*Kiſs my A——e.*

You ſeek nought but the Good
Of your Country——Odsblood!
How I laugh at theſe Rhodomontades!
There's not one, but whoſe Price
I could name in a Trice
Among all theſe fine Patriot Blades.

Then again we are told
That *Trelawney* the bold
Would equip you, if Soldiers he had,
To attempt *Carthagena*;
Why, e'en conquer all *Spain*:
By the Lord, you are both raving mad!

'Twas mere Malice to me
Made you venture to Sea,
To confound all my Meaſures outright:
'Twas to prove me a Lyar,
That you made your damn'd Fire;
And you ſtorm'd *Porto Bell* out of Spight.

How did *Spain*'s Gracious Queen
Doat on me, and *Don Keen!*

I was priz'd by the Cardinal too,
At *Verſailles* and th' *Eſcurial*;
They are now in a Fury all:
And for this I'm beholden to you.

You have now gain'd your Point,
My whole Scheme's out of Joint;
No Convention Reprieve can obtain:
And my wiſe Brother H——e
Will now paſs for a poor Aſs
Over *England*, *France*, *Holland* and *Spain*.

SONG IX. *From* Spithead.

TO you, fine Folk, at *London* Town,
We *Spithead* Tars do write,
And wonder you don't ſend us down
Orders to Sail and Fight:
For we are weak'ning ev'ry Day,
By Sickneſs and by Run-away.

With a Fa, la, &c.

The *French* and *Spaniards* both are ſail'd,
Don Blaſs to reinforce,
Thinking we have brave VERNON fail'd,
To him let's bend our Courſe:
Give him but half the Fleet that's here,
He'll beat them both you need not fear.

With a Fa, la, &c.

Or if we ſhould them chance to meet
Upon the azure Main,
Stout *Ogle* and *Cathcart* wou'd beat
Them back again to *Spain*;
Or in the Deep would lay them low,
They ne'er ſhould ſtrike another Blow.

With a Fa, la, &c.

But if you keep us pent up thus,
Like Game-Cocks in a Bag,
We ſhall not get a ſingle Sous,
Nor Honour to your Flag:
Make haſte, or the Galleons are gone,
And all true Hearts will be undone!

With a Fa, la, &c.

SONG X. Tune, *Tweed-Side.*

WHAT's the Spring-breathing Violet and Roſe,
What's the Summer, with all his gay Train,
Or the Plenty of Autumn to thoſe,
Who have barter'd their Freedom for Gain?

Then let Love of our King's legal Right
To our Love of our Country ſucceed,
And let Friendſhip and Honour unite,
And flouriſh on both Sides the Tweed.

No Sweetneſs the Senſes can chear,
That Corruption and Bribery bind,
No Brightneſs the Gloom ever clear;
For Honour's the Sun of the Mind.

Then let Love, &c.

Let Virtue diſtinguiſh the Brave
Place Riches in lower Degree,
Think Him pooreſt, who dares be a Slave,
And him richeſt, who dares to be free.

Then let Love, &c.

Let Us think how our Anceſtors roſe,
Let Us think how our Anceſtors fell;
'Tis the Rights They defended; 'tis thoſe,
They bought with their Blood, that We ſell.

Then let Love, &c.

SONG XI. *Sung by a Parcel of Frenchmen.*

COME, my Boys, in brimming Glaſſes,
W——'s Health; he all ſurpaſſes
He de beſt of Politicians,
He de viſeſt of Phyſicians.

Doodle, doodle, doo, &c.

He does bleed de *Engliſh* Nation,
Let out de little of deir Paſſion;
All deir Coffers he vill drain-y
Beſt of Friends to us and *Spain-y.*

Doodle, &c.

Let de *English* Merchants rage-y
He will know deir Noiſe t'aſſwage-y;
Do' de ſturdy Raſcals grumble,
De ſwinging Taxes doſe vill humble.
Doodle, &c.

Do' he fits de vaſteſt Squadron,
He know how deir Helms to govern;
Do' Sir *J*——*n* to fight was ſent-y,
God be prais'd he's ſafe in *Kent-y*.
Doodle, &c.

All de Vay he vanted fight-y,
But no *Spaniard* came in ſight-y;
Ven de Dons he could not meet-y,
Vy den fight vid his own Fleet-y.
Doodle, &c.

All dis Time de *Spaniard* boaſt-y,
Took deir Ships on deir own Coaſt-y,
Cruiz'd upon deir valiant Hero,
Vid deir little Privateer-o.
Doodle, &c.

VERNON be de dang'rous Fellow,
He did take de *Porto-Bello*;
Begar dey muſt him ſoon demoliſh,
Or *Rob*——*n's* Schemes he'll all aboliſh.
Doodle, &c.

Vat do' now he fight and roar,
Bob vill take him one Peg lower,
He will ſend him no more Succour,
Den our Fleet vill put him in de pucker.
Doodle, &c

Do' Sir *Og*————*e* now is ſailing,
You vill ſee how de Vind vill fail him;
Do' he haſte de Foe to thwack-y,
South-Veſt Vinds vill drive him back-y.
Doodle, &c.

Ven de Eaſtern Vind dey get-o,
Out come de Leak dat lay in petto,
Den dey be ſick, den dey vant Beer-o,
Dus dey ſtop deir fierce Career-o.
Doodle, &c.

Away at laſt dey forc'd to fleer-o,
Of de Land at laſt get clear-o,
Den de Trute of all to ſmother,
Dey run ſoul of one another.

Doodle, &c.

To *Spithead* den back dey poſt-y,
Brag and blunder, ſwear and boaſt-y;
Den de *Galleons* all get home-y,
Vee and *Spain* get all de Money.

Doodle, &c.

Den de *Engliſh* bawl at *Rob——n*,
Call him Teefe, and Rogue, and mob him;
Vat care he for Noiſe and Scold-y,
Parbleau, he got avay deir Gold-y.

Doodle, &c.

Vell done, *W——le*, fleece and plunder,
Make de Merchants all knock under;
Ven dey vill no more endure you,
Fly to us, and vee'll ſecure you.

Doodle, &c.

SONG XII. Tune of, *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*

ALL powerful Gold the World controuls,
And changes Wrong to Right;
Converts to Vaſſals high-born Souls,
And dubs the Knave a Knight:
But *Britain* never ſhall be ſold,
For filthy Bribes of *Robin's* Gold, *Fa, la, la.*

By cunning Chymiſts we are told,
There is a Magic Stone,
That can tranſmute vile Braſs to Gold
By Means to us unknown;
But Gold ſuperior Magic has;
It turns the human Face to Braſs.

That ſhining Ore too often bought
The *Briton's* venal Vote,
For Men that have been juſtly thought
Much fitter for a Rope:

Placemen are now no more our Choice,
For VERNONS we will give our Voice.

Placemen as ductile are as Gold,
Changing like it their Shape,
Thus holy Bigots we behold
Turn'd Utenſils of State.
But ſuch tranſplant to *Spain* or *Rome*,
And leave the honeſt Men at Home!

While Gold enchants the giddy Mob,
To ſet their Votes to Sale,
It muſt return again to *Bob*,
By the Exciſe on Ale.
'Tis thus the Knight may bribe you on
With your own Gold, till you're undone.

Britons beware! at laſt grow wiſe!
For Liberty combine!
Let none that voted for Exciſe,
E'er bribe you with his Wine!
Drink only of the Patriot's Bowl,
And vote for him with all your Soul!

SONG XIII. *The Miller of* Mansfield.

HOW happy a State does the Miller poſſeſs,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs?
On his Mill and himſelf he depends for Support,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at Court.

What tho' he all duſty and whitned does go,
The more he's be-powder'd, the more like a Beau:
A Clown in this Dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a Courtier who ſtruts in his Garter and Star.

Tho' his Hands are ſo daub'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean;
A Palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will ſtick to the Fingers like Meal.

What if, when a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,
He cribs, without Scruple, from other Men's Sacks:
In this of right noble Examples he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

Or ſhould he endeavour to keep an Eſtate,
In this he would mimick the Tools of the State,
Whoſe Aim is alone their Coffers to fill,
As all his Concern's to bring Grift to his Mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;
Then riſes up chearful to Work and to ſing;
If ſo happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

SONG XIV. *The Blind Boy.*

O Say! what is that Thing call'd Light,
Which I muſt ne'er enjoy,
What are the Bleſſings of the Sight,
O tell your poor Blind Boy!

You talk of wond'rous Things you ſee,
You ſay the Sun ſhines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Then make it Day or Night?

My Day or Night myſelf I make,
Whene'er I wake or play,
And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always Day.

With heavy Sighs, I often hear,
You mourn my hopeleſs Woe;
But ſure, with Patience I may bear
A Loſs I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My Chear of Mind deſtroy;
Whilſt thus I ſing, I am a King,
Altho' a poor Blind Boy.

SONG XV. *A Trifling Song, &c.*

A Trifling Song ye ſhall hear,
Begun with a Trifle and ended;
All trifling People draw near,
And I ſhall be nobly attended.

Were it not for Trifles a few,
That lately came into the Play,
The Men would want ſomething to do,
The Women want ſomething to ſay.

What makes Men trifle in Dreſſing?
Becauſe the Ladies, they know,
Admire, by often careſſing,
That eminent Trifle, a Beau.

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain,
No ſooner the Virgin is rifled,
But a Trifle ſhall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
At *White's* half a Moment to ſit?
Or who is't cou'd bear a Tea-Table,
Without talking Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles ſecure,
Gold Keys are no Trifles we ſee;
White Rods are no Trifles I'm ſure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place,
Where Trifles abundantly breed,
The Levee will ſhow you, his Grace
Makes Promiſes Trifles indeed!

A Coach, with ſix Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A ſcandalous Trifle within?

A Flask of Champaign People think it
A Trifle, or ſomething as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle by gad.

A Parſon's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow,
A Peace is a Trifle To-day,
To break it a Trifle To-morrow.

A Black Coat a Trifle may cloke,
Or to hide it the Red may endeavour;
But if once the Army is broke,
We ſhall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle they ſay,
The Reaſon pray carry along;
Becauſe that at every new Play
Abundance of Trifles ſo throng.

But with People's Malice to trifle,
And to ſet us all on a Foot;
The Author of this is a Trifle,
And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

SONG XVI. *The Spider.*

ARtiſt, who underneath the Table
Thy curious Textures haſt diſplay'd,
Who, if we may believe the Fable,
Waſt once a blooming lovely Maid.

Inſidious, reſtleſs, watchful Spider,
Fear no officious Damſel's Broom,
Extend thy artful Building wider,
And ſpread thy Banners round my Room.

While I thy wond'rous Fabrick ſtare at,
And think on hapleſs Poet's Fate,
Like thee confin'd to lonely Garret,
And proudly baniſh'd Rooms of State.

And as from out thy tortur'd Body,
Thou draw'ſt thy ſlender Thread with Pain;
So does he labour like a Noddy,
To ſpin Materials from his Brain.

He for ſome gaudy flutt'ring Creature,
That ſpreads her Charms before his Eye;
And that's a Conqueſt little better,
Than thine o'er captive Butterfly.

Thus far 'tis plain you both agree,
Your Death, perhaps, may better ſhow it;
'Tis Ten to One but Penury
Ends both the Spider and the Poet.

SONG XVII. *The Fate of the Fiddle.*

YE *Lads and Laſſes that live in* Longleat,
Where they ſay there's no End of good Drink and good Meat;
Where the Poor fill their Bellies, the rich receive Honour,
So great and ſo good is the Lord of the Manor.

Ye Nymphs and ye Swains that inhabit the Place,
Give Ear to my Song of a Fiddle's hard Caſe;
For it is of a Fiddle, a ſweet Fiddle I ſing,
A ſofter and ſweeter did never wear String.

Melpomene, *lend me the Aid of thy Art,*
Whilſt I the ſad Fate of this Fiddle impart;
For never had Fiddle a Fortune ſo bad,
Which ſhews the beſt Things the worſt Fortune have had.

This Fiddle of Fiddles, when it came to be try'd,
Was as ſweet as a Lark, and as ſoft as a Bride;
This Fiddle to ſee, and 'tis Muſick to hear,
Gave Delight to the Eye, whilſt it raviſh'd the Ear.

But firſt I muſt ſing of this Fiddle's Country,
'Twas born and 'twas bred in fair Italy,
In a Town where a Marſhal of France *had the Hap,*
(Fortune de la guerre) *to be caught in a Trap.*

And now, having ſung of this Fiddle's high Birth;
I ſhould ſing of the Fingers which made ſo much Mirth;
But Fingers ſo ſtraight, ſo ſwift, and ſo ſmall,
Should be ſung by a Poet, or not ſung at all.

Tho' I am, God wot, but a poor Country Swain,
And cannot indite in ſo lofty a Strain;
So all I can ſay, is to tell you once more,
Such Hands and ſuch Fingers were never ſeen before.

Having ſung of the Fingers and Fiddle, I trow,
You'll hold it but meet I ſhould ſing of the Bow;
The Bow it was Ebon, whoſe Virtue was ſuch,
It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch.

Cupid *would fain have chang'd with this Bow for a while,*
To which the coy Nymph thus replied with a Smile,

My Bow is far better than yours I'll appeal,
Yours only can kill, mine can both kill and heal.

This Fiddle and Bow, and its Muſick together,
Would make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather:
But alas! when I ſhall its Cataſtrophe ſing,
Your Heart it will bleed, and your Hands you will wring.

This Fiddle was laid on a ſoft eaſy Chair,
Taking all for its Friends its ſweet Muſick did hear;
When ſtraight there came in a huge Maſculine Bum,
I wiſh the De'il had it to make him a Drum.

Now woe to the Bum that the Fiddle demoliſh'd,
That has all our Muſick and Paſtime aboliſh'd;
May it never want Birch to be ſwitch'd and be laſh'd,
May it ever be itching, and never be ſcratch'd.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick ſo grievous,
A Penance too ſmall for a Crime ſo miſchievous:
Ne'er find a ſoft Cuſhion, its Anguiſh to eaſe,
While all is too little my Wrath to appeaſe.

Of other Bum-Scrapers may it ſtill bear the Blame,
Ne'er ſhew its bare Face without Sorrow or Shame;
May it ne'er mount on Horſeback without Loſs of Leather;
Which brings me almoſt to the End of my Tether.

And now, leſt ſome Critick, of deep Penetration,
Should attack our poor Ballad with grave Annotation;
The Fop muſt be told, without ſpeaking in Riddle,
He muſt firſt make a better, or kiſs my Bum-Fiddle.

SONG XVIII. *Preach not me your*, &c.

PReach not me your muſty Rules,
Ye Drones that mould in idle Cell;
The Heart is wiſer than the Schools,
The Senſes always reaſon well.

If ſhort my Span, I leſs can ſpare
To paſs a ſingle Pleaſure by;
An Hour is long, if loſt in Care,
They only live, who Life enjoy.

SONG XIX. *Jovial Beggar.*

THere was a jovial Beggar,
He had a Wooden Leg
Lame from his Cradle,
And forced for to beg.
And a begging we will go.
Will go, will go,
And a begging We will go.

A Bag for his Oatmeal,
Another for his Salt;
And a Pair of Crutches,
To ſhew that he can halt.
And a begging, &c.

A Bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye;
A little Bottle by his Side,
To drink when he is dry:
And a begging, &c.

To *Pimblico* we'll go,
Where we ſhall merry be;
With ev'ry Man a Can in's Hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.
And a begging, &c.

And when we are diſpoſed
To tumble on the Graſs,
We have a long patch'd Coat,
To hide a pretty Laſs.
And a begging, &c.

Full ſeven Years I begged,
For my old Maſter *Wild*;
He taught me how to beg,
When I was but a Child:
And a begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Maſter,
And got him Store of Pelf;
But *Jove* now be praiſed,
I can beg for myſelf.
And a begging, &c.

In an old hollow Tree
I live and pay no Rent;
Providence provides for me,
And I am well content:
And a begging, &c.

Of all the Occupations
A Beggar lives the beſt;
For when he is a weary,
He'll lay him down to reſt:
And a begging, &c.

I fear no Plots againſt me,
I live in open Cell;
Then who would be a King,
When a Beggar lives ſo well?
And a begging, &c.

SONG XX. *Happy Hours*, &c.

HAppy Hours all Hours excelling,
When retir'd from Crowds and Noiſe;
appy is that ſilent Dwelling,
HFill'd with ſelf-poſſeſſing Joys;
Happy's that contented Creature,
Who with feweſt Things is pleas'd,
And conſults the Voice of Nature,
When of roving Fancy's eas'd.

Every Paſſion wiſely moving,
Juſt as Reaſon turns the Scale,
Ev'ry State of Live improving,
That no anxious Thought prevail;
Happy Man who thus poſſeſſes
Life with ſome Companion dear,
Joy imparted ſtill encreaſes,
Griefs when told ſoon diſappear.

SONG XXI. *To hug yourſelf*, &c.

TO hug yourſelf in perfect Eaſe,
What won'd you wiſh for more than thoſe?

A healthy, clean paternal Seat,
Well ſhaded from the Summer's Heat.

A little Parlour Stove to hold
A conſtant Fire from Winter's Cold;
Where you may ſit, and think, and ſing,
Far off from Court, God ſave the King.

Safe from the Harpies of the Law,
From Party Rage, and great Man's Paw;
Have Choice few Friends of your own Taſte,
A Wife agreable and chaſte.

An open but yet cautious Mind,
Where guilty Cares no Entrance find
Nor Miſer's Fears, nor Envy's Spite,
Do break the Sabbath of the Night.

Plain Equipage and temp'rate Meals,
Few Taylor's and no Doctor's Bills;
Content to take, as Heaven, ſhall pleaſe,
A longer or a ſhorter Leaſe.

SONG XXII. *Gather your Roſe-Buds, &c.*

GAther your Roſe-Buds, while you may,
Old Time is ſtill a flying;
And that ſame Flower that ſmiles To-day
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heav'n, the Sun,
The higher he is getting,
The ſooner will his Race be run,
And nearer he's to Setting.

That Age is beſt, that is the firſt,
While Youth and Blood are warmer;
Expect not the laſt and worſt,
Time ſtill ſucceeds the former.

Then be not coy, but uſe your Time,
While you may go and marry:
For having once but loſt your Prime,
You may for ever tarry.

SONG XXIII. *Of a noble Race was* Shenkin.

'TWas in the Land of Cyder,
At a Place call'd *Brampton-Bryan*,
Such a Prank was play'd
'Twixt a Man and Maid,
That all the Saints cry'd fie on.

For gentle *John* and *Susan*
Were oft at Recreation;
To tell the Truth,
This vig'rous Youth
Caus'd a dreadful Conflagration.

Both Morning, Noon, and Night, Sir,
Brisk *John* was at her Crupper;
He got in her Geers
Five Times before Pray'rs,
And Six Times after Supper.

John, being well provided,
So closely did solace her,
That *Susan*'s Waist,
So slackly lac'd,
Shew'd Signs of Babe of Grace, Sir.

But when the Knight perceived,
That *Susan* had been sinning,
And that this Lass,
For want of Grace,
Lov'd Kissing more than Spinning;

To cleanse the House from Scandal,
And filthy Fornication;
Of all such Crimes
To shew the Times
His utter Detestation;

He took both Bed and Bolster,
Nay, Blankets, Sheets, and Pillows,
With *Johnny*'s Frock,
And *Susan*'s Smock,
And burnt them in the Kiln-house.

And every vile Utenſil
On which they had been wicked;
As Chairs, Joint-ſtools,
Old Trunks, Cloſe-ſtools,
And eke the Three-legg'd Cricket.

But had each Thing defiled
Been burnt at *Brampton-Bryan*,
We all muſt grant
The Knight would want
Himſelf a Bed to lie on.

SONG XXIV. *Be gone, Old Care.*

BE gone, Old Care, I prithee be gone from me;
Be gone, Old Care, you and I ſhall never agree:
Long Time have you been vexing me,
And fain you would me kill,
But eſaith, Old Care,
Thou never ſhall have thy Will.

Too much Care will make a young Man look grey,
And too much Care will turn an old Man to Clay:
Come, you ſhall dance, and I will ſing,
So merrily we will play:
For I hold it one of the wiſeſt Things
To drive Old Care away.

SONG XXV. *Had I the World*, &c.

WHY, *Lycidas*, ſhou'd Man be vain,
If bounteous Heav'n hath made him great?
Why look with inſolent Diſdain,
On thoſe undeck'd with Wealth and State?

Can ſplendid Robes, or Beds of Down,
Or coſtly Gems to deck the Hair;
Can all the Glories of a Crown
Give Health or ſmooth the Brow of Care?

The ſcepter'd Prince, the burden'd Slave,
The Humble and the Haughty die;
The Poor, the Rich, the Baſe, the Brave,
In Duſt without Diſtinction lie.

Go ſearch the Tombs where Monarchs reſt,
Who once the richeſt Glories wore,
Fled is that Grandeur they poſſeſs'd,
And all their Greatneſs is no more.

So glides the Meteor thro' the Sky,
And ſweeps along a gilded Train,
But when its ſhort-liv'd Beauties die,
Diſſolves to common Air again.

SONG XXVI. *Freedom is a real*, &c.

FReedom is a real Treaſure,
Love a Dream, all falſe and vain,
Short, uncertain is the Pleaſure,
Sure and laſting is the Pain.

A ſincere and tender Paſſion
Some ill Planet over-rules;
Ah, how blind is Inclination!
Fate and Women doat on Fools.

SONG XXVII. *Waft me ſome*, &c.

AMbition never me ſeduc'd,
To ſoar on Fortune's painted Wing;
Far humbler Motives ſtrong induc'd,
To haunt unvex'd, the Muſes Spring.
Some rural Cott, where Angel Peace
Mild o'er the Soul her Influence ſheds:
Where Pleaſures flow with gay Increaſe,
And ſport at Eaſe on Roſy Beds.

Where Silvan Scenes the Fancy raiſe,
Exalt the Soul, improve the Lay;
Where fanning Zephyrs ſooth the Blaze
Of Summer's fiercely-darting Day.
The dimpled Stream, the winding Shade,
The Lawn in chearing Verdure dreſs'd,
Th' aſpiring Hill, the tufted Glade;
Soft Thames ſhou'd pleaſing Thoughts ſuggeſt.

Then rais'd to Extaſy, I'd hail
The ſweetly-awful rural Powers,
Invite, if artleſs Sounds prevail,
Gay Wood-nymphs from their Jes'mine Bowers
Rich in myſelf, I'd frown on Gold,
And far the treacherous Geugaw throw:
With Pity's melting Eye behold
The idly-buſtling Crowd below.

Ah me! how in romantic Seats,
Does my deluded Fancy ſtray!
Too tranſient, viſionary Sweets,
That ſudden Gleam, that fades away.
Thus ſportive to the Mind, in Sleep,
Caſcades, Rocks, Coaches, Guineas riſe;
Break but the Charm, the glitt'ring Heap,
And all the wild Creation dies.

SONG XXVIII. *The Bonny*, &c.

'TIS Woman that ſeduces all Mankind;
By her we are firſt taught the Wheedling Arts:
Her very Eyes can cheat; when moſt ſhe's kind,
She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.
For her, like Wolves by Night, we roam for Prey,
And practiſe ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms:
For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,
And Beauty muſt be ſee'd into our Arms.

SONG XXIX. *A lovely Laſs*, &c.

A Lovely Laſs to a Friar came,
To confeſs in the Morning early:
In what, my dear, are you to blame?
Come own it all ſincerely.
I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a Lad who loves me dearly.

The greateſt Fault in myſelf I know,
Is what I now diſcover,
Then you to *Rome* for that muſt go,
There Diſcipline to ſuffer.
Lack-a-day! Sir, if it muſt be ſo,
Pray with me ſend my Lover.

No, no, my Dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double Dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the ſame,
I'll pardon your paſt Failing.
I muſt own, Sir, tho' I bluſh for Shame,
That your Penance is prevailing.

SONG XXX. *Tranſporting are*, &c.

TRanſporting are the ſolid Joys,
Which faithful Love beſtows;
All other Pleaſures are but Toys,
Which yield to faint Repoſe;
Thus when I ſpy
My Charmer nigh,
My tender Glances prove,
That not a Part
Of this fond Heart,
But teems all o'er with Love.

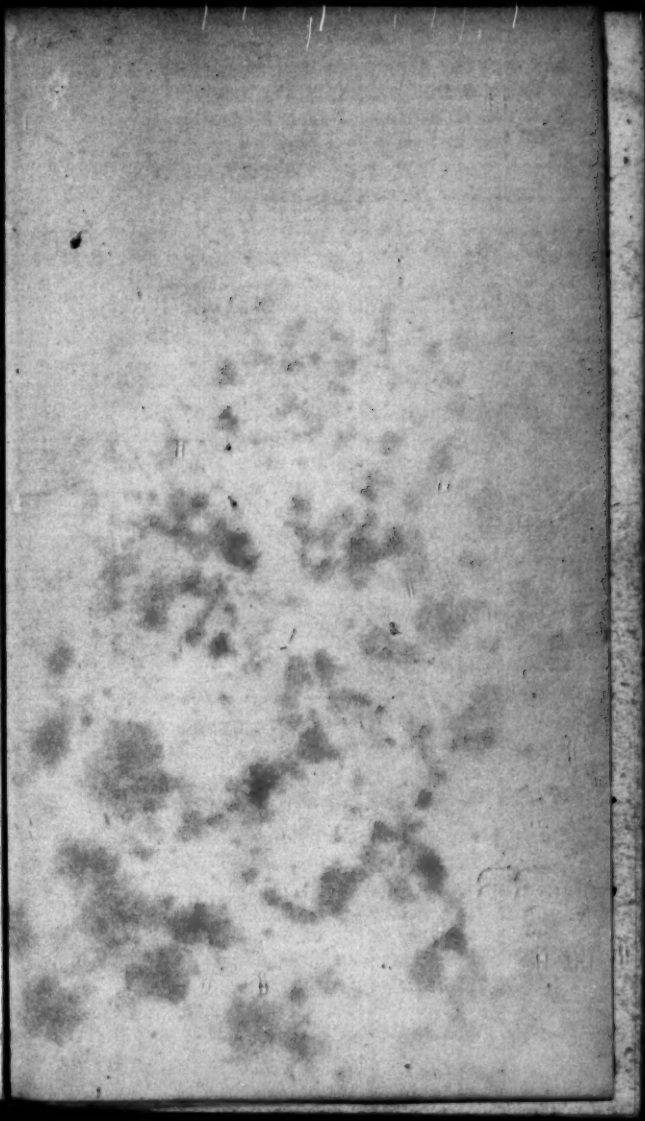
SONG XXXI. *Let Ambition*, &c.

LET Ambition fire thy Mind,
Thou wert born o'er Men to reign;
Not to follow Flocks deſign'd,
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,
Thou on Necks of Kings ſhall tread;
Joys in Circles, Joys ſhall meet,
Which Way ſoe'er thy Fancy's led.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,
Toils of Empire Pleaſures are;
Thou ſhalt only know Delight,
All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,
For the Bleſſings I beſtow;
Joyful I'll aſcend the Skies,
Happy thou ſhalt reign below.



He took up his Awl that he had in the World,
And to make away with himſelf was reſolv'd;
He pierc'd through his Body inſtead of the Sole,
So the Cobler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll.
Derry down, down, &c.

And now in Good-Will I adviſe as a Friend,
All Coblers take Warning by this Cobler's End:
Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by what's paſt,
That Love brings us all to an End at the Laſt.
Derry down, down, &c.

SONG XXXV. *Whilſt the Town,* &c.

WHilſt the Town's Brimful of Folly,
And runs gadding after *Polly*,
Let us take a chearful Glaſs.
Tell me, *Damon*, where's the Pleaſure,
Of beſtowing Time and Treaſure,
For to make one's Self an Aſs?
Tell me, &c.

I am for Joys far leſs expenſive,
Where the Pleaſures more extenſive,
And from dull Attention free;
Where my *Celia*, o'er a Bottle,
Can, when tir'd with am'rous Prattle,
Sing Old Songs as well as ſhe.
Tell me, &c.

SONG XXXVI. *I have been in Love,* &c.

I Have been in Love, and in Debt, and in Drink,
This many and many a Year;
And thoſe are three Plagues enough, I ſhould think,
For one poor Mortal to bear.
'Twas Love made me fall into Drink,
And Drink made me run into Debt;
And tho' I have ſtruggled, and ſtruggled, and ſtrove,
I cannot get out of them yet.

There's nothing but Money can cure me,
And rid me of all my Pain;
'Twill pay all my Debts,
And remove all my Letts;
And my Miſtreſs, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again:
Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking again.

SONG XXXVII. *Come follow*, &c.

COme, follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy Elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the Green,
Come, follow *Mab* your Queen:
Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
For all this Place is Fairy Ground.

When Mortals are at Reſt,
And ſnoaring in their Neſt,
Unheard, and uneſpy'd,
Through Key-holes we do glide;
Over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

And if the Houſe is foul,
With Platter, Diſh, or Bowl,
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts aſleep;
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs;
None us hear, and none us ſpies.

But if the Houſe be ſwept,
And from Uncleanneſs kept,
We praiſe the Houſehold Maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid;
Every Night before we go,
We drop a Teſter in her Shoe.

Then o'er a Muſhroon's Head
Our Table-Cloth is ſpread;
A Grain of Rye, or Wheat,
The Diet that we eat;
Pearly Drops of Dew we drink,
In Acorn Cups, fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,
With unctuous Fat of Snails,
Between two Cockles ſtew'd,
Is Meat that's eas'ly chew'd,
And Brains of Worms, and Marrow of Mice
Do make a Feaſt that's wond'rous nice.

The Graſhopper, Gnat, and Fly,
Serve for our Minſtrelſy;
Grace ſaid, we dance a While,
And ſo the Time beguile:
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Glow-Worm lights us home to Bed.

O'er Tops of Dewy Graſs
So nimbly we do paſs,
The young and tender Stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the Morning may be ſeen,
Where we the Night before have been.

SONG XXXVIII. *King* John, &c.

WHO has e'er been at Paris, *muſt needs know the* Greve,
The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave:
Where Honour and Juſtice moſt oddly contribute,
To eaſe Heroes Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles, which Force had put on:
And the Hangman compleats what the Judge but begun:
There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Poſt,
Find their Pains no more balk'd, and their Hopes no more croſt.
Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known;
And the King and the Law, and the Thief has his own;
But my Hearers cry out, what a Dnce doſt thou ail?
Put off thy Reflections, and give us thy Tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil Reſpect to harſh Laws,
And for want of falſe Witneſs to back a bad Cauſe,

A Norman, *tho' late, was obliged to appear:*
And who to assist but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open the Scene,
Seem'd not in great Haste, that the Show shou'd begin:
Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart;
And often took Leave, but was loath to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son? says the Priest,
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest.
O Father! my Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon,
For 'twas not that I murther'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough? prythee ne'er trouble thy Head with such Fancies!
Rely on the Aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the Money you promis'd be brought to the Chest;
You have only to die, let the Church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my Trade:
Courage, Friend; to-day is your Period of Sorrow;
And Things will go better, believe me, To-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow? our Hero reply'd in a Fright:
He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To-night.
Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly truss'd up;
For you surely To-night shall in Paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat,
Parblue, *I shall have little Stomach to eat:*
I should therefore esteem it great Favour and Grace,
Won'd you be so kind, as to go in my Place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the Father, and thank ye to boot;
But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must suit.
The Feast, I propos'd to you, I cannot taste:
For this Night, by our Order, is mark'd for a Fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then turning about to the Hangman, he ſaid,
Diſpatch me, I pray thee, this troubleſome Blade:
For thy Cord and my Cord both equally tie,
And we live by the Gold, for which other Men die,
Derry down, &c.

SONG XXXIX. *The Old Man's Wiſh.*

IF I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
Let this be my Fate: In a Country Town;
Let me have a warm Houſe, with a Stone at my Gate,
And a cleanly Young Girl to rub my Bald Pate;
May I govern my Paſſion with an abſolute Sway,
And grow wiſer and better as my Strength wears away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay, by a gentle Decay.

In a Country Town by a murmuring Brook,
With the Ocean at Diſtance, wherein I may look,
With a ſpacious Plain without, Hedge or Stile,
And an eaſy Pad Nag to ride out a Mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace *and* Plutarch, *and two or three more*
Of the beſt Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;
With a Diſh of roaſt Mutton, not Ven'ſon nor Teal,
And clean, tho' coarſe Linnen, at every Meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a Pudding on Sundays, *and ſtout humming Liquor,*
And Remnants of Latin, *to welcome the Vicar;*
With a hidden Reſerve of Burgundy *Wine,*
To drink the King's Health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

When the Days are grown ſhort, and it freezes and ſnows,
May I have a Coal Fire as high as my Noſe;
A Fire which, once ſtirred up with a Prong,
Will keep the Room temperate all the Night long, &c.
May I govern, &c.

With a Courage undaunted, may I face my laſt Day,
And when I am dead, may the better Sort ſay,

In the Morning when ſober, in the Evening when mellow,
He's gone, and has left not behind him his Fellow;
For he govern'd his Paſſion with an abſolute Sway,
And grew wiſer and better as his Strength wore away,
Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.

SONG XL. *There was a jovial,* &c.

THE Stone, that all Things turns at Will
To Gold, the Chymiſt craves;
But Gold, without the Chymiſt's Skill,
Turns all Men into Knaves.
And a cheating they will go, &c.

The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat,
When on his Goods he lays
Too high a Price—but, faith he's bit,
For a Courtier never pays.
And a cheating, &c.

The Lawyer, with a Face demure,
Hangs him who ſteals your Pelf;
Becauſe the good Man can endure
No Robber but himſelf.
And a cheating, &c.

Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman,
What Diff'rence can there be?
Tho' this with Piſtol, that with Pen,
Both kill you for a Fee.
And a cheating, &c.

The Husband cheats his loving Wife,
And to a Miſtreſs goes,
While ſhe at home, to eaſe her Life,
Carouſes with the Beaus.
And a cheating, &c.

The Tenant doth the Steward nick,
(So low this Art we find)
The Steward doth his Lordſhip trick,
My Lord tricks all Mankind.
And a cheating, &c.

One Sect there are, to whoſe fair Lot
No cheating Arts do fall,
And thoſe are Parſons call'd, God wot,
And ſo I cheat you all.
And a cheating, &c.

SONG XLI. *Mad* Tom.

FOrth from my dark and diſmal Cell,
Or from the deep Abyſs of Hell,
Mad *Tom* is come to view the World again,
To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd Brain:

Fears and Cares oppreſs my Soul;
Hark! how the angry Furies howl!
Pluto laughs, and *Proſerpine* is glad,
To ſee poor naked *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day,
To find my ſtraggling Senſes.
In an angry Mood I met old *Time*,
With his Pentateuch of Tenſes.
When me he ſpies away he flies,
For *Time* will ſtay for no Man;
In vain with Cries I rend the Skies,
For Pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſs I be,
Help, help, or elſe I die!
Hark! I hear *Apollo*'s Team,
The Carman 'gins to whiſtle;
Chaſte *Diana* bends her Bow,
And the Boar begins to briſtle.

Come, *Vulcan*, with Tools and with Tackle;
And knock off my troubleſome Shackle;
Bid *Charles* make ready his Wain,
To bring me my Senſes again.

Laſt Night I heard the Dog-Star bark,
Mars met *Venus* in the Dark;
Limping *Vulcan* beat an Iron-Bar,
And furiouſly made at the God of War;

Mars with his Weapon laid about,
Limping *Vulcan* had got the Gout;
His broad Horns did ſo hang in his Light,
That he could not ſee to aim his Blows aright.

Mercury, the nimble Poſt of Heaven,
Stood ſtill to ſee the Quarrel;
Gorrel-belly'd *Bacchus*, Giant-like,
Beſtrid a Strong Beer Barrel;
To me he drank whole Buts,
Until he burſt his Guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor *Tom* is very dry,
A little Drink for Charity.

Hark! I hear *Acteon's* Hounds,
The Huntſman whoop and holloo;
Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,
All the Chaſe do follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret.
Eats Powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot,
But a Cup of *Malaga* Sack
Will fire the Buſh at his Back.

SONG XLII. *Pretty Miſtreſs.*

I Know I'm no Poet, my Song it will ſhew it,
My Sorrow it flows like a Spring;
Altho' you may ſhame me, the World cannot blame me,
Why I thus dolefully ſing.
My Loſs it is great, and ſuch a Defeat,
No Mortal had ever before;
She had every Feature, a ſweet pretty Creature;
And what can Man ſay any more?
And what can Man, &c.

Her Lips they were of a true *Coventry* Blue,
Her Hair of a fine *Bow* Dye;
Her Stature was low, but her Noſe was not ſo,
It was moſt delicate high:

Her upper Lip thin, which fairly turn'd in,
Her Teeth was as black as a Coal;
Her under ſtood out, to receive from her Snout,
The Dropings that fell from each Hole.
The Dropings, &c.

No Needle or Pin were more ſharp than her Chin,
Which her Noſe did moſt lovingly meet,
Like Siſter and Brother, they kiſſed each other;
It was a great Pleaſure to ſee't.
No Globe could be found ſo perfectly round,
As her Back was to all that did mind her;
To give her her Due, her Head turn'd like a Screw,
To ſtudy the Globe behind her.
To ſtudy, &c.

Tho' ſome Teeth ſhe wanted, the reſt were well planted,
'Cauſe Nature ſhould ſhow no Neglect;
What in one ſhe deny'd, ſhe in t'other ſupply'd,
Becauſe there ſhould be no Defect.
'Tis common, you know, Teeth ſtand in a Row,
The beſt and the neweſt Way,
Yet, without doubt, her's ſtands in and out,
As if they'd been dancing the Hay.
As if they'd, &c.

Her Breath ſtrong, one Leg ſhort, t'other long,
To make up her perfect Shape;
Her Cheeks were like *Lent*, when 'tis almoſt ſpent,
She had a delicate Face like an Ape;
Her Skin might be taken for a Gammon of Bacon,
Her Breaſts like a Trencher ſo flat;
She had a fine Mouth, which ſtood North and South,
Oh! ſhe'd delicate Eyes like a Cat.
Oh! ſhe'd, &c.

Now I think it meet to talk of her Feet,
I'll tell you how fine they were made;
If you'll believe me, I will not deceive ye,
They were the true Shape of a Spade:

So broad, and ſo flat, that when ſhe did pat,
So good a Guard ſhe did keep,
With her Legs high and low, that when ſhe did go,
You'd ſwear ſhe'd been playing Bo-peep,
You'd ſwear, &c.

But this long Narration breeds ſuch Moleſtation,
Within my unfortunate Breaſt,
I'll now give it o'er, and ſo ſay no more,
But leave you to gueſs at the reſt,
Search the World round, no ſuch can be found,
So well ſhe pleaſed my Fancy;
I ſhall pine all my Life, for the Loſs of my Wife,
And there is an End of poor *Nancy*.
And there, &c.

SONG XLIII. *All the World*, &c.

ALL the World's in Strife and Hurry,
And the Lord knows when 'twill ceaſe;
Some for Intereſt, ſome for Glory,
Tho' their Tongues run all of Peace:
Since the high Church then and low,
Make our daily Miſchiefs grow,
And the Great who ſit at the Helm in doubt,
Are not ſure, how quickly they may turn out:
How bleſs'd is the happy he,
Who from Town, and the Faction that is there, is free;
For Love, and no ill Ends,
Treats his Neighbours and his Friends?
He ſhall ever, in the Book of Fame,
Fix with Honour a glorious Name.

He that was the high Purſe Bearer,
At his Levee no Crowds you ſee;
He, that was the grand Cauſe-Hearer,
Now no longer makes Decree:
Nay, to prove her wavering Evil,
And that Fortune is the Devil;
The Hero leading our Armies abroad,
Whom they late did celebrate like a God,

Scarce has any to drink his Health,
If a Friend does not kindly put it round by Stealth:
A Whig is out of Grace,
And a Tory in his Place:
Riddles all, and something is amiss.
What a whimsical World is this!

SONG XLIV. I'll sing you a Song, &c.

I'LL sing you a Song was never in Print,
'Tis newly and truly come out of the Mint,
And I'll tell you before-hand, you'll find nothing in't.
Tol, lol, &c.

'Tis nothing I think, 'tis nothing I write,
'Tis nothing I court, 'tis nothing I slight,
And I don't care a Pin if I get nothing by't.
Tol, lol, &c.

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Birds, Beasts, Fish, and Men,
Did start out of nothing, a Chaos, a Den,
And all Things must turn to nothing again.
Tol, lol, &c.

The Lad that makes Love to a delicate smooth Thing,
And hopes to obtain her by Sighing and Soothing,
Most frequently makes much ado about Nothing.
Tol, lol, &c.

But soon as his Patience and Purse are decay'd,
He may to the Arms of a Whore be betray'd,
For she that has No-thing must needs be a Maid.
Tol, lol, &c.

'Tis Nothing makes many Things often-times hit,
As when Fools amongst wise Men do silently sit,
The Fool that says nothing may pass for a Wit.
Tol, lol, &c.

When first by the Ears we together did fall,
Then Something got Nothing, and Nothing got all,
From Nothing we came, and to Nothing we fall.
Tol, lol, &c.

If any Man tax me with Weakneſs of Wit,
And ſays, that on Nothing I nothing have writ,
I ſhall anſwer. Ex nihilo nihil fit.
Tol, lol, &c.

But let his Diſcretion be never ſo tall,
This very Word Nothing may give him a Fall,
For in writing of nothing I comprehend all.
Tol, lol, &c.

So let every Man give to the Poet his Due,
For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,
He wrote it when that he had nothing to do.
Tol, lol, &c.

This very Word Nothing, if took the right Way,
May be of Advantage, for what will you ſay,
When the Landlord he tells you there's nothing to pay?
Tol, lol, &c.

SONG XLV. I am in Truth, &c.

I Am in Truth
A Country Youth,
Unus'd to London *Faſhions:*
Yet Virtue guides,
And ſtill preſides
O'er all my Steps and Paſſions.
No courtly Leer,
But all ſincere,
No Bribe ſhall ever blind me;
If you can like
A Yorkſhire *Tike,*
An honeſt Man you'll find me.

Tho' Envy's Tongue,
With Slander hung,
Does oft bely our Country;
No Men on Earth
Boaſt greater Worth,
Or more extend their Bounty.
Our Northern Breeze
With us agrees,

And does for Buſineſs fit us;
In Publick Cares,
In Love's Affairs,
With Honour we acquit us.

A noble Mind
Is ne'er confin'd
To any Shire or Nation;
He gains moſt Praiſe,
Who beſt diſplays
A generous Education;
While Rancour rolls
In narrow Souls,
By narrow Views diſcerning;
The truly Wiſe
Will only prize
Good Manners, Senſe, and Learning.

SONG XLVI. *The Worm.*

HOW much, egregious *Moore*, are we
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we ſee,
All Human Kind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,
Vile Reptile, weak, and vain;
A While he crawls upon the Earth,
Then ſhrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,
E'er ſince our Grandame's Evil;
She firſt convers'd with her own Kind,
That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themſelves we Book-Worms name;
The Blockhead is a Slow-Worm;
The Nymph, whoſe Tail is all on Flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The Fops are painted Butter-Flies,
That flutter for a Day;
Firſt from a Worm they take their Riſe,
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Some Worms ſuit all Conditions;
Miſers are Muck-Worms; Silk-Worms Beaus,
And Death-Watches Phyſicians.

That Stateſmen have the Worm, is ſeen
By all their winding Play;
Their Conſcience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah! *Moore*, thy Skill were well employ'd,
And greater Gain would riſe,
If thou could'ſt make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies.

O learned Friend of *Abchurch-lane*,
Who ſet'ſt our Entrails free!
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms ſhall eat e'en thee!

Our Fate thou only can'ſt adjourn
Some few ſhort Years, no more!
Ev'n *Button's* Wit to Worms ſhall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG XLVII. *How pleaſant*, &c.

HOW pleaſant a Sailor's Life paſſes,
Who roams o'er the watery Main!
No Treaſure he ever amaſſes,
But chearfully ſpends all his Gain.
We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
To Honour and Honeſty true,
And would not commit a baſe Action,
For Power or Profit in View.
Chor. *Then why ſhould we quarrel for Riches,*
Or any ſuch glittering Toys?
A light Heart and a thin Pair of Breeches
Goes thorough the World, brave Boys.

The World is a beautiful Garden,
Enrich'd with the Bleſſings of Life,
The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
Which Plenty too often breeds Striſe.

When terrible Tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous Billows affright,
No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
But skilful Induſtry ſteers right.
Chor. *Then why ſhould*, &c.

The Courtier's more ſubject to Dangers,
Who rules at the Helm of the State,
Than we, that, to Politicks Strangers,
Eſcape the Snares laid for the great.
The various Bleſſings of Nature,
In various Nations we try,
No Mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.
Chor. *Then why ſhould*, &c.

SONG XLVIII. *I love thee, by Heaven*, &c.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one Thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a Mind independent and free.

With Paſſions unruffled, untainted with Pride,
By Reaſon my Life let me ſquare;
The Wants of my Nature are cheaply ſupply'd,
And the reſt is but Folly and Care.

The Bleſſings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
Whilſt ſweet Meditations, and chearful Content,
Shall make me both healthful and wiſe.

In the Pleaſures the great Man's Poſſeſſions diſplay,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part;
For ev'ry fair Object, my Eyes can ſurvey,
Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly, through infinite Troubles and Strife,
The many their Labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in Life,
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG XLIX. *Some hoiſt up*, &c.

SOME hoiſt up Fortune to the Skies,
Others debaſe her to a Bubble:
I nor her Frowns nor Favours prize,
Nor think the Chang'ling worth my Trouble.

If at my Door ſhe chance to light,
I civilly my Gueſt receive:
The Viſit paid, I bid good Night;
Nor murmur when ſhe takes her Leave.

Tho' proſp'rous Gales my Canvas crowd,
Tho' ſmooth the Waves, ſerene the Sky,
I truſt not Calms, they Storms forebode,
And ſpeak th' approaching Tempeſt nigh.

Then, Virtue, to the Helm repair,
Thou, Innocence, ſhalt guide the Oar;
Now rage ye Winds, Storms rend the Air,
My Barque, thus mann'd, ſhall gain the Shore.

SONG L. *Slow Men of* London.

THere were three Lads in our Town,
Slow Men of *London!*
They courted a Widow was bonny and brown,
And yet they left her undone.

They went to work without their Tools,
Slow Men of *London!*
The Widow ſhe ſent them away like Fools,
Becauſe they left her undone.

They often taſted this Widow's Cheer;
Slow Men of *London!*
But yet the Widow was never the near,
For ſtill they left her undone.

Blow, ye Winds; and come down, Rain:
Slow Men of *London!*
They never ſhall woo this Widow again,
Becauſe they left her undone.

SONG LI. *When the bright*, &c.

MY Maſters, give ear,
And a Story you'll hear,
Of a fine Raree-Show, and a Garter;
Ne'er was ſeen ſuch a Sight,
Since *Tom Thumb* was a Knight,
In the Days of our noble King *Arthur*.

When King *George* was abroad,
'Twas a Seaſon thought good,
To ſhew us King *Robin* in Glory;
With his 'Squires in a Row,
And his Knights two and two,
All as gallant as Sir *John Dory*.

Ev'n Baronets here
Humble 'Squires did appear,
And Members were proud of the Station;
And who would not be ſtill
For the Civil-Liſt Bill,
To have a Place in the ſham Coronation?

They all walk'd, for their Prince
Did with Riding diſpenſe,
And with Bathing a troubleſome Rite—a
'Cauſe he knew 'twas in vain,
They cou'd ne'er be waſh'd clean,
Any more than a Black-a-moor white—a.

In the Abbey that Day,
Men did all Things but pray:
There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble;
Such Doings unclean,
In a Church, ne'er were ſeen,
Since the Days that old *Paul*'s was a Stable.

In the Iſles, if you pleaſe,
You your Bodies might eaſe,
By the ſuff'ring, at leaſt, of your Betters.
O *Stanhope!* hadſt thou
Been alive but 'till now,
To have ſeen a Jakes made of St *Peter*'s!

An odd Way they all took,
Thro' a blind crooked Nook,
In the Church, for their Robes to be ſeen—a;
But then Scaffolds had they,
To direct them the Way,
Where they ſeldom or never had been—a.

After this they all took
An odd Oath with the Book,
In the Days of old Popery known—a;
To be true all their Lives,
To all Women but Wives,
To all Ladies, excepting their own—a.

Which Oath, if they broke,
Then their Sovereign's Cook
Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don-a;
But 'twas much if he cou'd,
For his Eyes muſt be good,
To diſcern that they had any on—a.

Then this being done,
To their Dinner they run,
With Stomachs ſo ſharp, and ſo keen—a;
Without Grace they fall to,
As they uſed to do;
Ne'er minding their Chaplain, the Dean—a.

To the Cloſing of all,
They at Night had a Ball,
Where their Damſels were dreſs'd to receive 'em:
What farther was done,
Will be better unknown;
For 'tis decent that here we ſhould leave 'em.

SONG LII. *Greenwood Tree.*

NOT *Eden's* Garden did diſdain
That pleaſing Paſſion Love;
Where free from Guilt, and ev'ry Pain,
Adam did gayly rove.
Not Tides of Furies raging Fires,
That follow a wanton Chaſe,
Meer Vapours rais'd by hot Deſires,
That vaniſh with Diſgrace.

How guiltleſs may I meet the Flame
Of *Cynthia*'s purer Breaſt,
Whilſt Friendſhip makes us ſtill the ſame,
With ev'ry Virtue dreſt!
Her Mind at firſt a Conqueſt made,
Her graceful Mind I muſt approve;
Her Wiſdom chearful ſtill appear'd,
And juſtify'd my Love.

Truſt not to Features, fleeting Charms,
Nor hug a painted Toy;
Thoſe Age or Sickneſs ſoon diſarms,
Warm Air will this deſtroy.
Let tender Paſſions take their Turn,
And Virtue lead the Way;
Where Minds are match'd, they ſeldom mourn,
Nor curſe the Marriage-Day.

SONG LIII. *Go, vind the Vicar*, &c.

GO, vind the Vicar of *Taunton-Dean*,
And he'll tell you the Banns were asked;
A good vat Capen he had vor's Pains,
And I ſent it home in a Backet:
And on a *Friday* Night I was, by right,
To have prov'd if ſhe was a Maiden;
And now ſhe is run with a Soldier to Town:
Heydledom, deydledom, cudden;
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom;
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

My Mother ſhe zold her blue Game-Cock,
And a dainty Brood of Chickens;
Then bought herſelf a Canvaſs Smock,
And rack'd it up in the Kitchen;
And ſhe bought me a Cambrick Band,
With a Bumkin Pair of Breeches,
Not thinking but *Joan*
Would have made me her own:
But i'faith ſhe'd have none of thoſe Vetches.
Heydledom, deydledom, cudden, &c.

I'll take a Hatchet and hang my zell,
Before I'll endure theſe Loſſes:
Or elſe a Rope in a doleſome Well,
For I never can bear theſe Croſſes;
Or I will go to ſome Beacon high,
For i' vaith I am welly woden,
And throw my zelf down, her Kindneſs to try.
Heydledom, deydledom, &c.

If ſhe can think 'tis a better Trade,
This ſhooting of Guns, and flaſhing;
She'll find herſelf but a ſimple Jade,
For there's more to be got by threſhing:
I ne'er ſhall beg without a Leg,
Nor Occaſion have vor a wooden;
Nor a Cripple become
By vollowing a Drum.
Heydledom, deydledom, cudden,
Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom:
Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.

SONG LIV. *Ye Commons,* &c.

FAIR *Venus*, they ſay,
On a rainy black Day,
Thus ſent her Child *Cupid* a packing:
Get thee gone from my Door,
Like a Son of a Whore,
And elſewhere ſtand bouncing and cracking.

To tell the plain Truth,
Our little blind Youth
Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, Sir;
Till all Dangers paſt,
By good Fortune at laſt,
He ſtumbled into a great Town, Sir.

Then ſtrait to himſelf
Cries this tiny fly Elf,
Since Begging brings little Relief, Sir,
A Trade I'll commence
That ſhall bring in the Pence,
And ſtrait he ſet up for a Thief, Sir,

At Play-Houſe and Kirk,
Where he ſlily did lurk,
He ſtole Hearts both from young and old People;
Till at laſt, ſays my Song,
He had like to have ſwung
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

Then with Arrows and Bow
He a Soldier muſt go,
And ſtrait he ſhot Folks without Warning;
He thought it no Sin,
When his Hand was once in,
To kill you his Hundred a Morning.

When he found that he made
Little Gain by his Trade,
What does our ſly graceleſs Blinker?
But ſtrait chang'd his Note,
As well as his Coat,
And he needs muſt paſs for a Tinker.

Have you any Hearts to mend?
Come, I'll be your Friend,
Or elſe I expect not a Farthing:
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
I'll ſoon make 'em whole;
And, Maids, is not this a fair Bargain?

But, Maids, have a Care,
Of this Tinker beware,
Shun the Rogue, tho' he ſets ſuch a Face on't.
Where he ſtops up one Hole,
'Tis true, by my Soul,
He'll at leaſt leave a Score in the Place on't.

SONG LV. *Happy is a Country Life.*

HAppy is a Country Life,
Bleſs'd with Content, good Health and Eaſe,
Free from Faction, Noiſe, and Strife,
We only plot ourſelves to pleaſe;
Peace of Mind our Days delight,
And Love our welcome Dreams at Night.

Hail green Fields and ſhady Woods!
Hail Springs and Streams, that ſtill run pure!
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only dwells ſecure:
Free from Vice, and free from Care,
Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

SONG LVI. *'Twas within a Furlong.*

IN Pimps and Politicians,
The Genius is the ſame;
Both raiſe their own Conditions
On others Guilt and Shame.
With a Tongue well tipt with Lies,
Each the Want of Parts ſupplies,
And with a Heart that's all Diſguiſe,
Keeps his Schemes unknown.

Seducing as the Devil,
They play the Tempter's Part,
And have, when moſt they're civil,
Moſt Miſchief in their Heart.
Each a ſecret Commerce drives,
Firſt corrupts, and then connives,
And by his Neighbours Vices thrives,
For they are all his own.

SONG LVII. *A Soldier and a Sailor.*

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker and a Taylor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid, a Wife, Sir,
Whoſe Name was buxom *Joan*,
Whoſe Name was buxom *Joan*,
For now the Time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended
To lie her Lips at Man, Sir,
And lie a-Nights alone.

The Soldier ſwore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder;

And ſhewed her many a Scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her Sake.
The Taylor thought to pleaſe her,
By offring her his Meaſure;
The Tinker too, with Metal,
Said he would mend her Kettle,
And ſtop up ev'ry Leak.

But while theſe three were prating,
The Sailor ſlyly waiting,
Thought, if it came about, Sir,
That they ſhould all fall out, Sir,
He then might play his Part:
And juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
To Logger-Heads they went, Sir,
And then he let fly at her,
And ſhot 'twixt Wind and Water,
Which won this fair Maid's Heart.

SONG LVIII. *Come hither*, &c.

COME hither my Country 'Squire,
Take friendly Inſtructions from me:
The Lords ſhall admire
Thy Taſte in Attire,
The Ladies ſhall languiſh for thee.
Such Flaunting, Gallanting, and Jaunting,
And Frolicking thou ſhalt ſee,
Thou ne'er like a Clown
Shalt quit London's *ſweet Town,*
To live in thy own Country.

A Skimming-diſh Hat provide,
With little more Brim than Lace:
Nine Hairs on a Side,
To a Pigtail ty'd,
Will ſet off thy jolly broad Face.
Such Flaunting, &c.

Go get the Footman's Frock
A Cudgel quite up to thy Noſe;
Then frize like a Shock,
And plaiſter thy Block,
And buckle thy Shoes at thy Toes.
Such Flaunting, &c.

A Brace of Ladies fair
To pleaſure thee ſhall ſtrive;
In a Chaiſe and a Pair,
They ſhall take the Air,
And thou on the Box ſhalt drive.
Such Flaunting, &c.

Convert thy Acres to Caſh,
And ſaw thy Timber down;
Who'd keep ſuch Traſh,
And not cut a Flaſh,
Or enjoy the Delights of the Town?
Such Flaunting, &c.

SONG LIX. *Sweet are the Charms*, &c.

WHY ſhould we that Ambition call,
To get at Court a ſervile Place?
Where to pleaſe one, we flatter all,
And muſt gain Honour by Diſgrace;
Where for our Pleaſure and our Eaſe,
We ſuffer Pain and Wearineſs.

Where all Things we muſt ſay or do,
Which fartheſt are from Mind or Heart;
Still thoſe, who run from us, purſue,
And, to gain Truſt, with Virtue part;
Where we, ourſelves more high to raiſe,
Our Faith and Honour muſt debaſe.

Where we muſt ſay as great Fools ſay,
Do what great Knaves will have us do,
That we for Wits with Coxcombs may,
With Fools for Politicians go;
To gain Court-Favour there, and Praiſe,
With all the World beſides Diſgrace.

Where we muſt flatter him we hate,
Or what is worſe, him we deſpiſe:
To broken Slumbers lie down late,
And early to proud Levees riſe;
Muſt paſs our Youth in real Pain,
For Eaſe in Age to hope in vain.

Where we muſt change Day into Night,
Night into Day, at others Will;
Muſt take Diſguſts to give Delight,
And ſlight good Men to honour ill;
Make many Foes, nay be our own,
To gain a Friend where there is none.

SONG LX. *Children in the Wood*, &c.

MY Paſſion is as Muſtard ſtrong,
I ſit all ſober ſad,
Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
Or like a *March* Hare mad.

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow,
I drink yet can't forget her;
For tho' as drunk as *David*'s Sow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as Pear-monger I would be,
If *Molly* were but kind,
Cool as Cucumber would I ſee
The reſt of Womankind.

Like a ſtuck Pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er,
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Cares,
Sleek as a Mouſe before.

Plump as a Partridge I was known,
And ſoft as Silk my Skin,
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown,
But as a Groat now thin.

I, melancholy as a Cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a Top can ſleep.

Hard is her Heart, as Flint or Stone,
She laughs to ſee me pale;
And merry as a Grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled Ale.

The God of Love, at her Approach,
Is buſy as a Bee;
Hearts ſound as any Bell or Roach,
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as Hops or Hail,
The fine Men crowd about her;
But ſoon as dead as a Door Nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my Leg her Shape appears,
Oh! were we join'd together,
My Heart would ſoon be free from Cares,
And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mein,
No Drum was ever tighter;
Her Glance is as a Razor keen,
And not the Sun is brighter.

As ſoft as Pap her Kiſſes are,
Methinks I feel them yet;
Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
Her Eyes as black as Jet.

As ſmooth as Glaſs, as white as Curds,
Her pretty Hand invites,
Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
Her Wit like Pepper bites.

Brisk as a Body-Louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a Penny dreſt,
Sweet as a Roſe her Face and Lips,
Round as a Globe her Breaſt.

Full as an Egg was I with Glee,
And happy as a King;
Good lack! how all Men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any Thing.

But falſe as Hell, ſhe like the Wind
Chang'd, as her Sex moſt do,
Tho' ſeeming as the Turtle kind,
And as the Goſpel true.

If I and *Molly* could agree,
Let who will take *Peru*,
Great as an Emp'ror I ſhould be,
And richer than a *Jew*.

Till you grow tender as a Chick,
I'm dull as any Poſt,
Let us like Burrs together ſtick,
As warm as any Toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a Die,
And with me better ſped,
Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun ſhe'll drop a Tear,
And ſigh, perhaps, and wiſh,
When I'm as rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any Fiſh.

SONG LXI. *That all Men are, &c.*

THat all Men are Beggars, we plainly may ſee,
For Beggars there are of ev'ry Degree,
Tho' none are ſo bleſs'd or ſo happy as we,
Which no Body can deny, deny, which no Body can deny.

The Tradeſman he begs that his Wares you would buy,
Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high,
And ſwears 'tis his Trade, when he tells you a Lie,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

The Lawyer he begs that you'd give him a Fee,
Tho' he reads not your Brief, nor regards not your Plea,
But adviſes your Foe how to get a Decree,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

The Courtier he begs for a Penſion or Place,
A Ribbon, a Title, or Smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his Merit, 'tis writ in his Face,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

But if by Miſhap, he ſhould chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone;
There's but one honeſt Man, and himſelf is that one;
Which no Body dare deny, &c.

The fair one who labours whole Mornings at Home,
New Charms to create, and much Paint to conſume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom.
Which no Body ſhould deny, &c.

The Courtier he begs the dear Nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone, yet with languiſhing Eye,
Still begs he would ſtay, for a Maid ſhe can't die,
Which none but a Fool would deny, &c.

SONG LXII. *Amongſt the Pure*, &c.

AMongſt the pure Ones all,
Who Conſcience do profeſs;
And yet that Sort of Conſcience
Do practiſe nothing leſs:
I mean the Sect of thoſe elect,
That loath to live by Merit;
That lead their Lives with other Men's Wives,
According unto the Spirit.

One met with a holy Siſter of ours
A Saint who dearly lov'd him:
And fain he would have kiſs'd her,
Becauſe the Spirit mov'd him:
But ſhe deny'd, and he reply'd,
You're damn'd unleſs you do it;
Therefore conſent, do not repent,
For the Spirit doth move me to it.

She not willing to offend poor Soul,
Yielded unto his Motion;
And what theſe two did intend,
Was out of pure Devotion.

To lie with a Friend and a Brother,
She thought she should die no Sinner;
But e'er five Months were past,
The Spirit was quick within her.

But what will the Wicked say,
When they shall hear this Rumour?
They'll laugh at us every Day,
And scoff us in every Corner:
Let 'em do so still, if that they will,
We mean not to follow their Fashion,
They're none of our Sect, nor of the Elect,
Nor none of our Congregation.

But when the Time was come,
That she was to be laid;
It was no very great Crime,
Committed by her, they said:
'Cause they did know, and she did shew,
'Twas done by a Friend and a Brother;
But a very great Sin, they said, it had been,
If it had been done by another.

SONG LXIII. *Cold and raw*, &c.

IF any Wench *Venus'* Girdle wear,
Tho' she be ne'er so ugly;
Lillies and Roses will quickly appear,
And her Face look wondrous smugly.
Beneath the left Ear so fit but a Cord,
(A Rope so charming a Zone is)
The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord,
And we cry there dies an *Adonis*.

SONG LXIV. *Of all the simple*, &c.

A Maid like the golden Ore,
Which hath Guineas intrinsical in't,
Whose Worth is never known before
It is try'd and impress'd in the Mint.

A Wife's like a Guinea of Gold,
Stamp'd with the Name of her Spouſe;
Now here, now there; is bought, or is ſold;
And is current in every Houſe.

SONG LXV. *Genius of* England.

GEnius of *England*, from thy pleaſant Bow'r of Bliſs,
Ariſe, and ſpread thy ſacred Wings;
Guard, guard from Foes the *Britiſh* State,
Thou, on whoſe Smiles does wait
Th' uncertain happy Fate of Monarchies and Kings.
Then follow, brave Boys, then follow, brave Boys, to the Wars,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wars,
Follow, follow, follow, brave Boys, to the Wars;
The Laurel you know's the Prize,
The Laurel you know's the Prize:
Who brings home the nobleſt, the nobleſt,
The nobleſt Scars, looks fineſt in *Celia's* Eyes;
Then ſhake off the ſlothful Eaſe,
Let Glory, let Glory, let Glory inſpire your Hearts;
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace;
Remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace,
Is the nobleſt of all other Arts:
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,
Remember a Soldier in War, in War and in Peace,
Is the nobleſt of all other Arts.

SONG LXVI. *The Wheel of Life.*

THE Wheel of Life
Is quickly turning round,
And nothing in this World
Of Certainty is found:
The Midwife wheels us in,
And Death wheels out:
Good lack! good lack!
How Things are wheel'd about.

Some few aloft
On Fortune's Wheel do go,
And as they mount up high,
The others tumble low;
In this we all agree,
That Fate at firſt did will,
That this great Wheel
Should never once ſtand ſtill.

The Courtier turns
To gain his private Ends,
'Till he's ſo giddy grown,
He quite forgets his Friends;
Proſperity oft-times
Deceives the proud and vain,
And wheels ſo faſt,
It turns them out again.

Some turn to this,
To that, and every way,
And cheat, and ſcrape, for what
Can't purchaſe one poor Day;
But this is far below
The generous hearted Man,
Who lives, and makes
The moſt of Life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd
About in Life's ſhort Farce,
'Till at laſt we're wheel'd
Off in a rumbling Hearſe:
The Midwife wheels us in,
And Death wheels us out:
Good lack! good lack!
How Things are wheel'd about.

SONG LXVII. *No more, Sir,* &c.

NO more, Sir, no more, I'll e'en give it o'er
I ſee it is all but a Cheat;
Your ſoft wiſhing Eyes, your Vows and your Lies,
Which thus you ſo often repeat.

'Tis you are to blame, who fooliſhly claim
So ſilly a lean Sacrifice:
But Lovers, who pray, muſt always obey,
And bring down their Knees and their Eyes.

Of late you have made Devotion a Trade,
In loving, as well as Religion;
But you cannot prove, thro' the Ages of Love,
Any Worſhip was offer'd but one.

That one let it be, in which we agree,
Leave Forms to the Maids who are younger;
We're both of a Mind, make Haſte and be kind,
And continue a Goddeſs no longer.

SONG LXVIII. *The Twitcher.*

A Damſel, I'm told,
Of delicate Mold,
Whoſe Father was dead, to enrich her,
Of all her fine Things,
Lace, Ribbons, and Rings,
Priz'd nothing ſo much as her Twitcher, poor Girl,
Prix'd nothing, &c.

The Youth all around,
With Courtſhip profound,
Try'd every Way to bewitch her;
But ſhe was ſo chaſte,
She'd not be embrac'd
By any Thing elſe but her Twitcher, poor Girl,
By any Thing, &c.

Each offer'd his Pelf,
In Exchange for herſelf,
If to him the Parſon would ſtitch her;
But ſtill ſhe reply'd,
She'd never be ty'd
To any Thing elſe but her Twitcher, poor Girl,
To any Thing, &c.

But *Cupid* grown wild,
To ſee himſelf foil'd,
Reſolv'd to find Ways to bewitch her,

And humble her Pride,
Whatever betide,
He ſcorn'd to give way to the Twitcher, poor Girl,
He ſcorn'd, &c.

Brisk *Strephon* the young,
Whoſe am'rous Tongue,
Was baited with Words to bewitch her,
The God did prepare,
To combat the Fair,
And try'd to outrival her Twitcher, poor Girl,
And try'd, &c.

Young *Strephon* drew nigh her,
And fluſh'd with Deſire,
Try'd Kiſſes and Oaths to bewitch her,
He prattl'd and toy'd,
But ſtill ſhe reply'd,
Piſh, let go the Hold of my Twitcher, poor Girl,
Piſh, let go, &c.

But this cunning Spark
So well took his Mark,
He found out the Way to o'er-reach her;
He gave her a Trip,
Which happen'd to ſlip
The myſtical Knot of her Twitcher, poor Girl,
The myſtical Knot, &c.

And thus having ended
The Thing he intended,
Who knows what he did to bewitch her,
She cry'd, No, no, no;
But yet I can't go:
Now do what you will with my Twitcher, dear Boy,
Now do, &c.

SONG LXIX. *A lovely Laſs*, &c.

HOW do they err who throw their Love
On Fate or Fortune wholly,
Whom only Rants and Flights can move,
And Rapture join'd with Folly?

For how can Pleaſure ſolid be,
Where Thought is out of Seaſon?
Do I love you, or you love me,
My Dear, without a Reaſon?

Our Senſe then rightly we'll employ,
No Paradiſe expecting;
Yet envying none but trifling Joy,
That will bear no reflecting;
For Wiſdom's Power, ſince after all,
E'en Life is paſt the curing,
Softens the worſt that can befall,
And makes the beſt enduring.

SONG LXX. *To you, fair Ladies.*

TO all you Husbands and you Wives,
This *Punchinello* ſings,
For Reformation of your Lives,
This good Advice he brings;
That if you would avoid all Ill,
You ſhould leave off the dear Quadrille.

No Tyrant on the Earth his Slaves,
With greater Terror awes,
With Force more abſolute behaves,
Nor gives ſeverer Laws.
Unequal tho' his Taxes fall,
They're with a Smile receiv'd by all.

How many Beauties, rich in Charms,
Are ſubject to his Will?
The Bride, when in the Bridegroom's Arms;
Still thinks on dear Quadrille.
Her Spouſe her Body may enrol,
Quadrille is Maſter of her Soul.

The *China* People (Sailors ſay)
When they have loſt their Pence,
Their Family and ſelves will play,
Heav'n keep that Cuſtom hence:
For Beauties of the firſt Degree
May ſo be Slaves to ſome Marquee.

SONG LXXI. *Cold and Raw*, &c.

COLD and raw the North did blow,
Bleak in the Morning early,
All the Trees were hid with Snow,
Cover'd with Winter yearly:
As I was riding o'er the Slough,
I met with a Farmer's Daughter,
Roſy Cheeks and a bonny Brow,
Good Faith, my Mouth did water.

Down I vail'd my Bonnet low,
Meaning to ſhew my Breeding,
She return'd a graceful Bow,
Her Viſage far exceeding:
I ask'd her where ſhe was going ſo ſoon,
And long'd to hold a Parley:
She told me, to the next Market-town,
On Purpoſe to ſell her Barley.

In this Purſe, ſweet Soul, ſaid I,
Twenty Pounds lie fairly,
Seek no further one to buy,
For Iſe take all thy Barley:
Twenty Pound more ſhall purchaſe Delight,
Thy Perſon I love ſo dearly,
If thou wilt lig with me all Night,
And gang home in the Morning early.

If forty Pound would buy the Globe,
This Thing I would not do, Sir,
Or were my Friends as poor as *Job*,
I'd never raiſe them ſo, Sir;
For ſhould you prove one Night my Friend,
We's get a young Kid together,
And you'd be gone e'er nine Months End,
Then where ſhould I find the Father?

Pray what would my Parents ſay,
If I ſhould be ſo ſilly,
To give my Maidenhead away,
And loſe my true Love *Billy*?

Oh, this would bring me to Diſgrace,
And therefore I ſay you Nay, Sir;
And if that you would me embrace,
First marry, and then you may, Sir,

I told her I had wedded been
Full Fourteen Years and longer,
Elſe I'd chuſe her for my Queen,
And tie the Knot more ſtronger,
She bid me then no farther come,
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep my Purſe for poor Spouſe at Home,
For ſome other ſhould buy her Barley.

Then as ſwift as any Roe
She rode away and left me;
After her I could not go,
Of Joy ſhe quite bereft me:
Thus I myſelf did diſappoint,
For ſhe did leave me fairly;
My Words knock'd all Things out of Joint,
I loſt both the Maid and the Barley.

Riding down a narrow Lane,
Some two or three Hours after,
There I chanc'd to meet again
This Farmer's bonny Daughter:
Although it was both raw and cold,
I ſtay'd to hold a Parley,
And ſhew'd once more my Purſe of Gold,
When ſhe had ſold her Barley.

Love, ſaid I, pray do not frown,
But let us change Embraces,
I'll buy thee a Silken Gown,
With Ribbons, Gloves, and Laces,
A Ring, and Bodkin, Muff, and Fan,
No Lady ſhall have neater;
For, as I am an honeſt Man,
I ne'er ſaw a ſweeter Creature.

Then I took her by the Hand,
And ſaid, my deareſt Jewel,
Why ſhou'd'ſt thou diſputing ſtand?
I prithee be not cruel,

She found my Mind was fully bent
To please my fond Desire,
Therefore she seemed to consent,
But I wish I'd ne'er come nigh her.

Sir, said she, what shall I do,
If I commit this Evil,
And yield myself in Love with you,
I hope you will prove civil?
You talk of Ribbons, Gloves, and Rings,
And likewise Gold and Treasure;
Oh, let me first enjoy those things,
And then you shall have your Pleasure.

Sure thy Will shall be obey'd,
Said I, my own dear Honey;
Then into her Lap I laid
Full forty Pounds in Money;
We'll to the Market-Town this Day,
And straightway end this Quarrel.
And deck thee like a Lady gay
In flourishing rich Apparel.

All my Gold and Silver there
To her I did deliver;
On the Road we did repair,
'Till coming to a River,
Whose Waters are both deep and wide,
Such Rivers I ne'er saw many;
She leap'd her Mare on the other Side,
And left me not one Penny.

Then my Heart was sunk full low,
With Grief and Care surrounded,
After her I could not go,
For Fear of being drowned.
She turn'd about, and said, behold,
I'm not for your Devotion;
But, Sir, I thank you for your Gold,
'Twill serve to enlarge my Portion.

I began to ſtamp and ſtare,
To ſee what ſhe had acted;
With my Hands I tore my Hair,
Like one that was diſtracted.
Give me my Money, then I cry'd,
Good Faith, I did but lend it;
But ſhe away full faſt did ride,
And vow'd ſhe'd not intend it.

SONG LXXII. A hunting Song.

AWay! away? we've crown'd the Day, we've crown'd the Day!
Away! away! we've crown'd the Day!
The Hounds are waiting for their Prey:
The Huntſman's Call invites you all,
The Huntſman's Call invites you all,
Come in, come in, Boys, while you may;
Come in, come in, Boys, while you may.

The jolly Horn, the roſy Morn, the roſy Morn,
The jolly Horn, the roſy Morn,
With Harmony of deep mouth'd Hounds;
Theſe, theſe, my Boys, are heavenly Joys,
Theſe, theſe, my Boys, are heavenly Joys:
A Sportman's Pleaſure knows no Bounds,
A Sportman's Pleaſure knows no Bounds.

The Horn ſhall be the Husband's Fee, the Husband's Fee,
The Horn ſhall be the Husband's Fee,
And let him take it not in Scorn;
The Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age,
The Grave and Sage in ev'ry Age,
Have not diſdain'd to wear the Horn,
Have not diſdain'd to wear the Horn.

SONG LXXIII. *Lillibullero.*

THE Soldier disbanded, and forc'd for to beg,
May talk of his Wars, and his Suff'rings ſo hard;
But tho' ſeam'd o'er with Scars, and with never a Leg,
His Wants we neglect, nor his Courage regard;
And the Laſs that is poor
Is ſent for a Whore,

With Hemp and with Hammer to make her Com-
plaint;
But if you have Money,
All Honours are done ye,
A Coward's a Hero, a Whore is a Saint.

SONG LXXIV. *There was, &c.*

WHilſt Diſcord and Envy
In mighty Kingdoms dwell,
The Beggar lives at Eaſe,
Within his homely Cell:
And a begging we will go, will go, will go, will go,
And a begging we will go.

No Taxes oppreſs us,
Nor Honours rack our Brain;
State Maxims ne'er perplex us,
Nor Parties gives us Pain.
And a begging, &c.

Exempt from all Duty,
By Land, or yet by Sea;
We hope not to command,
Nor care much to obey.
And a begging, &c.

Whatever we get,
We ſeldom keep in ſtore;
We ſpend it all To-day,
To-morrow beg for more.
And a begging, &c.

We live as we liſt,
And skulk beneath the Laws;
For none but a Beggar
Should judge a Beggar's Cauſe.
And a begging, &c.

Contented when Death
Through Age approaches nigh;
In Pleaſure thus we live,
And with Pleaſure thus we die.
And a begging, &c.

SONG LXXV. *There was*, &c.

THE dusky Night rides down the Sky,
And ushers in the Morn,
The Hounds all join in glorious Cry,
The Huntsman winds his Horn.
And a hunting we will go.

The Wife attempts her Husband throws
Her Arms and begs his Stay;
My Dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt To-day.
But a hunting, &c.

A brushing Fox in yonder Wood
Secure to find, we seek;
For why, I carry'd sound and good,
A Cartload there last Week.
And a hunting, &c.

Away he goes, he flies the Rout,
Their Steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the Ditch.
But a hunting, &c.

At length his Strength to Faintness worn,
Poor *Reynard* ceases Flight;
Then hungry homeward we return,
To feast away the Night.
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

SONG LXXVI. *See, see, my*, &c.

THree Nymphs contended for my Heart,
With different Charms and Grace;
The first sold Puddings, Pies, and Tarts,
The second Pins and Lace;
The third employ'd herself to cry
The News three Times a Week,
Besides ev'ry Night 'twas her Delight,
To cry, Hot bak'd Ox-Cheek.

Look, Gods, from your celeſtial Bowers,
And guide me to the beſt.
And may my Faculties and Powers
Of Heart and Mind be bleſt.
Whilſt thus I cry'd, the Gods reply'd,
Thy Fate endure thou muſt,
The Nymph we have choſen for thy Bride,
Sifts Cinders from the Duſt.

SONG LXXVII. *What Man in his Wits*, &c.

WHAT Man in his Wits had not rather be poor,
Than for Lucre his Freedom to give;
Ever buſy the Means of his Life to ſecure,
And ſo ever neglecting to live.

Inviron'd from Morning to Night in a Crowd,
Not a Moment unbent, or alone;
Conſtrain'd to be abject, though never ſo proud,
And at ev'ry one's Call but his own.

Still repining, and longing for each quiet Hour,
Yet ſtudiouſly flying it ſtill;
With the Means of enjoying his Wiſh in his Power,
But accurs'd with his Wanting the Will.

For a Year muſt be paſt, or a Day muſt be come,
Before he has Leiſure to reſt;
He muſt add to his Store this or that pretty Sum,
And then he'll have Time to be bleſt.

But his Gains more bewitching the more they increaſe,
Only ſwell the Deſire of his Eye;
Such a Wretch let mine Enemy, live if he pleaſe,
But let not mine Enemy die.

SONG LXXVIII. *Deſpairing beſide*, &c.

BY the Side of a great Kitchen Fire,
A Scullion ſo hungry was laid,
A Pudding was all his Deſire,
A Kettle ſupported his Head:

The Hogs, that were fed by the Houſe,
To his Sighs with a Grunt did reply;
And a Gutter, that car'd not a Louſe,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

But when it was ſet in a Diſh,
Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd,
My Mouth it does water and wiſh;
I think it had better been fry'd.
The Butter around it was ſpread,
'Twas as great as a Prince in his Chair:
Oh! could I but eat it, he ſaid,
The Proof of the Pudding lies there.

How fooliſh was I to believe
It was made for ſo homely a Clown:
Or that it would have a Reprieve,
From the dainty fine Folks of the Town!
Could I think that a Pudding ſo fine
Could ever uneaten remove?
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a Kitchen of Love.

What though at the Fire I've wrought,
Where Puddings do broil and do fry?
Though Part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever ſet by?
Ah! *Collin!* thou muſt not be firſt!
Thy Knife and thy Platter reſign;
There's *Marg'ret* will eat till ſhe burſt,
And her Turn is ſooner than thine.

And you my Companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me ſo pale,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear at a Pudding to rail;
Though thro' all the Rooms I ſhall rove,
'Tis vain from my Fortune to go,
'Tis its Fate to be often above,
'Tis mine for to want it below.

If while my hard Fate I ſuſtain,
In your Breaſt any Pity be found,
Ye Servants that early do dine,
Come ſee how I lie on the Ground:

Then hang up a Pan and a Pot,
And ſorrow to ſee how I dwell;
And ſay, when you grieve at my Lot,
Poor *Collin* lov'd Pudding too well.

Then back to your Meat you may go,
Which you ſet in your Diſhes ſo prim,
Where Sauce in the middle does flow,
And Flowers are ſtrew'd on the Brim;
Whilſt *Collin*, forgotten and gone,
By the Hedges ſhall diſmally rove,
Unleſs when he ſees the round Moon,
He thinks on a Pudding above.

SONG LXXIX. On, on, my dear, &c.

ON, on, my dear Brethren, purſue the great Lecture,
And refine on the Rules of old Architecture:
High Honour to Maſons the Craft daily brings,
To thoſe Brothers of Princes, and Fellows of Kings.

We drove the rude Vandals *and* Goths *off the Stage,*
And reviv'd the old Arts of Auguſtus' *fam'd Age;*
And Veſpaſian *deſtroy'd the vaſt Temple in vain,*
Since ſo many now riſe under Montague's *Reign.*

The noble five Orders, compos'd with ſuch Art,
Shall amaze the ſwift Eye, and engage the whole Heart;
Proportion, ſweet Harmony, gracing the whole,
Give our Work, like the glorious Creation, a Soul.

Then Maſter and Brethren, preſerve your great Name,
This Lodge ſo majeſtic ſhall purchaſe you Fame;
Rever'd it ſhall ſtand 'till all Nature expire,
And its Glories ne'er fade, 'till the World is on Fire.

See, ſee, behold here what rewards all our Toil,
Inſpires our Genius, and makes Labour ſmile:
To our noble Grand-Maſter let a Bumper be crown'd,
To all Maſons a Bumper, ſo let it go round.

Again, my lov'd Brethren, again let it paſs,
Our ancient, firm Union cement with a Glaſs,
And all the Contention 'mongſt Maſons ſhall be,
Who better can work, or who better agree.

SONG LXXX. *Of all the World's*, &c.

OF all the World's Enjoyments
That ever valu'd were,
There's none of our Employments
With Fiſhing can compare:
Some preach, ſome write,
Some ſwear, ſome fight,
All golden Lucre courting;
But Fiſhing ſtill
Bears off the Bell,
For Profit or for Sporting.
Then who a jolly Fiſherman, a Fiſherman would be,
His Throat muſt wet,
Juſt like his Net,
To keep out Cold at Sea.

The Country 'Squire loves Running
A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds;
Another fancies Gunning
For wild Ducks in his Grounds:
This hunts, that fowls,
This hawks, *Dick* bowls,
No greater Pleaſure wiſhing:
But *Tom*, that tells
What Sport excels,
Gives all the Praiſe to Fiſhing.
Then who, &c.

A good *Weſtphalia* Gammon
Is counted dainty Fare,
But what is that to Salmon
Juſt taken from the Ware?
Wheat-Ears and Quails,
Cocks, Snipes, and Rayls,
Are priz'd while Seaſon's laſting;
But all muſt ſtoop
To Craw-fiſh Soop,
Or I've no Skill in taſting.
Then who, &c.

Keen Hunters always take to
Their Prey with too much Pains;
Nay, often break a Neck too,
A Penance for no Brains:
They run, they leap,
Now high, now deep;
Whilſt he, that fiſhing chuſes,
With Eaſe may do't,
Nay, more to boot,
May entertain the Muſes.
Then who, &c.

And tho' ſome envious Wranglers
To jeer us will make bold,
And laugh at patient Anglers,
Who ſtand ſo long in the Cold:
They wait on Miſs,
We on this,
And think it eaſy Labour;
And if you'd know
Fiſh Profits too,
Conſult our *Holland* Neighbour.
Then who, &c.

SONG LXXXI. *Away*, &c.

AWAY ye brave Fox-hunting Race,
Away, away to a Burn Chaſe;
Let *Aſhton* Park alone to Day,
For here will be the royal Play:
See yonder's the Covert, to Horſe let's be going,
Throw, throw off the Finders then, honeſt *Will. Owen*.
Away ye brave, &c. [*Beagles Sounds.*

Unkennel quick, yon blaky Ground,
They'll have a Touch for fifty Pound;
Hark, hark to *Soundwell*, that's a noble Dog,
Croſs him, ye jolly Lads, heux, heux the Drag:
The Fox has broke Covert, let none lag behind,
We've had an Entappeſſe, ſhe runs up the Wind;

Off with the Chaſe Hounds hoa,
Now, the Sportſmen ſhew.
Let *Lillywhore* and *Caſar* run;
Toſſpot and *Ruler*,
Cappyr and *Cooler*,
Pompey and *Gallant*, low 'em on.
Spur, ſwitch, and then away, o'er Hedges, and Ditches,
Without Fear of Necks, or gauling your Breeches:
Blow a Retreat, blow, blow, Tantivee, tivee, tivee, tivee,
If ſhe runs down the Wind ſhe may chance to deceive ye;
A Recheat, a Recheat, Tivee, tivee, tivee, tivee,
Pox on't we're baulk'd, for by my Soul,
The Vixen's juſt now earth'd, ſee here's the Hole:
Put in the Tarriers, faith 'tis ſo,
She's crept at leaſt five Yards below;
They're working, hark, and lay at her ſo well,
They'll make her bolt, tho' 'twere as deep as Hell;
'Tis done, 'tis done, ſhe's ſnapp'd, ſhe's kill'd,
Hollow brave Boys then from the Field,
And jolly Huntſman blow poor *Reynard*'s Knell.

SONG LXXXII. Tunbridge *Doctors*.

YE Maidens, ye Wives, and young Widows, rejoice,
Proclaim a Thankſgiving with your Heart and your Voice;
Since Waters were Waters, I dare boldly ſay,
Ye ne'er had more Cauſe for a Thankſgiving-Day.
For from London *Town, there is lately come down,*
Four able Phyſicians, who never wore Gown;
Whoſe Phyſick is pleaſant, though their Doſes are large,
And you may be cur'd without Danger or Charge.

No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, no Pill,
Which ſometimes do cure, but oft'ner do kill;
Your Taſte, or your Palate, need ne'er be diſpleas'd,
If you'll be adviſ'd, you'd try one of theſe:

For they have a new Drug, 'tis call'd the Close Hug,
'Twill mend your Complection, and make you look smug:
'Tis a sovereign Balsam, when once well apply'd,
For, though wounded at Heart, the Patient ne'er dy'd,

In the Morning you need not be robb'd of your Rest,
For in your warm Bed this Physick works best;
What tho' in the taking some Stirring's required,
The Motion's so pleasant you cannot be tir'd:
On your Backs you must lie, with your Bodies rais'd high,
And one of these Doctors must always be nigh,
Who still will be ready to cover you warm,
For if you take Cold, all Physick does Harm.

But before these Doctors will give their Direction,
They always consult the Patient's Complection;
If she has a moist Palm, or a red Head of Hair,
She requires more Balsam than one Man can spare;
If she has a long Nose, the L——d above knows
How many great Handfuls must go to her Dose:
You Ladies, that have such ill Symptoms as these,
In Conscience and Honour should pay double Fees.

And so let us give to these Doctors due Praise,
Who to all Kind of Persons their Favour conveys:
On the Ugly, for Pity's Sake, Skill shall be shewn,
But as for the Handsome, they're cur'd for their own.
On their Silver and Gold, they never lay hold,
For what comes so freely, they scorn should be sold:
Then join with these Doctors, and heartily pray,
That the Power of their Physick may never decay.

SONG LXXXIII. That all Men are, &c.

OLD Poets have told us, when they were grown mellow,
That Jupiter *was a fantastical Fellow,*
He would chatter, and thunder, and wheedle and bellow,
Which no Body can deny, deny, which no Body can deny.

He was charm'd with a Damsel, but could not tell how
To humour his ticquorish Fancy, and so
He clapp'd up his Nymph in the Shape of a Cow,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

But here let us make up our Poetry full;
For the Man must have got no Brains in his Skull,
Who does not conclude that Jove *turn'd a Bull,*
Which no Body can deny, &c.

His Method of wooing was loud and sonorous,
At the Time of the Year when the Sun enters Taurus;
Then Taurus *did Enter fair* Io *the porous,*
Which no Body can deny, &c.

He gave her two Horns for a Screen to his Love,
As Juno *gave him, as plainly does prove,*
There's a Strumpet below, for a Cuckold above,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

The Lovers by Instinct, together were moving;
When he had a Fancy on Earth to be roving;
Then she ran a Bulling, or else ran a Joving,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

They may pass for as clever a cornuted Pair,
As you ever saw at Smithfield *(where the Sight is not rare)*
Or at Brentford, *or* Rumford, *or any Horn-Fair.*
Which no Body can deny, &c.

Tho' I take it for granted, that nothing more odd is,
Instead of a Shepherdess lac'd in her Boddice,
That a swag-belly'd Cow should go for a Goddess,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

Alexander, *who conquer'd full many a Foe,*
Mars, Hercules, Neptune, *and more than we know,*
Were Sons of this Jove, *tho' not by* Juno,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

But as the prolifical Virtue wore off,
His am'rous Feats made all the World laugh,
He could get no more Heroes, and so got a Calf,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

Diogenes *grave was the Fruit of this Rub,*
For his Name does pronounce him a Jupiter's *Cub;*
He was born in a Cow-House, and liv'd in a Tub,
Which no Body can deny, &c.

Let a Concert of Butchers remember the Thing;
Let Clevers and Marrow-Bones merrily ring;
Such a jovial Choir Io Pæans *may sing.*
Which no Body can deny, deny, which no Body can deny.

SONG LXXXIV. *I am a jolly Toper.*

OF all our fond Diversions,
A Hunter is the best,
In Spite of Wars and Party Jars,
That Sport has stood the Test,
And a Hunting we will go, we'll go, and a Hunting we will go.

Of *Nimrod* and of *Esau*,
What gallant Feats they tell?
On Foot they follow'd Hunting,
They lov'd the Sport so well,
And a Hunting, &c.

O had'st thou, brave *Acteon*,
But minded more thy Game,
Thou ne'er had'st paid so dearly
For peeping at——— *That same*,
And a Hunting, &c.

Herself *Diana* Goddess,
The Pride of Female Race,
Preferr'd to amorous fooling
The Pleasures of the Chace,
And a Hunting, &c.

Orion, foolish Hunter,
Lur'd by a Petticoat,
In the mid Chace he loitter'd,
And so his Fate he got,
And a Hunting, &c.

But after this Diſaſter,
He's made a Heav'nly Sign,
That he at leaſt may view the Sport,
He can no longer join,
And a Hunting, &c.

And hence it is we Hunters
Ne'er break a Leg or Arm:
For this our Fellow Sportſman
Protects us all from Harm,
And a Hunting, &c.

Had *Dido* not lov'd Hunting,
The am'rous *Trojan* brave
Her Highneſs ne'er had ſolac'd
In *Juno*'s friendly Cave,
And a Hunting, &c.

Euripides, had Hunting
Been lov'd but like thy Books,
The Hounds had not devour'd thee,
They know a Sportman's Looks,
And a Hunting, &c.

If, Friend, you're call'd a Hunting,
Throw all your Books aſide,
('Tis *Horace* thus adviſes)
And mount your Horſe, and ride,
And a Hunting, &c.

Briſk Action cures the Vapours,
Th' Effect of Lazy Sloth,
And Muſick makes us chearful,
So Hunting's good for both,
And a Hunting, &c.

The Sport of hunting renders
Our Days ſo ſweet and long,
It makes us better reliſh
Our Glaſſes and a Song,
And a Hunting, &c.

Our Laws prohibit Hunting
To the *Pleibeian* Race,
Nor is it meet the Vulgar
Should royal Sports debaſe,
And a Hunting, &c.

The *Britiſh* Kings are Hunters,
And frequent in the Chace,
They fear, no more than we do,
A Weather-beaten Face.
And a Hunting, &c.

Then filll a ſparkling Bumper,
I'll take it off with glee,
To all Brother Hunters,
In Courſe his Majeſty,
And a Hunting, &c.

SONG LXXXV. London *is a fine Town.*

O *London* is a dainty Place,
A great and gallant City!
For all the Streets are pav'd with Gold,
And all the Folks are witty.

And there's your Lords and Ladies fine,
That ride in Coach and Six;
That nothing drink but Claret Wine,
And talk of Politicks.

And there's your Beaus with powder'd Cloaths,
Bedaub'd from Head to Chin;
Their Pocket-Holes adorn'd with Gold,
But not one Sous within.

And there's the *Engliſh* Actor goes
With many hungry Belly;
While Heaps of Gold are forc'd, God wot,
On Signior *Farrinelli*.

And there's your Dames, of dainty Frames,
With Skins as white as Milk;
Dreſs'd ev'ry Day in Garments gay,
Of Satin and of Silk.

And if your Minds be ſo inclin'd,
To have them in your Arms;
Pull out a handſome——Purſe of Gold,
They can't reſiſt its Charms.

SONG LXXXVI. *Since now the*, &c.

SInce now the World's turn'd Upſide down,
And all Things chang'd in Nature;
As if a Doubt were newly grown,
We had the ſame Creator:
Of ancient Modes and former Ways,
I'll teach you, Sirs, the Manner:
In good Queen *Beſs*'s golden Days,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

I had an ancient noble Seat,
Tho' now its come to Ruin;
Where Mutton, Beef, and ſuch good Meat,
In th' Hall were daily chewing:
Of humming Beer my Cellar full,
I was the yearly Donor;
Where toping Knaves had many a Pull,
When I was Dame of Honour.

My Men of home-ſpun honeſt Greys
Had Coats and comely Badges;
They wore no dirty ragged Lace,
Nor e'er complain'd for Wages:
For gaudy Fringe and Silks o' th' Town,
I fear'd no threat'ning Dunner;
But wore a decent Grogram Gown,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

I never thought Cantharides
Ingredient good in Poſſet;
Nor ever ſtripp'd me to my Stays,
To play the Punk at Baſſet;
In Ratafea ne'er made Debauch,
Nor reel'd like toping Gunner;
Nor let my Mercer ſeize my Coach,
When I was Dame of Honour.

I ſtill preſerv'd my Maiden Fame,
In Spite of Oaths and Lying;
Tho' many a long chinn'd Youngſter came,
And fain would be enjoying.
My Fan, to guard my Lips, I kept,
From *Cupid*'s lewd O'er-runner;
And many a *Roman* Noſe I rapp'd,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My curling Locks I never bought
Of Beggars dirty Daughters;
Nor prompted by a wanton Thought,
Above Knee ty'd my Garters.
I never glow'd with painted Pride,
Like Punk when the De'il has won her;
Nor prov'd a Cheat to be a Bride,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

My Neighbours ſtill I treated round,
And Strangers that came near me;
The Poor too always Welcome found,
Whoſe Prayers did ſtill endear me.
Let therefore who at Court would be
No Churl, nor yet no Fawner,
Match in old Hoſpitality
Queen *Beſs*'s Dame of Honour.

SONG LXXXVII. *The Milk-Maid.*

YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
That love green Fields and Woods
When Spring, newly blown
Herſelf does adorn
With Flowers and blooming Buds;
Come ſing in the Praiſe,
Whilſt Flocks do graze,
In yonder pleaſant Vale;
Of thoſe that chuſe,
Their Sleep to loſe,
And in cold Dews,
With clouted Shoes,
Do carry the Milking-Pail.

The Goddeſs of the Morn
With Bluſhes they adorns;
And take the freſh Air,
Whilſt Linnets prepare
A Concert on each green Thorn:
The Blackbird and Thruſh,
On every Buſh,
And the charming Nightingale,
In merry Vein
Their Throats do ſtrain,
To entertain
The jolly Train
That carry the Milking-Pail.

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
And Flowers can ſpring no more;
The Fields that were ſeen,
So pleaſant and green,
By Winter all candy'd o'er:
Oh how the Town Laſs,
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly pale!
But it is not ſo
With thoſe that go
Thro' Froſt and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow!
To carry the Milking-Pail.

The Miſs of courtly Mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
With Waſhes and Paint
Her Skin does ſo taint,
She's wither'd before ſhe's old:
Whilſt ſhe in Commode,
Puts on a Cart-Load,
And with Cuſhions plumps her Tail:
What Joys are found
In Ruſſet Gown,
Young, plump, and round,
And ſweet and ſound,
That carry the Milking Pail!

The Girls of *Venus*' Game,
That venture Health and Fame,
In practising Feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow blind and lame:
If Men were so wise,
To value the Price
Of the Wares most fit for Sale:
What Store of Beaus
Would daub their Cloaths
To save a Nose,
By following those
That carry the Milking-Pail?
The Country Lad is free
From Fears and Jealousy,
When upon the Green,
He is often seen
With his Lass upon his Knee;
With Kisses most sweet
He does her greet,
And swears she'll ne'er grow stale!
Whilst the *London* Lass
In ev'ry Place,
With her brazen Face,
Despises the Grace
Of those with the Milking-Pail.

SONG LXXXVIII. *Lillibullero.*

THE Modes of the Court so common are grown,
That a true Friend can hardly be met;
Friendship for Int'rest is but a Loan,
Which they let out for what they can get.
'Tis true you find
Some Friends so kind,
Who will give you good Counsel themselves to defend;
In sorrowful Ditty,
They promise, they pity,
But shift you for Money from Friend to Friend.

SONG LXXXIX. *Come, Neighbours,* &c.

COme, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,
The Sun in Haſte
Drives to the Weſt,
With Sports conclude the Day:
Let ev'ry Man chooſe out his Laſs,
And then ſalute her on the Graſs;
And when you find
She's coming kind,
Let not that Moment paſs.
Chor. *We'll toſs off our Bowls to true Love and Honour,*
To all kind loving Girls, and the Lord of the Manor.

At Night when round the Hall we're ſat,
With good brown Bowls,
To chear our Souls,
And raiſe a merry Chat;
When Blood grows warm, and Love runs high,
And Jokes around the Table fly,
Then we retreat,
And that repeat
Which all would gladly try.
Chor. *We'll toſs off our Bowls,* &c.

Let lazy great ones of the Town
Drink Night away,
And ſleep all Day,
Till gouty they are grown:
Our nightly Sports ſuch Vigour give
That oftentimes we do revive,
And kiſs our Dames
With ſtronger Flames
Than any Prince alive.
Chor. *We'll toſs off our Bowls to true Love and Honour,*
To all kind loving Girls, and the Lord of the Manor.

SONG CX. Wincheſter *Wedding.*

AT *Wincheſter* there was a Wedding,
The like was never ſeen,
'Twixt lufty *Ralph* of *Reading*,
And bony black *Beſs* of the Green.

The Fidlers were crowding before;
Each Laſs was as fine as a Queen;
There was a hundred, and more,
For all the Country came in;
Briſk *Robin* led *Roſy* ſo fair,
She look'd like a Lilly o' th' Vale;
And ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*,

With *Tommy* came ſmiling *Katy*,
He help'd her over the Stile,
And ſwore there was none ſo pretty
In forty and forty long Mile.
Kit gave a green Gown to *Betty*,
And lent her his Hand to riſe;
But *Jenny* was jeer'd by *Watty*,
For looking blue under the Eyes:
Thus merrily chatting all,
They paſs'd to the Bride-Houſe along,
With *Johnny*, and pretty-fac'd *Nancy*,
The faireſt of all the Throng

The Bridegroom came out to meet 'em,
Afraid the Dinner was ſpoil'd,
And uſher'd 'em in to treat 'em,
With bak'd, and roaſt'd, and boil'd.
The Lads were frolick and jolly
For each had his Love by his Side;
But *Willy* was melancholy,
For he had a Mind to the Bride:
Then *Philip* begins her Health,
And turns a Beer Glaſs on his Thumb,
But *Jenkin*, was reckon'd, for Drinking,
The beſt in *Chriſtendom*.

And now they had din'd, advancing
Into the Midſt of the Hall,
The Fidlers ſtruck up for dancing,
And *Jeremy* led up the Ball;
But *Margery* kept her Quarter,
A Laſs that was proud of her Pelf,
'Cauſe *Arthur* had ſtol'n her Garter,
And ſwore he would tie it himſelf;

She ſtruggl'd, and bluſh'd, and frown'd,
And ready with Anger to cry,
'Cauſe *Arthur*, in tying her Garter,
Had ſlipped his Hand too high.
And now for throwing the Stocking,
The Bride away was led;
The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking
For Candles to light him to Bed.
But *Robin*, finding him ſilly,
Moſt friendly took him aſide,
The while that his Wife with *Willy*
Was playing at Hooper's-hide.
And now the warm Game begins,
The critical Minute was come.
And chatting, and billing, and kiſſing,
Went merrily round the Room.
Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,
And blithe as a Bird in the Spring;
And *Tommy* was ſo to *Kitty*,
And wedded her with a Ruſh Ring.
Suky, that danc'd with a Cuſhion,
An Hour from the Room had been gone;
And *Barnaby* knew, by her Bluſhing,
That ſome other Dance had been done.
And thus of Fifty fair Maids,
That came to the Wedding with Men,
Scarce Five of the Fifty were left ye,
That ſo did return Home again.

SONG XCI. *The Goſſips.*

TWO Goſſips they merrily met,
At Nine in the Morning full ſoon;
And they were reſolved for a Whet,
To keep their ſweet Voices in Tune.
Away to the Tavern they went;
'Here *Joan* I vow and proteſt,
'That I have a Crown yet unſpent,
'Come let us have a Cup of the beſt.

'And I have another, perhaps,
'A Piece of the very ſame Sort,
'Why ſhould we ſit thrumming of Caps,
'Come, Drawer, and fill us a Quart!
'And let it be Liquor of Life,
'Canary, or ſparkling Wine!
'For I am a buxom young Wife,
'I love to go gallant and fine.

The Drawer, as blyth as a Bird,
Came skipping with Cap in his Hand,
'Dear Ladies, I give you my Word,
'The beſt ſhall be at your Command;
A Quart of Canary he drew,
Joan fill'd up a Glaſs and begun,
'Here Goſſips, a Bumper to you,
'I'll pledge you, Girl, were it a Tun;

'And, pray Goſſip, did'n't you hear
'The common Report of the Town,
'A 'Squire of Five hundred a Year
'Is marry'd to *Doll* of the *Crown*:
'A draggle tail'd Slut, on my Word,
'Her Cloaths hang ragged and foul;
'In Truth he would fain have a Bird,
'That would give a Groat for an Owl:

'And ſhe had a Siſter laſt Year,
'Whoſe Name they call'd galloping *Peg*,
'She'd take up a Straw with her Ear,
'I warrant her right as my Leg!
'A Brewer he got her with Child,
'But e'en let them brew as they bake;
'I knew ſhe was wanton and wild,
'But I'll neither meddle nor make.

'Nor I, Goſſip *Joan*, by my Troth,
'Tho', nevertheleſs, I've been told,
'She ſtole ſeven Yards of broad Cloth,
'A Ring and a Locket of Gold;

'A Smock and a new Pair of Shoes,
'A flouriſhing Madam was ſhe;
'But *Margery* told me the News,
'And it ne'er ſhall go further for me.

'We was at a Goſſipping Club,
'Where we had a Cheruping Cup,
'Of good humming Liquor, ſtrong Bub!
'Your Husband's Name there it was up,
'For bearing a powerful Sway,
'All Neighbours his Valour have ſeen;
'For he is a C—kold they ſay,
'A Conſtable, Goſſip, I mean.

'Dear Goſſip, a Slip of the Tongue,
'No Harm was intended in Mind:
'Chance Words they will mingle among
'Our others we commonly find.
'I hope you won't take it amiſs
'No, no, that were Folly in us;
'And if we perhaps get a Kiſs,
'Pray what are our Husbands the worſe?

SONG XCII. *Young* Orpheus, &c.

YOung *Orpheus* tickled his Harp ſo well,
He gain'd fair *Eurydice* out of Hell,
With a Twinkum, Twankum, Twang.
Had ſhe been honeſt, as ſhe was fair,
'Tis a great Wonder ſhe e'er came there,
With a Twinkum, Twankum, Twang.

But 'tis to be fear'd ſhe prov'd a Scold,
'Tis to be fear'd, 'tis to be fear'd ſhe prov'd a Scold,
And therefore the Devil had got her,
And therefore the Devil had got her in hold:
But for Fear ſhe ſhould poiſon all Hell with her Tongue,
The Devil releaſed her for an old Song,
But could I get rid of my Scold ſo well,
The Devil might keep her for ever in Hell,
With a Twinkum, &c.

SONG XCIII. *Of all the Girls*, &c.

OF all the Toaſts that *Britain* boaſts,
The Gim, the Gent, the Jolly,
The Brown, the Fair, the Debonair,
There's none cry'd up like *Polly*;
She's fir'd the Town, has quite cut down
The Opera of *Rolli*;
Go where you will, the Subject ſtill
Is pretty, pretty *Polly*.

There's Madam *Fauſtino Catſo*,
And eke Madam *Catſoni*,
Likewiſe Signor *Seneſino*,
Are *tutte abandonni*.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, *do re mi fa*,
Are now but Farce and Folly!
We're raviſh'd all with tol, lol, lol,
And pretty, pretty *Polly*.

The Sons of Bays, in Lyric Plays,
Sound forth her Fame in Print-o,
And as we paſs, in Frame and Glaſs
We ſee her Mezzotinto:
In *Ivy-Lane* the City Strain
Is more on ſtrait-lac'd *Dolly*;
And all the Brights at *Man's* and *White's*,
Of nothing talk but *Polly*.

Ah, *Johnny Gay*, thy lucky Play,
Has made the Criticks grin a,
They cry 'tis flat, 'tis this, 'tis that,
But let them laugh that win-a:
I ſwear *Parbleu*, 'tis naif and new,
Ill Nature is but Folly,
'T has lent a Stitch to Rent of *Rich*,
And ſet up Madam *Polly*.

Ah! tuneful Fair, beware, beware,
Nor toy with Star and Garter;
Fine Cloaths may hide a foul Inſide,
And you may catch a Tartar.

If powder'd Fop blow up your Shop,
'Twill make you melancholy,
Then left to rot, you'll die forgot,
Alas! alas! poor *Polly*.

SONG XCIV. *What, tho' I am*, &c.

WHAT, tho' I am a *London* Dame,
And lofty Looks I bear-a?
I carry ſure as good a Name,
As thoſe who Ruſſet wear a.
What, though my Cloaths are rich Brocades,
My Skin it is more white-a,
Than any of the Country Maids,
That in the Fields delight-a.

What, though I to Aſſemblies go,
And at the Opera ſhine-a?
It is a Thing all Girls muſt do,
That will be Ladies fine-a.
And when I hear *Fauſtina* ſing
Before the King and Queen-a,
My Eyes they are upon the Wing,
To ſee if I am ſeen-a.

My *Pekoe* and *Imperial* Tea
Are brought me in the Morn-a;
At Noon, *Champaign*, and rich *Tokay*,
My Tables do adorn a.
The Evening then does me invite,
To play at dear Quadrille-a:
And ſure in this there's more Delight,
Than in a purling Rill-a;

Then ſince my Fortune does allow,
I'll live juſt as I pleaſe-a;
I'll never milk my Father's Cow,
Nor preſs his coming Cheeſe-a;
But take my Swing both Night and Day,
I'm ſure it is no Sin-a;
And as for what the grave Ones ſay,
I value not a Pin-a.

SONG XCV. *When first I saw, &c.*

DEar *Molly*, why so oft in Tears?
Why all these Jealousies and Fears,
For thy bold Son of Thunder?
Have Patience till we've conquer'd *France*,
Thy Closet shall be stor'd with *Nantz*;
Ye Ladies like such Plunder.

Before *Toulon* thy Yoke-Mate lies,
Where all the live-long Night he sighs
For thee in lousy Cabbin:
And tho' the Captain's *Chloe* cries,
'Tis I, dear *Billy*, prithee rise ——
He will not let the Drab in.

But she, the cunning'st Jade alive,
Says, 'Tis the readiest Way to thrive,
By sharing Female Bounties:
And, if he'll be but kind one Night,
She vows he shall be dubb'd a Knight,
When she is made a Countess.

Then tells of smooth young Pages whipp'd,
Cashier'd, and of their Liv'ries stripp'd,
Who late to Peers belonging;
Are nightly now compell'd to trudge
With Links, because they would not drudge,
To save their Lady's longing.

But *Vol* the Eunuch cannot be
A colder Cavalier than he,
In all such Love Adventures:
Then pray do you, dear *Molly* take
Some Christian Care and do not break
Your conjugal Indentures.

Bellair! who does not *Bellair* know!
The Wit, the Beauty, and the Beau,
Gives out, he loves you dearly:
And many a Nymph attack'd with Sighs,
And soft Impertinence and Noise,
Full oft has beat a Parley.

But, pretty Turtle, when the Blade
Shall come with am'rous Serenade,
Soon from the Window rate him:
But if Reproof will not prevail,
And he perchance attempt to ſcale,
Diſcharge the Jordan at him.

SONG XCVI. *Hail Maſonry*, &c.

HAIL Maſonry, thou Craft divine!
Glory of Earth, from Heaven reveal'd;
Which doth with Jewels precious ſhine,
From all but Maſons Eyes conceal'd.
Chor. *Thy Praiſes due who can rehearſe,*
In nervous Proſe, or flowing Verſe?

As Men from Brutes diſtinguiſh'd are,
A Maſon other Men excells;
For what's in Knowledge choice and rare,
But in his Breaſt ſecurely dwells.
Chor. *His ſilent Breaſt and faithful Heart*
Preſerve the Secret of the Art.

From ſcorching Heat, and piercing Cold,
From Beaſts whoſe Roar the Foreſt rends:
From the Aſſaults of Warriors bold,
The Maſon's Art Mankind defends.
Chor. *Be to this Art due Honour paid,*
From which Mankind receive ſuch Aid.

Enſigns of State, that feed our Pride,
Diſtinctions troubleſome and vain!
By Maſons true are laid aſide,
Art's free-born Sons ſuch Toys diſdain.
Chor. *Enobled by the Name they bear,*
Diſtinguiſh'd by the Badge they wear.

Sweet Fellowſhip, from Envy free,
Friendly Converſe of Brotherhood;
The Lodge's laſting Cement be,
Which has for Ages firmly ſtood.
Chor. *A Lodge thus built, for Ages paſt,*
Has laſted, and will ever laſt.

SONG XCVII. *The Earth's Motion prov'd.*

MY joyous Blades, with Roſes crown'd,
Who quaff bright Nectar at its Spring;
Diſpute not if the Earth goes round,
But hear a thirſty Poet ſing.
Diſpute not if the Earth goes round,
But hear a thirſty Poet ſing.

All take your Glaſſes, charge them high,
Let Bumpers, ſwiftly, Bumpers chaſe, chaſe:
Each Man drink fifty, ſoon they'll ſpy,
The Earth wheel round with rapid Pace.
Each Man drink, &c.

SONG XCVIII. The Bacchanalian's Wiſh.

HAD Neptune, *when firſt he took Charge of the Sea,*
Been as wiſe, or at leaſt been as merry, as we.
He'd have thought better on't, and, inſtead of his Brine,
Would have fill'd the vaſt Ocean with generous Wi—ne.
Would have fill'd, &c.

What Trafficking then would have been on the Main,
For the Sake of good Liquor as well as for Gain.
No Fear then of Tempeſt, or Danger of Sinking,
The Fiſhes ne'er drown, they are always a-drinking.
The Fiſhes, &c.
Had this been the Caſe what had we enjoy'd,
Our Spirits ſtill riſing our Fancy ne'er cloy'd.
A Pox then on Neptune, *when 'twas in his Pow'r,*
To ſlip, like a Fool, ſuch a fortunate Hour.
To ſlip, &c.

SONG XCIX. *Moore coaxing* Mauxalinda.

BY the Beer as brown as Berry;
By the Cyder and the Perry,
Which ſo oft has made us merry,
With a Hy-down, Ho-down, derry.
With a Hy-down, &c.

Mauxalinda's I'll remain,
True Blue will never ſtain,
Mauxalinda's I'll remain,
True Blue will never ſtain, *True Blue*, &c.

SONG C. *Love return'd.*

BY Men belov'd, how ſoon we're mov'd!
How eaſily they perſwade!
How eaſily they perſwade.
They pleaſe us ſo, who can ſay No?
Or who wou'd die a Maid?
Males for Females Heav'n intended,
So that Heav'n may'nt be offended,
He that firſt makes Love to me,
Shall find I'll be as fond as he,
Shall find I'll be as fond as he.
A tender Maid, at firſt tho' ſtaid,
When once ſhe thinks of Love,
When once ſhe thinks of Love,
Will freely own that Lying alone,
Is what ſhe cann't approve,
Fruit when young eats then the ſweeteſt,
Looks the gayeſt and the neateſt,
Women too, by all confeſt,
When they're young kiſs'd, kiſs then the beſt,
When they're young kiſs'd, kiſs then the beſt.

SONG CI. *Debtors Welcome to their Brother.*

WElcome, welcome, Brother Debtor,
To this poor, but merry Place,
Where no Bailiff, Dun, or Setter,
Dare to ſhew their frightful Face,
But, kind Sir, as you're a Stranger,
Down your Garniſh you muſt lay,
Or your Coat will be in Danger,
You muſt either ſtrip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your Confinement
From your Children or your Wife,
Wiſdom lies in true Reſignment,
Thro' the various Scenes of Life;
Scorn to ſhew the leaſt Reſentment,
Tho' beneath the Frowns of Fate,
Knaves and Beggars find Contentment,
Fears and Cares attend the Great.

Tho' our Creditors are ſpightful,
And reſtrain our Bodies here,
Uſe will make a Goal delightful,
Since there's nothing elſe to fear.
Every Iſland's but a Priſon,
Strongly guarded by the Sea,
Kings and Princes for that Reaſon,
Priſoners are as well as we.

What was it made great *Alexander*
Weep at his unfriendly Fate,
'Twas becauſe he could not wander
Beyond the World's ſtrong Priſon Gate;
For the World is alſo bounded,
By the Heavens and Stars above;
Why ſhould we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but Love.

SONG CII. *My loveſick Mind*, &c.

MY loveſick Mind, what Tranſport mov'd,
'Twas bleſs'd beyond Compare,
When lovely *Sacharissa* prov'd
As kind as ſhe is fair.
Joyful on her ſoft Hand I hung,
And caught the melting Accents from her Tongue.

The more I gaz'd on that fair Face
I more and more admir'd,
For ſtill ſome new diſcover'd Grace
My raptur'd Boſom fir'd;
Happy we ſat, and talk'd, and lov'd,
I ſigh'd, and woo'd, and kiſt, and ſhe approv'd.

Whilſt *Lucharissa* true remain'd,
Each former Love was flown,
I all the Sex but her diſdain'd,
And liv'd for her alone,
True as the Needle to the Pole,
I turn'd to her the Magnet of my Soul.

But ſince no more that once fond Heart
With equal Ardour burns,
Like mine, no longer dreads to part,
Nor Love for mine returns:
Grant me, ye Gods, if ſuch there be,
A Nymph more conſtant, not leſs fair than ſhe.

SONG CIII. *The Relief.*

Cupid no more ſhall give me Grief,
Or anxious Cares oppreſs my Soul;
Cupid no more ſhall give me Grief,
Or anxious Cares oppreſs my Soul,
While generous *Bacchus* brings Relief,
And drowns 'em in a flowing Bowl,
While generous *Bacchus* brings Relief,
And drowns 'em in a flowing Bowl.

Celia, thy Scorn I now deſpiſe,
Thy boaſted Empire I diſown;
This takes the Brightneſs from thy Eyes,
And makes it ſparkle in my own.

SONG CIV. Cato's *Advice.*

WHAT *Cato* adviſes,
Moſt certainly wiſe is,
Not always to labour, but ſometimes to play;
To mingle ſweet Pleaſure
With Search after Treaſure,
Indulging at Night for the Toils of the Day.
And while the dull Miſer,
Eſteems himſelf wiſer,
His Bags to increaſe, he his Health will decay;
Our Souls we enlighten,
Our Fancies we brighten,
And paſs the long Evenings in Pleaſure away.

All chearful and hearty,
We ſet aſide Party,
With ſome tender Fair each bright Bumper is crown'd,
Thus *Bacchus* invites us,
Thus *Venus* delights us,
While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd.

See here's our Phyſician,
We know no Ambition,
For where there's good Wine and good Company found,
Thus happy together,
In Spight of all Weather,
'Tis Sunſhine and Summer with us the Year round.

SONG CV. Jenny *the Pedlar and amorous* Jockey.

WHen *Jockey* firſt I ſaw, my Soul was charm'd,
To ſee the bony Lad ſo blith, ſo blith and gay,
My Heart did beat, it being alarm'd,
That I to *Jockey* nought, nought could ſay.

At laſt I Courage took, and Paſſion quite forſook,
And told the bony Lad his Charms I felt,
He then did ſmile, with a pleaſing Look,
And told me *Jenny* in his Arms, his Arms could melt.

SONG CVI. *The Rover.*

WHO to win a Woman's Favour,
Would ſolicit long in vain;
Who to gain a Moment's Pleaſure,
Wou'd endure an Age of Pain:
Idly toying,
Ne'er enjoying,
Pleas'd with ſuing,
Fond of Ruin,
Made the Martyr of Diſdain,
Made the Martyr of Diſdain.

Give me, Love, the beauteous Rover,
Whom a gen'ral Paſſion warms;
Fondly bleſſing ev'ry Lover,
Frankly proff'ring all her Charms:
Never flying,
Still complying,
Train'd to pleaſe you,
Glad to eaſe you,
Circled in her Snowy Arms.

SONG CVII. *The Apology.*

FRown not, my Dear,
Nor be ſevere,
Becauſe I did *Corinna* kiſs;
For all the Intent
Was Complement,
And truly nothing elſe but this.

No ſingle Charm,
Of hers can warm,
Like yours my whole devoted Heart;
She cann't ſubdue
My Soul like you,
Nor ſuch Celeſtial Joy impart.

Call me not baſe,
In ſuch a Caſe,
Nor miſinterpret my Deſign;
For I averr,
I love not her,
But am with Reſignation thine.

SONG CVIII. *The Northern Laſs.*

COME take your Glaſs, the Northern Laſs
So prettily adviſ'd,
I drank her Health, and really was
Agreeably ſurpriſ'd,
Her Shape ſo neat, her Voice ſo ſweet,
Her Air and Mein ſo free,
The Syren charm'd me from my Meat,
But take your Drink, ſaid ſhe.

If from the North such Beauty comes,
How is it that I feel
Within my Breast that glowing Flame,
No Tongue can e'er reveal;
Tho' cold and raw the North Wind blows,
All Summer's on her Breast,
Her Skin was like the driven Snow,
But Sun-shine all the rest.

Her Heart may Southern Climates melt,
Tho' frozen now it seems;
That Joy with Pain be equal felt,
And ballanc'd in Extreams;
Then like our genial Wine shall charm,
With Love my panting Breast;
Me, like our Sun her Heart shall warm,
Be Ice to all the rest.

SONG CIX. Peggy's *Mill.*

WHen Gold is in Hand,
It gives us Command,
It makes us lov'd and respected:
'Tis now, as of yore,
Wit and Sense when poor,
Are scorn'd, o'erlook'd, and neglected:
Though peevish and old,
If Women have Gold,
They have Youth, good Humour and Beauty:
Among all Mankind,
Without it we find,
Nor Love, nor Favour, nor Duty.

SONG CX. *Away you Rover.*

HE, who for ever,
Wou'd hope for Favour,
He must endeavour
To charm the Fair:
He dances, he dances,
He da-a-a-a-a-nces,
He sighs, and glances,

He makes Advances,
He ſings, and Dances,
And mends his Air.

SONG CXI. *Oh! lead me,* &c.

OH! lead me to ſome peaceful Gloom,
Where roſes fade, and fading Lovers come;
Where the ſhrill Trumpets never ſound,
But one eternal Huſh goes round.

There let the ſooth my pleaſing Pain,
And never think of War again;
What Glory can a Lover have
To conquer, yet be ſtill a Slave?

SONG CXII. Belinda, &c.

BELINDA, with affected Mein,
Tries all the Pow'r of Art;
Yet finds her Efforts all in vain,
To gain a ſingle Heart:
Whilſt *Chloe* in a different Way,
Is but herſelf to pleaſe,
And makes new Conqueſts every Day,
Without one borrowed Grace.

Belinda's haughty Air deſtroys
What native Charms inſpire;
While *Chloe*'s artleſs ſhining Eyes
Set all the World on Fire.
Belinda may our Pity move,
But *Chloe* gives us Pain;
And while ſhe ſmiles us into Love,
Her Siſter frowns in vain.

SONG CXIII. *Go, go, go, go,* &c.

GO, go, go, go, falſeſt of thy Sex, be gone,
Leave, leave, ah leave, leave me to my ſelf alone!
Why would you ſtrive by fond Pretence,
Thus to deſtroy my Innocence?
Go, go, &c.——Leave, Leave, &c.

Young Celia you too late betrayed,
Then thus you did the Nymph upbraid,
'Love, like a Dream, usher'd by Night,
'Flies the Approach of Morning Light.
Go, go, &c. — Leave, leave, &c.

She that believes Man when he swears,
Or least regards his Oaths and Prayers,
May she, fond she, be most accurst;
Nay more, be subject to his Lust.
Go, go, &c. — Leave, leave, &c.

SONG CXIV. *As the Snow, &c.*

As the Snow in Vallies lying,
Phœbus his warm Beams applying,
Soon dissolves and runs away;
So the Beauties, so the Graces
Of the most bewitching Faces,
At approaching Age decay.

As a Tyrant when degraded,
Is despis'd, and is upbraided
By the Slaves he once controul'd;
So the Nymph, if none could move her,
Is contemn'd by every Lover,
When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholick Looks and Whining,
Grieving, Quarrelling and Pining,
Are th' Effects your Rigours move;
Soft Caresses, am'rous Glances,
Melting Sighs, transporting Trances,
Are the blest Effects of Love.

Fair ones! while your Beauty's blooming,
Employ Time, lest Age resuming
What your Youth profusely lends;
You are robb'd of all your Glories,
And condemn'd to tell old Stories
To your unbelieving Friends.

SONG CXV. *Live, and Love, &c.*

Live, and love, enjoy the Fair,
Banish Sorrow, banish Care;
Mind not what old Dotards say,
Age has had his Share of Play,
But Youth's Sport begins To-day.

From the Fruits of sweet Delight
Let not Scare-crow Virtue fright.
Here in Pleasure's Vineyard we
Rove, like Birds, from Tree to Tree,
Careless, airy, gay and free.

SONG CXVI. *To meet her, &c.*

TO meet her *Mars*, the Queen of Love
Comes here adorn'd with all her Charms;
The Warrior best the Fair can move,
And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms:
The Warrior best the Fair can move,
And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms.

SONG CXVII. *Fly, fly ye, &c.*

FLY, fly ye lazy Hours, haste, bring him here,
Swift, swift, as my fond Wishes are;
When we love, and love to Rage,
Ev'ry Moment seems an Age:
When we love, and love to Rage,
Ev'ry Moment seems an Age.

SONG CXVIII. *Oh! my panting, &c.*

OH! my panting, panting Heart,
Why so young, and why so sad?
Why does Pleasure seem a Smart,
Or I wretched while I'm glad?
Oh! Love's Goddess, who wert form'd
From co'd and icy, icy Seas,
Instruct me why I am thus warm'd!
And Darts at once can wound and please.

SONG CXIX. *Fly swiftly ye Minutes, &c.*

FLY swiftly ye Minutes, till Comus receive
The nameless soft Transports that Beauty can give;
The Bowl's frolick Joys let him teach her to prove,
And she in return yield the Raptures of Love.

Without Love and Wine, Wit and Beauty are vain,
All Grandeur insipid, and Riches a Pain,
The most splendid Palace grows dark as the Grave:
Love and Wine give, ye Gods! or take back what you gave.

Chorus. Away, away, away,
To *Comus'* Court repair;
There Night outshines the Day,
There yields the melting Fair.

SONG CXX. *Just coming, &c.*

JUST coming from Sea, our Spouses and we,
We punch it, we punch it, we punch it,
We punch it, we punch it aboard with Courage;
We sing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we swing;
And hey, hey, hey, hey, hey my brave Boys Bonvoiage:
We sing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we swing,
We sing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we swing,
And hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, my brave Boys Bonvoiage.

SONG CXXI. *Come to my Arms, &c.*

COme to my Arms, my Treasure,
Thou Spring of all my Joy;
Without thy Aid all Pleasure
Must languish, fade, and die.
In vain is all Resistance,
When arm'd with thy Assistance,
What fair One can deny?
Then fill around the Glasses,
And thus we'll drink and chant,
May all the dear kind Lasses
Have all they wish or want.

Da Capo.

SONG CXXII. *On a Bank of &c.*

WHen a Lover's Sighs his Miſtreſs gain,
What Joys his Soul poſſeſs?
The Mem'ry of his former Pain
Augments his Happineſs:
T'enjoy the Fair then ſtraight he flies,
No Danger can the Youth ſurprize.
With a fal, lal, lal, la, la, &c.
Till in her Arms he dies.

SONG CXXIII. *He that has,* &c.

HE that has the beſt Wife,
She's the Plague of his Life,
But for her that will ſcold and will quarrel;
Let him cut her off ſhort
Of her Meat and her Sport,
And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel, brave Boys,
And ten Times a Day hoop her Barrel.

SONG CXXIV. *Never ſigh, but,* &c.

NEver ſigh, but think of kiſſing,
More, and more, and more of wiſhing,
To poſſeſs the mighty Bleſſing;
While they enjoy it they are true;
They'll hug, they'll cling, and heave up too;
But Liberty when once regain'd,
The Favours to another feign'd.
Why ſhould we then the Sex admire,
For 'twas never their Deſire,
To maintain a conſtant Fire;
If Ogling, Wheedling you'll believe,
They'll hourly ſtudy to deceive,
But we will find out better Ways,
In Muſick, Singing, ſpend our Days.

SONG CXXV. *Fame's an Eccho,* &c

FAme's an Eccho, prattling double,
An empty, airy, glitt'ring Bubble;

A Breath can swell, a Breath can sink it,
The Wise not worth their keeping think it.

Why then, why such Toil and Pain,
Fame's uncertain Smiles to gain?
Like her Sister, Fortune, blind,
To the best she's oft unkind,
And the worst her Favour find.

SONG CXXVI. *Was ever Nymph, &c.*

WAS ever Nymph like *Rosamond*,
So fair, so faithful, and so fond?
Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace;
I'm all Desire,
My Heart's on Fire,
And leaps and springs to her Embrace. *Da Capo.*

SONG CXXVII. *De'il take, &c.*

DE'il take the War, that hurry'd *Willy* from me,
Who to love me just had sworn;
They made him Captain sure to undo me,
Woe's me! he'll ne'er return.
A Thousand Loons abroad will fight him,
He from Thousands ne'er will run:
Day and Night I did invite him,
To stay at Home from Sword and Gun.

I us'd alluring Graces
With muckle kind Embraces,
Now sighing, then crying, Tears dropping fall;
And had he my soft Arms,
Preferr'd to Wars Alarms,
By Love grown mad, without the Man of God,
I fear in my Fit I had granted all.

wash'd and patch'd, to make me look provoking;
Snares that they told me would catch the Men,
And on my Head a huge Commode sat poking,
Which made me shew as tall again;

For a new Gown too I paid muckle Money,
Which with golden Flow'rs did shine;
My Love well might think me gay and bonny,
No *Scots* Lass was e'er so fine.

My Petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with Thread I knotted,
Lace Shoes, and Silk-Hose, Garter full over Knee;
But oh! the fatal Thought,
To *Willy* these are nought;
Who rode to Towns, and rifled with Dragoons,
When he, silly Loon, might have plunder'd me.

SONG CXXVIII. *Oh* London *is*, &c.

IN antient Days I've heard, with Horns
The Wife her Spouse could fright;
Which now the Hero bravely scorns,
So common is the Sight.

To City, Country, Camp or Court,
Or wheresoe'er he go,
No horned Brother dares make sport,
They're Cuckolds all a-row.

SONG CXXIX. Bacchus *one Day gaily striding.*

FAirest Isle, all Isles excelling,
Seat of Pleasures and of Love,
Venus here will chuse her Dwelling,
And forsake her *Cyprian* Grove.
Cupid from his fav'rite Nation,
Care and Envy will remove,
Jealousy, that poisons Passion,
And Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet Complaining;
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.

Ev'ry Swain ſhall pay his Duty,
Grateful ev'ry Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe excel in Beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be renown'd for Love.

SONG CXXX. *I am come to, &c.*

I Am come to lock all faſt,
Love without me cannot laſt;
Love, like Counſels of the Wiſe,
Muſt be hid from vulgar Eyes;
'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we muſt, we muſt conceal it,
They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it,
They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.

SONG CXXXI. *Away you Rover.*

AWAY you Rover,
For Shame give over,
You play the Lover
So like an Aſs;
You are for ſtorming,
You think you are charming,
Your ſaint performing
We read in your Face.

SONG CXXXII. *By dimpled Brook, &c.*

BY dimpled Brook, and Fountain Brim,
The Wood-Nymphs, deck'd with Daiſies trim,
Their merry Wakes and Paſtimes keep:
What has Night to do with Sleep?

SONG CXXXIII. *From Tyrant Laws, &c.*

FRom Tyrant Laws and Cuſtoms free
We follow ſweet Variety;
By Turns we drink, and dance, and ſing,
Love for ever on the Wing.

Why ſhould niggard Rules controul
Tranſports of the jovial Soul?
No dull ſtinting Hour we own;
Pleaſure counts our Time alone.

SONG CXXXIV. *Come, come, &c.*

Come, come, bid adieu to Fear,
Love and Harmony here have.
No domestick jealous Fears,
Breaking Slumbers, wordy Wars,
In my Presence will appear;
Love and Harmony reign here.

Sighs to amorous Sighs returning,
Pulses beating, Bosoms burning,
Bosoms with warm Wishes panting,
Words to speak those Wishes wanting,
Are the only Tumults here,
All the Wars you need to fear;
Love and Harmony reign here.

SONG CXXXV. *The merry Fellow.*

'TIS Wine makes us love, and Love makes us drink,
And each does the other improve;
All Mortals must know, who feel or can think,
No Pleasure's like drinking and Love:
Then join 'em, my Boys, make the Blessings divine,
For Men must be Gods, when they've Women and Wine.

Then bring us of both, and double each Joy,
I hate to be languid and cold;
I'll think myself *Jove*, while these I enjoy,
Nor own myself mortal till old.
Cho. *Then join 'em, &c.*

When old I am grown, and toying is past,
In Wine I must place all my Joy;
And tho' I am unfit for Love to the last,
Yet still I can drink till I die.
Cho. *Then join 'em, &c.*

SONG CXXXVI. *Now Phœbus, &c.*

NOW Phœbus *sinketh in the West,*
Welcome Song, and Welcome Jest,

Midnight Shout, and Revelry,
Tipsy dance and Jollity:
Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.
Dropping Odours, &c.

Rigour now is gone to Bed,
And Advice with scrup'lous Head,
Strict Age and sowre Severity
With their grave Saws in Slumber lie.
Braid your Locks with rosy Twine,
Dropping Odours, dropping Wine,
Dropping Odours, &c.

SONG CXXXVII. *How happy, &c.*

HOW happy are we,
Who from Thinking are free,
That curbing Diſeaſe of the Mind?
Can indulge ev'ry Taſte,
Love where we like beſt,
Not by dull Reputation confin'd.
When we're young, fit to toy,
Gay Delights we enjoy,
And have Crowds of new Lovers ſtill wooing;
When we're old and decay'd,
We procure for the Trade,
Still in ev'ry Age we are doing.
If a Cully we meet,
We ſpend what we get,
Ev'ry Day, for the next never think;
When we die, where we go,
We have no Senſe to know,
For a Bawd always dies in her Drink.

SONG CXXXVIII. *The Amazon.*

SWains, I ſcorn, who nice and fair,
Shiver at the Morning Air,
Rough and hardy, bold and free,
He the Man that's made for me.

Slaves to Faſhion, Slaves to Dreſs,
Fops themſelves alone careſs;
Let them without Rival be,
They are not the Men for me.

He whoſe nervous Arm can dart
The Jav'lin to the Tyger's Heart,
From all Senſe of Danger free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

While his Speed out-ſtrips the Wind,
Looſely wave his Locks behind:
From fantaſtick Fopp'ry free,
He's the Man that's made for me.

Nor ſimp'ring Smile, nor dimpled Sleek
Spoil his manly Sun-burnt Cheek,
By Weather let him painted be,
He's the Man that's made for me.

If falſe he proves, my Jav'lin can
Revenge the Perjury of Man;
And ſoon another brave as he
Shall be found the Man for me.

SONG CXXXIX.

The following Song was made by the Czar Peter I. *when in* England, *upon his Miſtreſs* Moll Tims. *It was firſt written in the* Ruſſian, *and afterwards turn'd into the* Syberian *Language.*

ROttin ungua Goſcinina,
Rottin ungua Marona,
Luſſutra Dongue Silroſadong,
Moll Doquerone.
Morravice Kidaronquy *Moll Tim* ſarone,
Morravice Kidaronquy *Moll Tim* ſada-rone,
Silroſadong Kilroſade *Moll* Doquerone.
Waugh, &c.

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FINIS.